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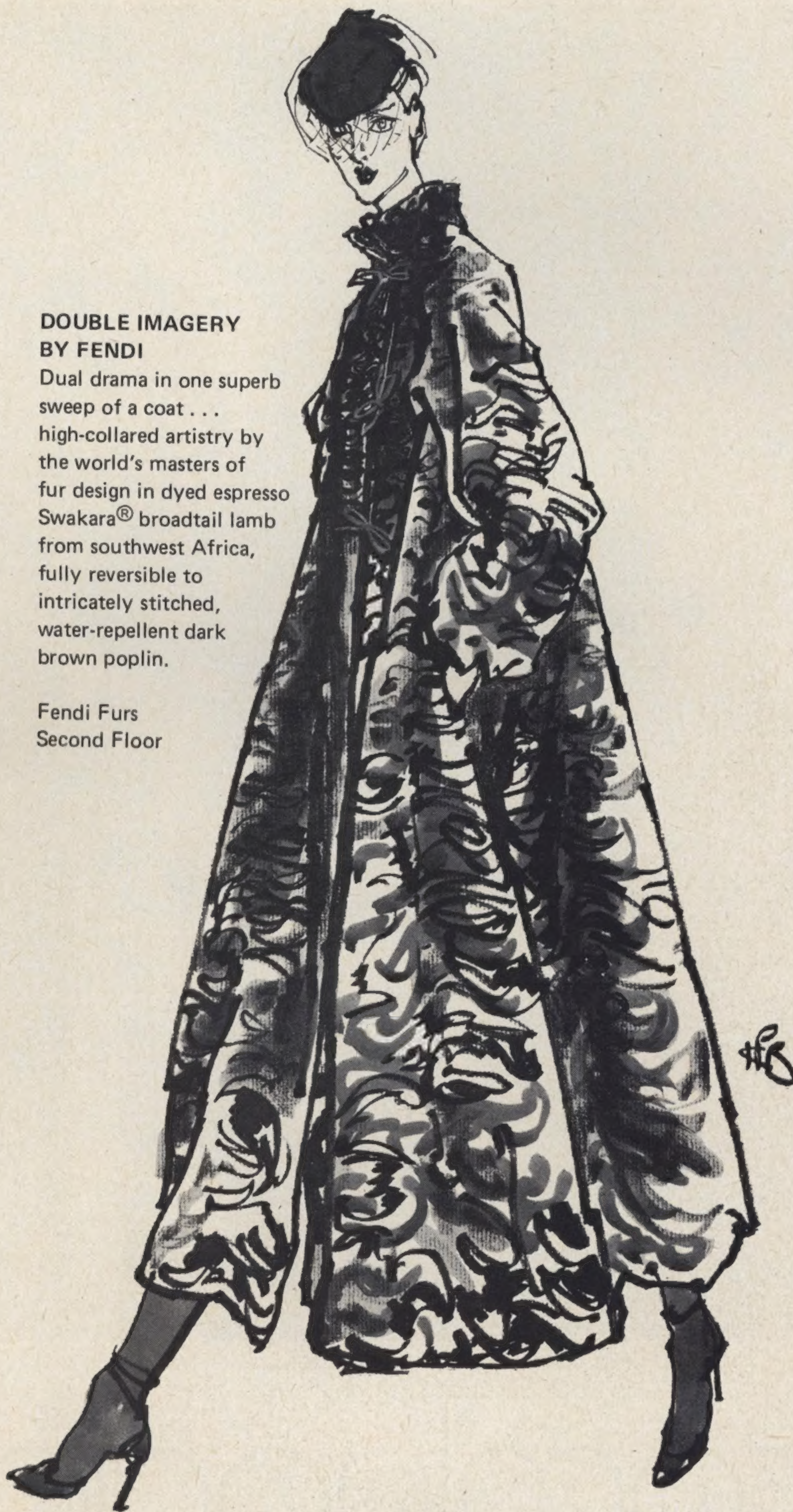


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BEAUTY ON OUR COVER Roseanne Vela and the adornment of red for Christmas: a jewel of a hat in sequins and velvet leaves; a maribou muffler; and bare angora camisole. . . . The delight of red in a makeup with its own special glow—From Elizabeth Arden's Great Color Collection . . . glistening Golden Russet lips, Glazed Gingerberry cheeks. Don Kline hat, about \$80. Don Kline Boutique, NYC; Neiman-Marcus; Charles Gallay, Beverly Hills. Muffler, Zuckers, about \$7. Macy's, NY; Sanger-Harris. Joan Vass camisole, about \$86. Bergdorf Goodman; Dorso. Makeup, Sandra Linter; hair, Harry King. Photograph, Albert Watson.

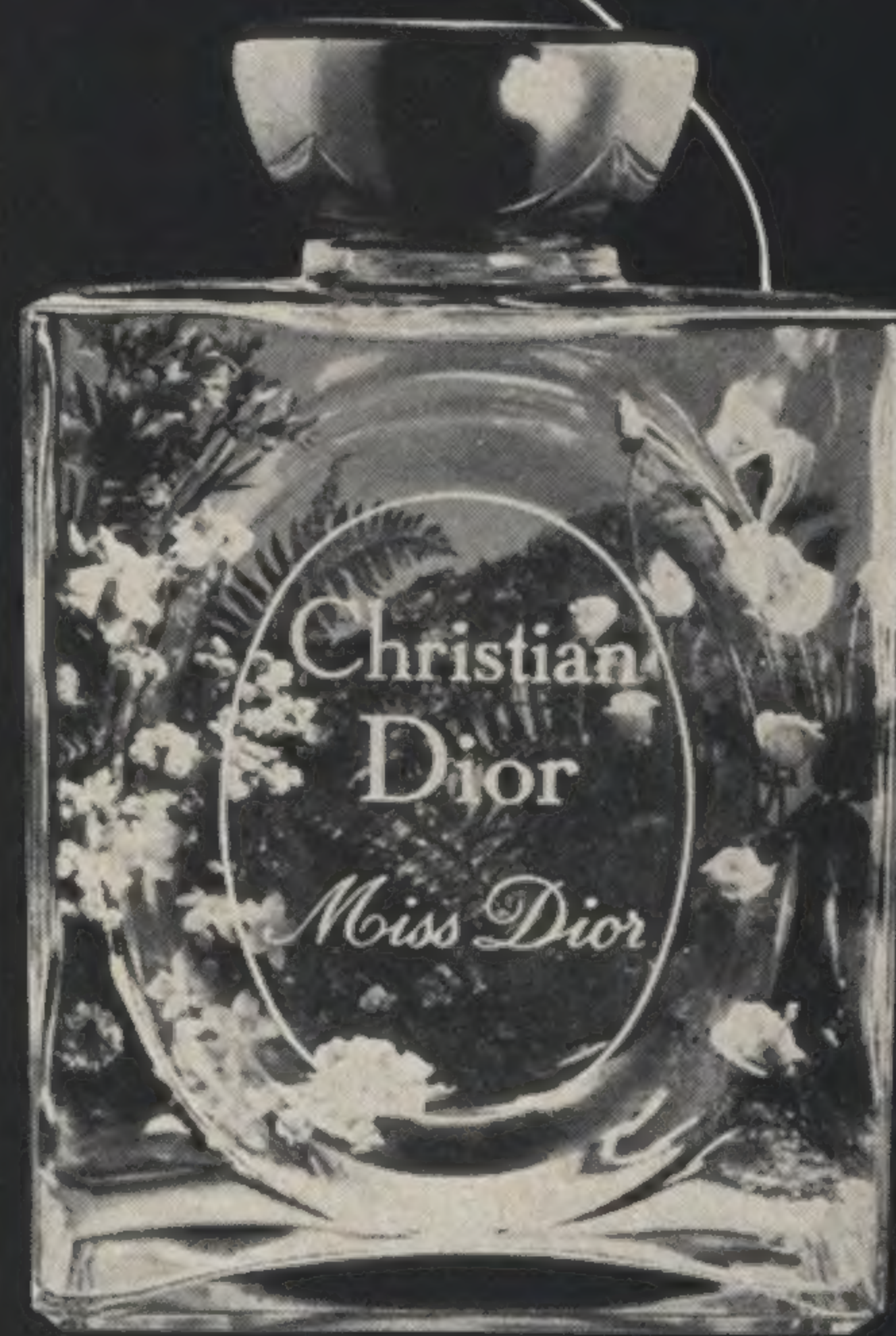
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VOL. 168, NO. 12, WHOLE NO. 3162

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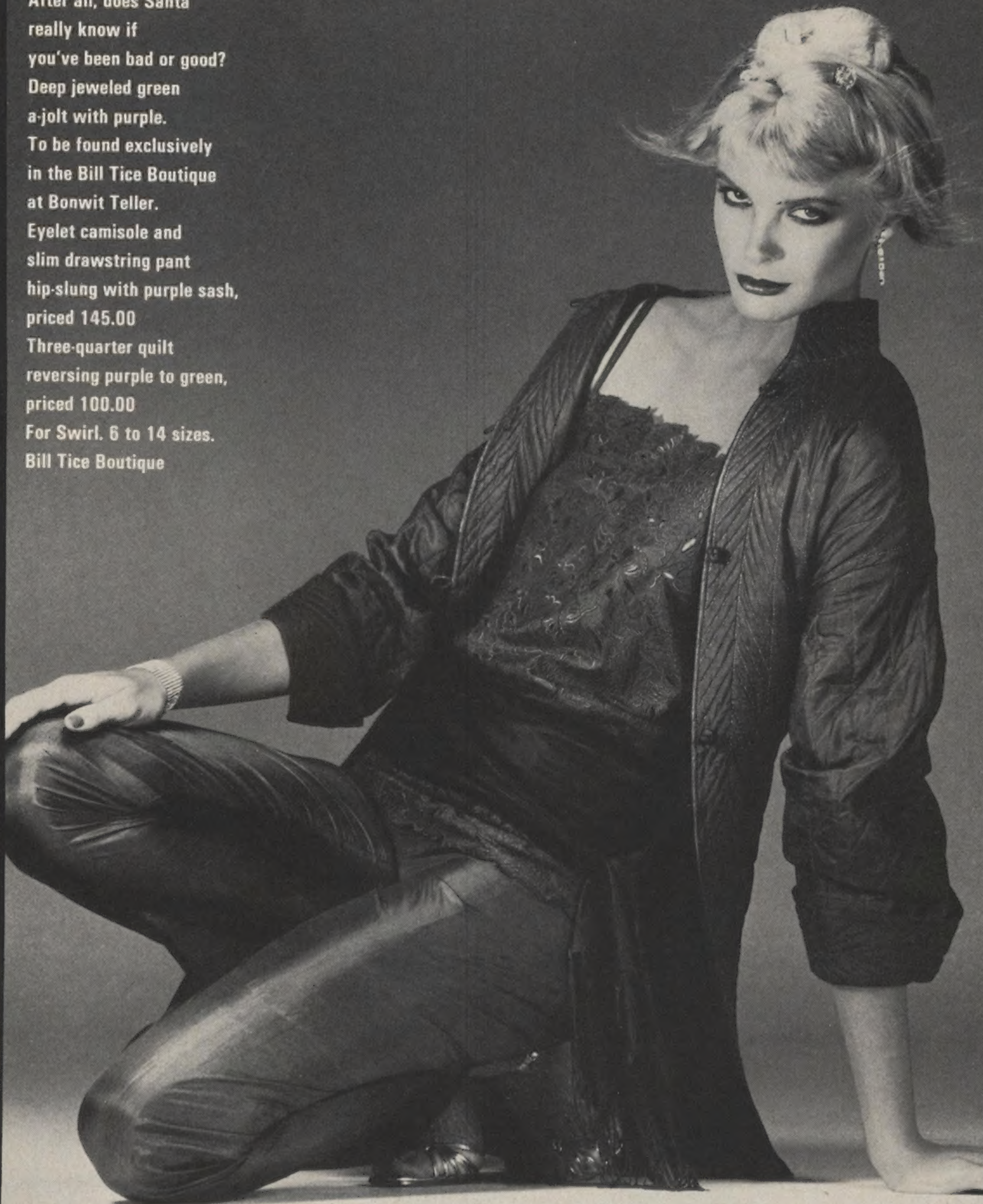
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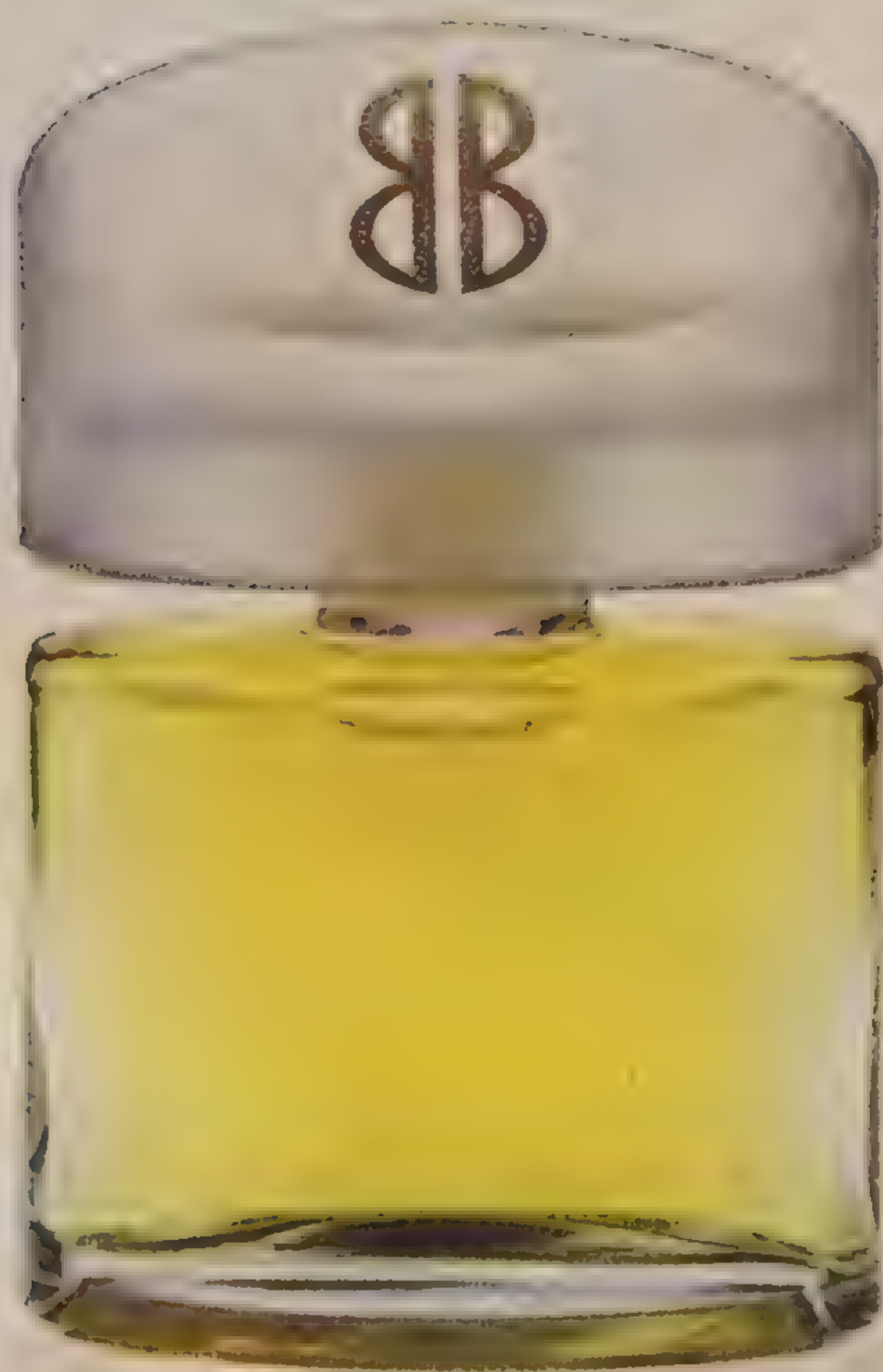


Lillie Rubin

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Your Letters

Finger-pressure plea...

Francine du Plessix Gray's article "The Fitness Cult" in the October Vogue was hilarious and very well written.

I am the masseuse about whom she wrote and the reason why I give "the best massage she ever had" is that I am a finger pressure therapist and therefore approach the body differently than a regular masseuse.

A finger pressure therapist works minutely over the entire body—millimeter by millimeter—covering all the acupuncture meridians as well as every other spot on the body, working out with finger pressure whatever sore spots are there.

It is not always a pleasant therapy, but it is unfailingly rewarding in that it tends to open blocked channels, release energy, and relieve mental, physical, and emotional stress. I often work five to six hours on the client in one day.

As a matter of fact, my out-of-state clients consistently ask me if I know someone in their state or city who does the same kind of work... which is why I am writing.

If there is anyone out there doing the same work, please let me know—it's very rare and badly needed.

Julia Henson
2910 Leeward Ave., #301
Los Angeles, CA 90005

Women college presidents: the original

Three cheers for Sheila Fisher's perceptive, fact-filled article "Why Choose a Women's College?" in the September Vogue. There is one salient fact I wish she had included: the only college in this country which has *always* (and it was founded over 100 years ago) had a woman as president is Wellesley. We are very proud of that.

Nardi Reeder Campion, President,
Wellesley College Alumnae Association
Wellesley, MA

"Serene sailor" sails on

I have just returned to the USA after a visit to England to promote my book "The Incredible Voyage."... There, I met Mrs. James... [Naomi James, mentioned in September Vogue, sailed alone around the world] and congratulated her on her achievement.... She asked me what effect my protest to the Circumnavigator's Club [which refused to honor Mrs. James because
(Continued on page 206)]

"Merry Christmas, my love.

"Here, let me put it on for you.

"Don't say I shouldn't have...I had to. It's you. And it's more beautiful on you than I ever could have imagined.

"It's the only thing I know that can be all you

and still be a little part of me.

"It's real gold, 14 Karat, so wearing it's a special feeling... and I know you'll have it always...and, I'll love you always...and...and now we're both crying."

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EL N°5

**A heart-warmer movie for lovers — and friends...
slap-on art...TV's jolliest season...life with mother
...the most beautiful dolls in the world**

Movies

By Rex Reed

Same Time, Next Year

Starring Ellen Burstyn and Alan Alda; directed by Robert Mulligan

She's an unsophisticated housewife on her way to a Catholic retreat while her husband visits his mother for the weekend. He's a dull, neurotic accountant from New Jersey with a wife and three kids. The year is 1951, and they meet accidentally in one of those windswept inns on the Pacific coast of Northern California that are full of maple furniture, knotty-pine walls, and pink-tiled showers. After a night in the sack and three orgasms, she heads for Confession and he worries about the look of be-

dressed with million-dollar production values. But in the hands of Ellen Burstyn and Alan Alda, the movie becomes ingratiating. The two-character script has something pertinent to say about the value of relationships that gain strength because there are no ties, problems, or responsibilities. It's enough not only to bring back adultery but to give it a good name too.

Autumn Sonata

Starring Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann; directed by Ingmar Bergman

This film is one of the Swedish master's most profound and moving explorations into the hearts of women and what they do to each other in the name of love. Liv Ullmann is a retired journalist who has married a boring preacher and settled down to a nice, uneventful life in a country parson-



Alan Alda and Ellen Burstyn, above, compare lives in "Same Time, Next Year."

trayal in his children's eyes. But Doris and George have fallen in love. Not enough to restructure their lives and start over, but enough to reunite in the same inn on the same weekend for the next twenty-six years. In 1961, he's impotent and she's pregnant. Together, they deliver a baby. In 1966, she's a strung-out hippie enrolled at Berkeley, dropping ten-dollar adjectives and protesting the war in Vietnam. He's become a conservative, uptight, Establishment stuffed shirt since his son was killed in action.

By 1972, she's a grandmother with a new nose job who has discovered Women's Lib, and he's gone through analysis, chucked his worldly goods, and dropped out of the corporate world to play cocktail piano in a singles' bar. When last we meet, they've grown into middle age with comfortable and attractive identities, and are finally able to recognize what they've meant to and done for each other after a lifetime of twenty-six one-night stands and one final test of their friendship.

This is the stuff hit Broadway comedies are made of; and this movie, which playwright Bernard Slade has fashioned from his long-running play, is more of the same. It's basic TV sitcom material, window-

age in Norway. Ingrid Bergman is the mother she hasn't seen in seven years, who arrives for a visit and brings with her a lifetime of personal charm that nearly proves to be her daughter's undoing.

The usual Ingmar Bergman themes—illusion, religion, dreams—are crucibles in a vast and complex character study of a fabulous mother who is a failure at life and a mousy lump of a daughter who has found inner peace through self-acceptance and self-sacrifice. During the turbulent reunion, we learn much of how parents hand down their insecurities, frustrations, misfortunes, and fears to their children without knowing the pain they're causing. Liv Ullmann is back where she belongs after a series of disappointing efforts in English-speaking films and plays; under Bergman's guiding genius, she's as luminous as a new clock.

But it is Ingrid Bergman who ignites the screen in the finest role of her career—with alternating moods of anguish, sadness, and joyous frivolity. Radiantly beautiful in the autumn of her own years, Bergman gives this sonata its musical timbre. Bergman directing Bergman in their native tongue: *Autumn Sonata* has to be one of the movie milestones of the decade.

Art

By David Bourdon

George Segal

Walker Art Center, Minneapolis; through January 7, 1979

George Segal has the temerity to take on universal themes—like labor, loneliness, and love—that few contemporary artists can treat in any but trite and corny ways. He works in an unlikely medium: wet plaster, which he applies more or less directly upon his carefully positioned models, removing the plaster shell after it hardens. The effigy-like white-plaster figures are then situated in a realistic environment consisting of actual furniture or salvaged fragments of buildings, buses, subways, and other surprising ingredients.

Although Segal's plaster figures have individual faces and bodies, the uniform surface texture and monochrome color serve to "distance" the subjects, who cease to represent particular people and come to represent, instead, universal types. The Segal man who works in a gas station or drives a bus is really Everyman, just as the Segal woman who buckles her bra or brushes her hair is Everywoman.

It's no wonder that Segal, now fifty-four, is sometimes called an heir of Edward Hopper: Segal dwells on prosaic moments in the everyday life of ordinary people and finds in them an eloquent, timeless dignity. Though essentially an expressionist, Segal does not overdramatize his figures or throw in too many props. In fact, he succeeds in being remarkably understated. He is frugal in his use of everyday objects, and he situates a real door or a Coca-Cola vending machine with as much care as Mondrian took to position a colored rectangle.

Segal's stature as one of the major figures in modern American sculpture is confirmed in this important retrospective exhibition, which contains nearly sixty of the artist's works. The show travels to the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art in February, then, in May, to the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York.

The Splendor of Dresden: Five Centuries of Art Collecting

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; through January 14, 1979

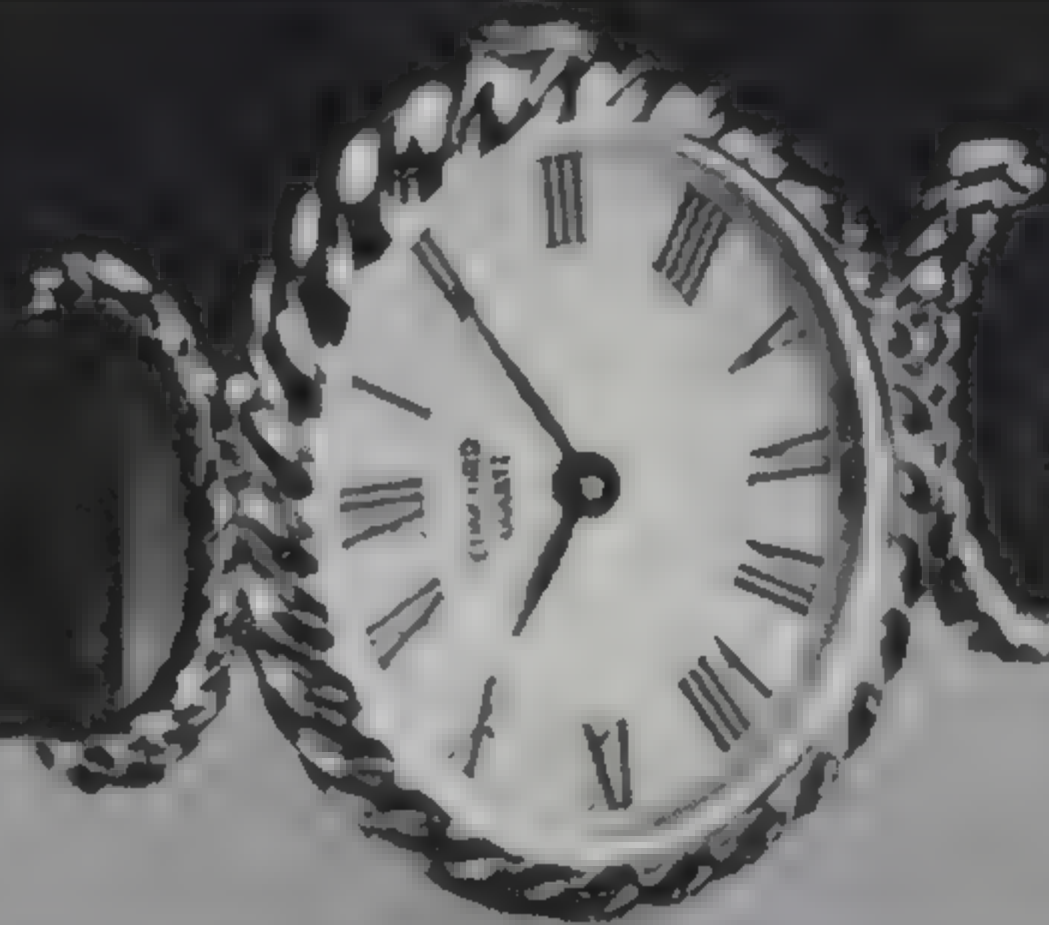
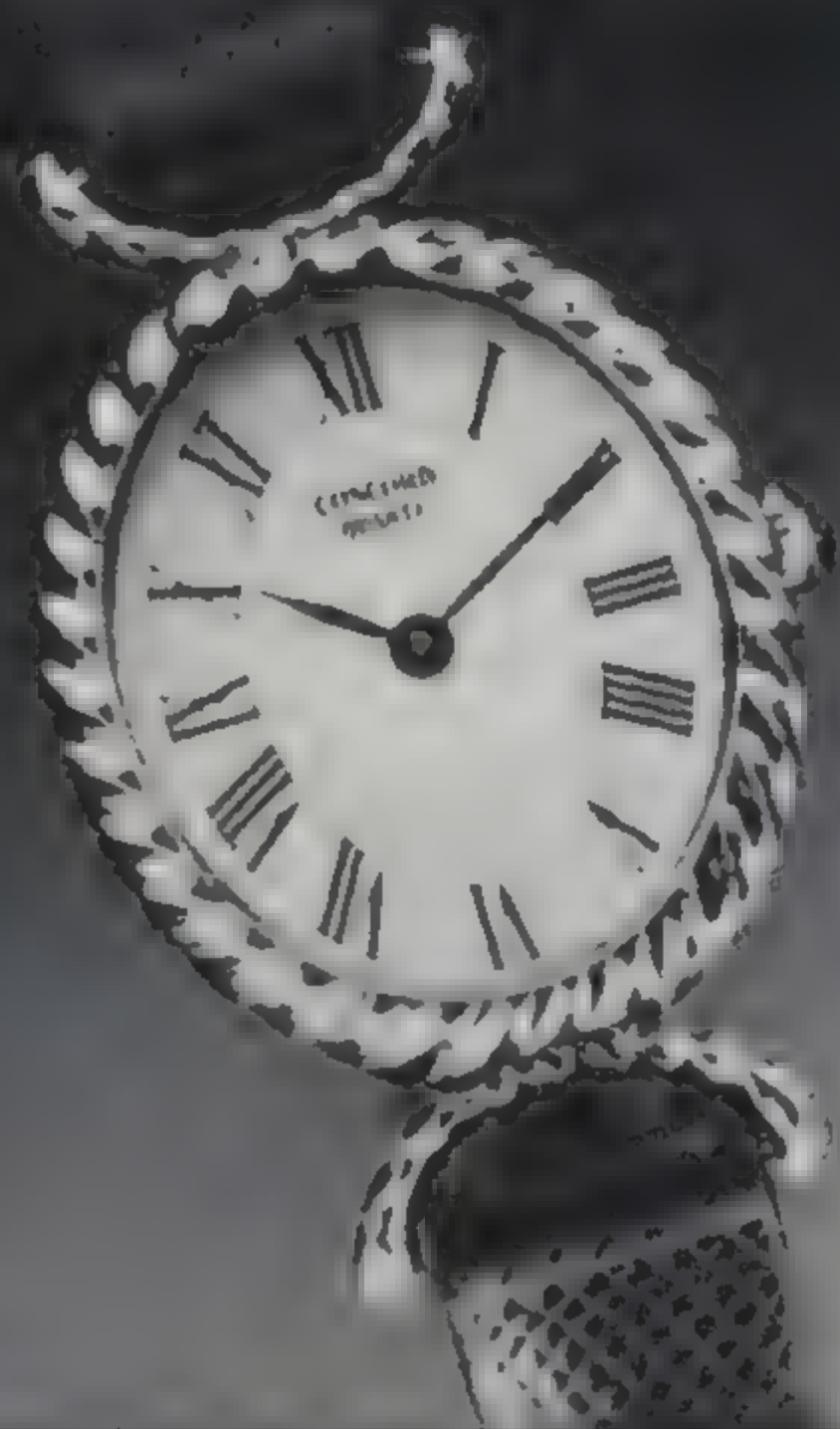
This beguiling show is, in fact, a capsule history of how art collecting began and evolved in the cultivated capital of Saxony, a city that was renowned as a cultural center in seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Europe. Containing more than seven hundred treasures, all on loan from eight museums in Dresden, the exhibition includes a spectacular array of objects—Old Master paintings and drawings, Renaissance bronzes, arms and armor, Oriental and Meissen porcelain, and opulent objects crafted in gold, silver, and precious stones.

The splendors of Dresden began to accumulate in the sixteenth century, when Augustus I started his collection of paintings, bronzes, shells, stones, scientific objects, and books in his *Kunstammer*, or "cabinet of (What's News, continued on page 32)



Calvin Klein

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WHAT'S NEWS,
WHAT'S COMING

curiosities." Augustus II, the Strong (1694-1733), enlarged the palace collections and created the Meissen porcelain factory. His son, Augustus III (1733-1763), further expanded the collections, which eventually became the core of the public museums that lent to this exhibition.

The Old Master paintings are reason enough to visit the show—fifty works by Dürer, Cranach, Titian, Holbein, Rubens, Poussin, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Vermeer, and others. In addition, the exhibition offers a representative sampling of nineteenth- and twentieth-century German painting, including three pictures by the German romantic Caspar David Friedrich and works by Kirchner, Schmidt-Rottluff, and other expressionists in the *Die Brücke* movement, which was founded in Dresden in 1905.

The show travels to the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, San Francisco, this coming February.

Recordings

By David Sargent

Fats Waller: A Legendary Performer
(RCA Records)

Fats Waller, the ebullient pianist and singer of the late 1920s, 'thirties, and early 'forties, has received much attention of late from the worlds of dance (Twyla Tharp used his music for one of her pieces) and theater (the joyful Broadway musical *Ain't Misbehavin'* is a revue of his songs). But for those who want the real thing, this recent reissue in RCA's estimable "Legendary Performer" series should fill the bill. There are other, more complete Waller collections (most notably, on RCA's Bluebird jazz reissue label); but this handsomely packaged and annotated collection is about the best single-disk selection one could hope for.

Vivaldi: Orlando Furioso

Marilyn Horne, Victoria de los Angeles, Lucia Valentini-Terrani, et al., with Claudio Scimone conducting "I Solisti Veneti" (RCA Records)

Most people know of Antonio Vivaldi as the composer of a seemingly inexhaustible

assortment of Baroque violin concertos, above all "The Four Seasons." But there are operas and religious choral pieces in his collected works, too; and in this tricentenary year of his birth (at least it's being celebrated as such, though some sources list his birth as a few years earlier than 1678), much of this material is coming out on records. *Orlando Furioso* is a full-scale, serious Baroque opera and, as such, will surprise and impress people used to Vivaldi as the purveyor of bright chamber-orchestra chirpings. This recording certainly makes a fine case for the work, with especially graceful singing from De los Angeles and Valentini-Terrani, a relatively unknown mezzo-coloratura with a voice of ingratiating richness and control.



Linda Ronstadt, above: a commanding voice, a "tougher, more rocking style," on new album "Living in the U.S.A."

Linda Ronstadt: Living in the U.S.A.
(Asylum)

Ronstadt's latest disk shows her developing the tougher, more rocking style of *Simple Dreams*; and some miss the softer, more emotionally open ballads of her past work—especially any example of her harmony-singing with other women. Actually, there are plenty of songs of all sorts on this new album, and Ronstadt's interpretive abilities continue to evolve. The voice itself remains as striking and commanding as ever.

(What's News, continued on page 36)

Where to eat now:

Le Chantilly



Jade Albert

How do we solve a problem like Le Chantilly? Opening last spring, this East 57th Street, Manhattan restaurant became A Place To Go. Proprietors Paul Dessibourg and Roland Chenus, *chef de cuisine*, came to their new enterprise out of a multi-starred gastronomic past—Le Pavillon, La Grenouille, La Côte Basque, Le Veau D'Or. Odd, then, that in the pleasant new restaurant room (left) that Paul and Roland created—spacious, amazingly un-noisy, despite its ever-increasing popularity—the classical *haute cuisine* varies from good to not-as-good-as-it-should-be. Example: Chantilly's *Délice de Veau Franc-Comtois*—one evening this veal-ham concoction, redolent of mushrooms, shallots, melted cheese, was a delicate perfection; several weeks later, the dish was passable. You take your chances—but in starry company. Sometimes, it's worth it.—L.L.



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WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

MORE RECORDINGS:

Sylvester: Step II (Fantasy). At one time, Sylvester was an outrageous transvestite soul-rocker from San Francisco. More recently, he's emerged as a fine disco singer: this is one of the best disco disks of the year.
Stravinsky: "Pulcinella" Suite, Scherzo Fantastique and Symphonies of Wind Instruments, with Pierre Boulez conducting the New York Philharmonic (Columbia). One of the finest of Boulez's Stravinsky recordings, with an intelligent combination of superior works, lovingly played.

Devo: "Q.: Are We Not Men? A.: We Are Devo!" (Warner Bros.). An extremely strange, yet irresistibly danceable punk-rock band from Akron, Ohio; the group's name refers to its philosophy that we are all devolving (as opposed to evolving) to a primitive state.

Books

By Allene Talmey

The Coup

By John Updike (Alfred A. Knopf)

As raw as the first Muhammad Ali fights, when Ali was Cassius Clay, John Updike's new novel is violent, difficult to read, and capricious. In fact, it is a smash. *The Coup* takes place in the imaginary African nation of Kush, a sub-Saharan district. The U.S. keeps edging into the story, brought there through the aversion of its desperate dictator, Colonel Hakim Felix Ellelloû. He has, in order of desire, a Mercedes, and then four wives. Naturally, there is sex.

The action of the novel takes place around the time of Richard Nixon's last year in office; and Ellelloû and other highly verbal inhabitants of Kush have plenty to say about the (then) President's politics. One character insists that Nixon is "a loser in a narrow sense," but nonetheless a hero. "What [is] more poetic and profoundly satisfying . . . than the evisceration of a President, out of whom tumble in majestic abundance tapes, forgeries, falsified income taxes, and mealy-mouthed lies? This is theatre in the best African tradition, wherein the actor is actually slain!"

At the novel's end, as at its beginning, little is known of the Kush, beyond the fact that theirs is a land of "delicate, delectable emptiness." The dictator, unmasked, lives happily now in Paris. In fact, "Colonel Ellelloû is rumored to be working on his memoirs."

Sigmund Freud: His Life in Pictures and Words, with a Biographical Sketch by K.R. Eissler

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich)

In this entrancing book, Sigmund Freud, one of the revolutionary men of our day, shows us his life and work. He had a harvest of a life: hard, unyielding, nervous, but productive to an enormous degree. At times, Freud's life seems like that of a madman: totally self-indulgent, he gave in to his every whim.

The great psychoanalyst could be brutally honest about his perceptions of others.



John Updike, above, invents Africa—and a familiar fiend—in new novel "The Coup"

Once, after meeting the artist Salvador Dalí, Freud turned to their companion, Stefan Zweig, and exclaimed, "I have never seen such a prototype of the Spaniard. What a fanatic!"

On June 22, 1938, a year before Freud died, he wrote to his relative, Alexander Freud: "For the first time and late in life I have experienced what it is to be famous." It was a bitter revelation, for during the last part of his life, Freud suffered greatly from cancer of the jaw. Although, at the time, heroin was readily available as a painkiller, no one gave him any. No one thought of it. Freud's suffering was as persistent and unyielding as the man himself.

Pompeii A.D. 79

(Alfred A. Knopf)

Since its American debut this year at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, the exhibition *Pompeii A.D. 79* has dazzled museum-goers from Chicago to Dallas. Next stop: New York's American Museum of Natural History (spring '79). To coincide with the show, Alfred A. Knopf has just published, in a single edition, the Boston Museum's full-color, two-volume catalogue.

"On the morning of the 24th of August, A.D. 79, the long-dormant volcano of Vesuvius blew up, and by the evening of that day the two flourishing towns of Pompeii and Herculaneum and the nearby coastal resort of Stabiae were already dead. . . ." *Pompeii A.D. 79* is a partial record of this disaster. In magnificently faded colors, the book tells the story of the two towns—their gardens, paintings, economy, cults, sports, sculpture, history, and entertainment.

The book opens with two miraculous, enormously dim color photographs of Hellenistic colonnaded buildings, one with a superb pitted pool. Among the other rare color photographs: a mosaic showing, against a black background, a gallery of edible sea creatures.

One glorious wall painting portrays the Three Graces. They are nude, beautiful, personifying brains, beauty, and, unbelievably, moral wisdom. This book forms an unparalleled delight.

(What's News, continued on page 40)



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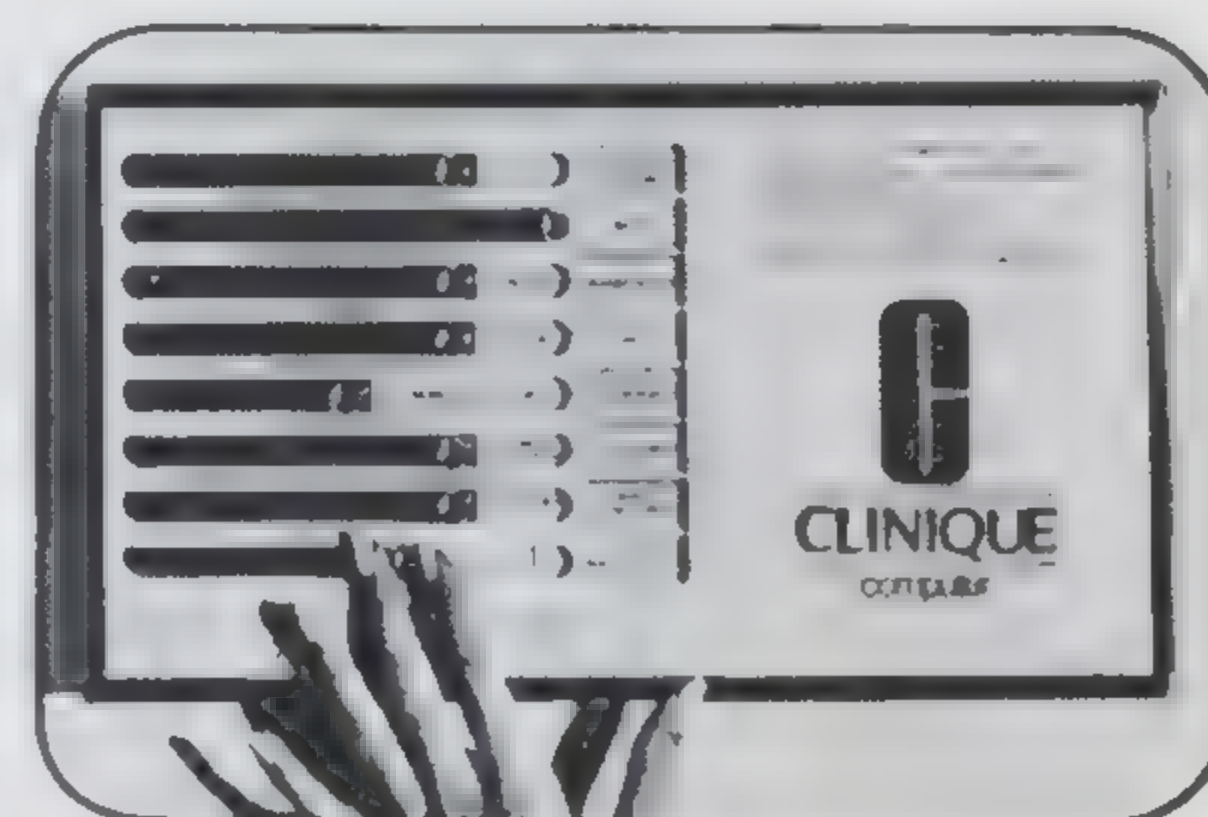
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WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

Sports

By Kay Gilman

Ski races: rocketing down the slope, woman vs. woman

The snow should be on the slopes by now, and for the second season, women will have their own professional ski-racing circuit, sponsored by the sports-minded people from Anheuser-Busch.

The Budweiser Women's Professional Ski Racing Tour, which runs from January through April, features four events, two of them held at ski areas in the East and two in the West, with a probable total of \$60,000 in prize money. The kick-off competition takes place in Vermont, in January.

Produced by former amateur racer Jill Wing, the race format for the seventy-five or so Tour regulars will encompass two days of giant slalom and slalom competition, plus this year, lightning-fast downhill races.

Who are the women who consider rocketing down a ski slope at full speed the ideal way to make a living?

They're all superbly conditioned athletes, most of whom strapped on their first skis at the toddler stage. The 1978-79 Budweiser Tour will have a definite international flavor, with representatives from France, Austria, Norway, Canada, and Japan, as well as a large number of Americans. The two top finishers from last year's Tour—leading money-winner Toril Forland, a twenty-four-year-old Norwegian who won a bronze medal at the Sapporo Olympics, and young American hot-shot, twenty-one-year-old Lyndall Heyer of Stowe, Vermont, the leading point-scorer in 1978—will be back to defend their titles. So will other well-known names from the U.S. Alpine Team and freestyle competition: women such as Judy Nagel, Susie Corrock, Ellen Post, and Sandra Poulsen. Kiki Cutter, a sparkling freestyler currently sidelined by injury, will commentate the planned television coverage of the Tour.

The up-and-coming stars of professional ski racing are the young women who have left the Olympic training squads and, sometimes, college teams, to turn pro. Why?

"This type of competition gives the girls an opportunity to capitalize on their individuality," says Ms. Wing. "Most of them have competed only within the structure of a team, and a lot of them just got tired of it. The women are hoping that this can turn out to be a viable career for them—they've devoted their whole lives to skiing; they want to make a living at what they do best."

The men's pro tour, which has been in existence for ten years, sports \$600,000 in prize money, with the leading male money-winner schussing off with \$92,000 in earnings. Toril Forland, the top woman on last season's Budweiser Tour, won \$9100.

"We've got quite a way to go," admits Jill Wing. "But at least we're starting."

(What's News, continued on page 42)

When it comes to diamonds,
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A diamond is for now.

Diamond jewelry is available in a wide variety of prices. The pin shown is valued at about \$5,000. De Beers. A diamond is forever.

By Diane English

When a Rockette meets a Boston Pop

There's lots of tasty programming coming our way in December. Television gift-wraps a charming selection of holiday specials, plus programming that would be a treat any time of year.

The biggie this month is the two-hour NBC special *Rockette: A Holiday Tribute to the Radio City Music Hall*, starring Ann-Margret and Gregory Peck, with Greer Garson, Alan King, Beverly Sills, Ben Vereen (December 14, 9:00-11:00 P.M., E.T.).

Radio City Music Hall is a traditional gathering place for thousands of New Yorkers and Big Apple visitors during the holiday season. The grand old Art Deco palace is a perfect setting, an entertainment landmark where Gregory Peck was once a young usher, where the films of Greer Garson made her "The Queen of the Music Hall," and where a six-year-old Ann-Margret Olsen spent her first evening in the U.S., wishing she were one of the Rockettes.

This spirited jaunt through Radio City's history was directed by Dwight Hemion, who always manages to produce something tasteful and Emmy-winning (*Sinatra: A Man and His Music*, and, more recently, *The Sentry Collection Presents Ben Vereen, His Roots*). The production numbers—particularly those featuring the famed Rockettes—are dazzling, as is Ann-Margret, who precision-kicks with the best of them. But the real star of the show is the Music Hall itself: its magnificent lobbies, rehearsal halls, its great stage, and its colorful past. This tribute may help to ensure its future.

Other December sugar plums: CBS's *Les Misérables* (December 27, 8:00-11:00 P.M., E.T.), a lush adaptation of Victor Hugo's classic novel. The movie-for-television, starring Richard Jordan and Anthony Perkins, was filmed on location near Bordeaux and in London; PBS's *Simple Gifts: Six Episodes for Christmas*, produced by noted cartoonist and film director R.O. Blechman. This hour-long special is a holiday montage created from works by well-known writers, artists, and animators such as Moss Hart, Virginia Woolf, and Seymour Chwast; *A Woman Called Moses* (NBC, December 11 and 12, 9:00-11:00 P.M., E.T.), the real-life story of Harriet Tubman, the woman who masterminded the "underground railroad" by which many slaves escaped to freedom in the nineteenth century. Cicely Tyson stars in this riveting story of courage and faith; and an encore presentation of the Emmy-winning ABC Theatre Christmas drama, *The Gathering*, starring Ed Asner and Maureen Stapleton.

Then, on New Year's Eve, watch and listen as maestro Arthur Fiedler conducts the Boston Pops Orchestra in *New Years at the Pops*, on PBS at 1:00 P.M., E.T., with a national FM stereo simulcast.

Collecting

By Judith Goldman

Dolls: some prices start at \$4000

Girls hoard dolls, boys break them; devotees call them little people, and some even regard them as real people. "But," says designer Gene Moore (Tiffany's), "dolls are about magic. They do not try to be people." They reflect cultural attitudes. Dolls are, among other things, role models for little girls.

As art objects, cultural artifacts, and small replicas of human beings, dolls are acquired by women when children move out, by men who, as boys, were forbidden to own such "feminine" things. No one knows the exact number of collectors. The United Federation of Doll Clubs has twelve thousand members; many more collectors are nonmembers. After stamps and coins, dolls are reportedly the most popular objects to collect.

Experts define antique dolls as those over seventy-five years old. Dolls made before 1800 are seldom seen, and French fashion dolls grow steadily rarer. The most sought after, French Bébés by Bru or Jumeau, have bisque heads and limbs, kid bodies, hand-painted faces, and large, limpid eyes. They are expensive: A Bru in perfect condition can begin at \$4000. German bisques by Kammer and Reinhardt are as beautiful—if less *soignée*; and bisques by J.D. Kestner are, according to Helen Nolan of The Magnificent Doll store in New York, a good buy.

Some collectors acquire non-antique



Grown women—and men—hoard charmers such as this 1880s fashion doll

dolls: Kewpies or Raggedy Anns or Madame Alexanders. Other doll mavens accumulate stars; Shirley Temple (Ideal Toys) came in various sizes—as infant, child, and adult; the Alexander Toy Company made fourteen versions of the Dionne quintuplets.

Major collectors have eclectic, almost

chaotic tastes. Mary Cole's dolls date from 500 B.C. through the latest Barbie, are housed in the remarkable Wee Lassie Doll Museum in Homestead, Florida, twenty-eight miles south of Miami. Lenon H. Hoyte has translated her massive collection and the basement of her New York brownstone into the dazzling toyland of Aunt Len's Doll and Toy Museum. (Both museums are open by appointment.) When asked how a novice might start to acquire dolls, Ms. Hoyte replied, "It's a matter of chemistry." Collectors choose dolls as you would friends.

MORE COLLECTING:

Buy dolls at doll shows, flea markets, garage sales, and specialty shops. Read about dolls in *The Newtown Bee* (Newtown, CT). Visit the New York Doll Hospital: They fix, restore, buy, sell, and appraise antique dolls. Proprietor Irving Chais can spot a 1930s hand on an 1890s body.

For contemporary doll fanciers: Patricia R. Smith's recent "Madame Alexander Collector's Dolls" (Crown, \$19.95) has a price guide, plenty of documentation, and dreadful reproductions.

On December 2—in time for Christmas—Christie's, New York, sells couturière Coco Chanel's famous "little black dress" and other wardrobe and jewelry items.

Taxes

By Julian Block

Church donations—the IRS may say no

With Christmas fast approaching, lots of dollars are dropping into church collection plates. Besides helping others, ordinarily these contributions will help to ease your tax bite when filing time rolls around.

But a long-standing rule bars any tax break when you get something back in exchange for your contribution. This has prompted the IRS to warn that it intends to crack down on the growing number of persons who form their own "churches" because they want to pay fewer taxes. And the IRS has been backed up by the courts, which consider these churches to be shams.

The warning took the form of a ruling that barred a charitable write-off by a self-ordained minister who founded his own church. Its only congregants were himself, his wife, his youngsters, and a few friends. The founder, a full-time civil servant, donated his salary checks to the church. The church used most of the money to take care of such earthly expenses as the founder's housing, food, and clothing. Not surprisingly, the IRS was unwilling to bless this type of tithing. It ruled that the church was merely a tool to serve the personal needs of the founder.

Equally predictable was the refusal of the Tax Court to allow deductions claimed by, of all people, an accountant, for donations of cash and the furniture in his rented apartment to his six-member church. The church dispensed these alms to, among others, the accountant's own landlord and his electric company.

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Living: Ideas and Trends

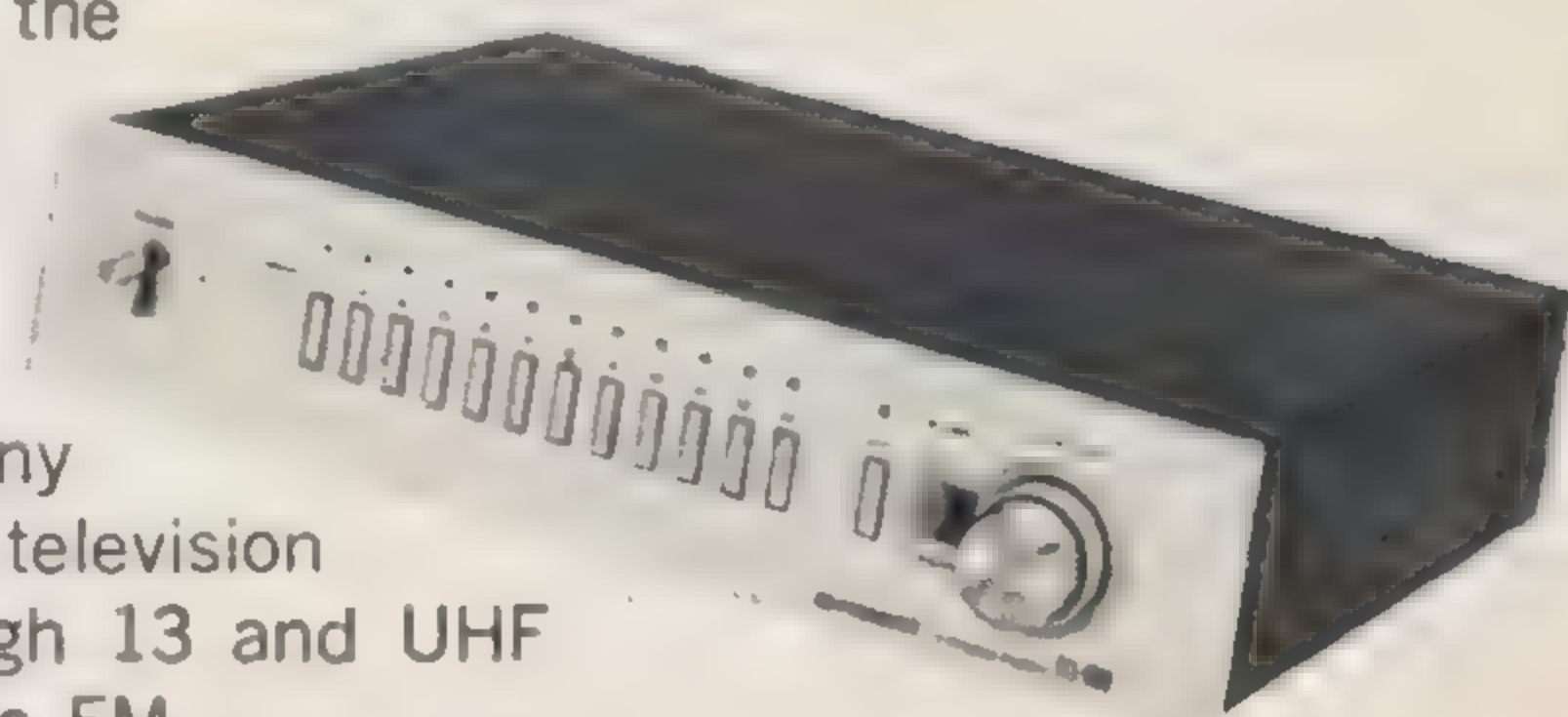
*Vin bar extraordinaire...
sci-fi salon...
art for the post*

By Barbara Plumb



● Paris and London have dozens. San Francisco has one. New York has just welcomed its first wine bar (in SoHo, of course, and simply named **The Wine Bar**). An uptown wine restaurant, **Claret's**, follows hard on its heels, sometime in January. The advantage of a wine bar is that by-the-glass drinkers are not limited to carafe wines but, instead, can play about, tasting vintage wines. William Bonbrest designed **The Wine Bar** to look not like a stuffy club but bright and cheerful and modern.

The changeover from the rich tonality of a stereo to the one-dimensional sound that emits from a television set has always been a disappointment to sound buffs—but the requisite price to be paid for the picture. No more. Pioneer has introduced a television audio tuner, **TVX-9500**, that makes all television programs sound like the simulcasts familiar to and beloved by opera and symphony fans. The **TVX-9500** (\$250) receives all current television broadcasts, including VHF Channels 2 through 13 and UHF Channels 14 through 83 and converts them to FM.



Predictably, computers have moved into food processors. The 2002 Electronic Food Processor from Hamilton Beach has a digital readout window (just like a calculator's) that can flash any of the following information: which of sixteen possible speeds is currently whirling away, the number of seconds that speed has been programmed to run, and an accurate conversion of cups and ounces to liters and grams—the coming metric system. Unlike other food processors, the 2002 Electronic processor can whip cream by using the lowest speeds. Even mistakes are indicated on the readout window by a blinking light. From \$130 to \$160.

It looks as if it should be aboard the *Battlestar Galactica*, but the new \$300,000 Gerard Bollei hair salon is firmly docked in New York's Galleria on Fifty-seventh Street. What doesn't reflect (mirrors, white-vinyl-tile floors, and polished-steel ceiling), glows. The spectacular indirect lighting is even better for the morale than rose-colored glasses. Designers Alan Hogelthorn and Larry Barcher chose greys, blacks, and white as a background for colorful men and women clients. (Dressing rooms are separate.)



(Continued on page 58)

Eye writing is here!

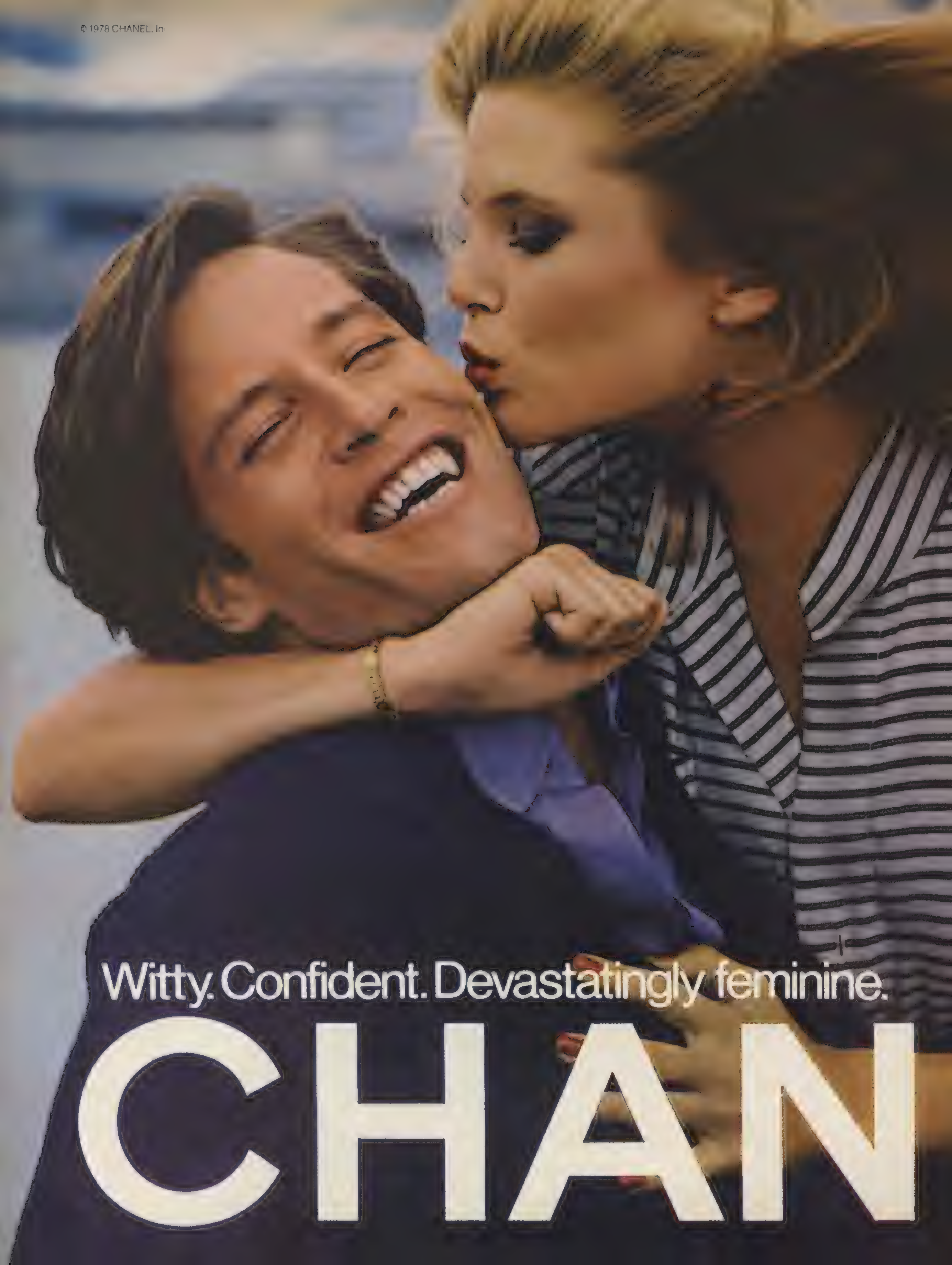


Now you can line, shadow, contour and style your eyes as easily as writing your name. Maybelline introduces new Eye Color Styler-Pencils. 9 luscious, blendable colors. Invent. Have fun. Write eyes as unique as your signature. It's easy with a pencil. That's eye writing!

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Living:

Ideas and Trends

(Continued from page 48)



One of the most promising preservation trends current in America is the adaptive reuse of old buildings—silos into shops, railroad stations into restaurants. *Buildings Reborn: New Uses, Old Places* (Harper & Row), by Barbaralee Diamondstein, documents the metamorphoses of ninety-five buildings with photos, drawings, and explanatory text. A coinciding photographic exhibition of fifty-three creative architectural renovations, sponsored by The Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service, will travel to museums in twenty cities. Pictured is a mill in San Antonio, Texas, transformed by the Cambridge Seven Associates into an art museum.



The smell of camphor isn't the only thing that sends moths packing. French Moth Bags that smell as sweet as a field of wild flowers also repel them. The herb mixture, including lavender and vetiver, blended according to an antique French recipe, is stuffed into linen toweling bags in blues, yellows, or reds and ribbon tied. The bags can be hung in closets or tucked away in chests or boxes. \$5.75 each, postpaid. Cherchez, 864 Lexington Avenue, NYC 10021.

Leave it to an architect to create a Christmas card that not only looks like a building but also has its three-dimensionality. Architect Ted Naos' tri-panel Graphi-cards, die-cut from fine-quality white paper, can stand to reveal an intriguing interplay of form, light, and shadow. His latest creation, the Smithsonian Castle, is a fanciful interpretation of the Smithsonian's original building designed by James Renwick. Opened, the Naos Castle is 6¼ by 12¾ inches. Ten notes and envelopes, \$8.75 postpaid, Smithsonian Institution, P.O. Box 2456, Washington, DC 20013.



● Last year, a SoHo Gallery launched a show of original artists' works for postcards. This year, Artists' Postcards Series II is being exhibited at New York's Cooper-Hewitt Museum to run through December 2. Sponsoring the show is Artists' Postcards, Inc., a nonprofit group that seeks to bring the work of living artists to a wider audience. Painters, sculptors, photographers, poets, cartoonists, writers, filmmakers, architects, and a dancer are among the artists. Each contributed one work in the series of fifty postcards. A packet is available for \$13.75 postpaid from Artists' Postcards, 2 East 34th Street, NYC 10016. Shown is "Lip Service" by Carol Wald.



*Last night I did two things
I've never done before...*

one was wearing Geminisse.



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Are you listening to your body?

Even a minor pain can be an important signal for health

By Barbara Lang Stern

How attentively do you listen to the messages you get from your own body? How often do you ignore or deny what it's saying to you?

"Whenever you stop listening to something your body is telling you, you should ask 'Why? What does this really mean?' Because if you're not hearing your body's language, you must be turning it off for some reason," says Laura J. Singer, Ed.D., noted New York psychotherapist and visiting faculty member at The New School for Social Research.

Pain is the most urgent communication our bodies can give us that something is wrong or needs to be attended to. In extraordinary circumstances—fights for survival, accidents, rescues, childbirth, and so forth—people are sometimes able to block out, control, or endure tremendous pain and continue to function. Athletes in competition are known for doing this. In the 1976 Olympics, a member of the Japanese gymnast team competed on the "still rings," although he knew he had a broken leg.

In everyday life, we're not apt to ignore acute suffering, but often we do deny or endure varying degrees of hurt or distress.

Are you feeling all right? Sure. I'm fine.

*You don't seem quite like yourself.
Oh, I've got a miserable headache.
I'll get you an aspirin.*

No, I don't need an aspirin. It's nothing. It'll go away. . . .

Why might you choose to deny your pain? "A person may feel he should be so strong that his body can take care of itself, without reliance upon anything external," comments Dr. Singer. "He mustn't give in to the headache by acknowledging that it exists, by giving his body something that may ease it, because doing this seems like a sign of weakness. There can be some satisfaction in denying the painful aspect of something that's happening to you. It's like proving what a great stoic you are, how you can survive on your own, endure and not give in to your body. There also can be an element of self-punishment involved. 'I should have finished that report sooner. I deserve a headache.'"

If these concepts sound a little strange, they should. They suggest that some of us have somehow separated ourselves into components, and that we're in an adversary position with our own bodies. But if you are going to divide the total person you are and pit your will against your physi-

cal self, clearly whichever part "wins" another part of you must lose. And certainly, you're never going to feel able to consider why you might be having a headache—or a backache or upset stomach.

If denying your body's messages or symptoms prevents you from getting at the cause of anything, this is sometimes the very reason you do it. You may be afraid of what you would find out. "If I pretend it isn't there, maybe it will go away," might be your unconscious, magical defense against anxiety. Almost every physician has had patients who postponed getting an examination despite—or, more accurately, because of—potentially dangerous indications.

Having a sense of oneness or unity or total partnership with your body doesn't mean turning into a hypochondriac or a constant pill-popper. In fact, taking pills so you don't feel pain, fatigue, etc., is another way of tuning out communication. Instead, we're talking about being aware of whatever your body is saying, and then consciously deciding what to do about it.

Sometimes, you may want the information that pain can provide. Suppose you cut your finger, and notice later that it feels sore and looks pink and puffy. You probably press it gently, testing the amount of soreness, the likelihood of infection. Perhaps, the signs suggest a need for additional soaking or other care. You may supply this and still choose not to take an aspirin for the throbbing because you want to know whether the finger is getting better or worse.

A mild degree of pain can be reassuring. A woman may recognize menstrual cramps as a sign that everything's in order and her body is functioning normally, as it should. But if she chooses to endure severe cramps, her reasons must be questioned.

One of the distinctions we sometimes fail to make is between strengthening and/or testing versus punishing our bodies. For a while, you may find it exhilarating to push yourself a little, to test your endurance, to try to increase your stamina and capability. But even when a tennis game, jogging, or some other exercise becomes painful, you may continue nonetheless, rubbing huge blisters, gasping for breath, perhaps dizzy or even a little frightened. "What are you trying to do, kill yourself?" a friend may ask. "What are you trying to prove?"

"Again, a person may be showing herself and the world how much she can endure," says Dr. Singer. "There may be an aspect of mind over matter, or at the extreme, an element of omnipotent fantasy: 'I can do anything I want to, I'm indomitable and I'll prove it, no matter how much it costs me.' And it can also be a punishment and/or form of self-destruction. 'If you can't do this, then you're no good and you might as well die. If you can't be perfect, you're nothing.' The desires to excel and to be in good physical shape are affirmative, but they can become exaggerated into compulsions."

Ideally, you should be able to reach a point at which you will be ready to say, "I don't have to be perfect. That's ridiculous. *Nobody* is perfect. I can make certain demands of myself, but I can also listen to how I feel and respond accordingly. Achievement may be important to me and to those around me, but I'm basically valuable and lovable for human qualities that aren't geared to what I accomplish. And surely I should be as kind, loving, and attentive to myself as I'd be to somebody else I cared about." ▽

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Living/loving presents—plants to give or to get at Christmas

How to choose the right plants for giving;
how to care for those and for the ones you receive

By Ma Anand Prita and Sara Baerwald

The holiday season is the time of year we all open ourselves to loving. Love is food for the soul and you can be sure plants have souls. Any hooked gardener will tell you that when you pay attention to the relationship between you and a plant, then *the plant* will tell you all you need to know to help it grow. Caring for plants is life-affirming and a direct connection to the mysterious force of all life. When we are caring for plants, we learn to trust ourselves and our own intuition. This trust encourages us to look within for answers. Since there are no absolutes when it comes to gardening, you can start now to nurture your plants as you would a child or pet. Guidelines are a help, but you're the one who does the loving.

Plants as gifts

Plants can be gifts of love, too, and good for last-minute additions to the Christmas list. If you're giving a plant, attach a little card with instructions for its care. Both recipient and plant will be grateful.

Picking the right plant is crucial. Find

one that's bouncy and bushy rather than tall and thin or limp. Check for bugs in the crotches of stems and the undersides of leaves. A healthy plant has a rich color, so don't buy one that shows any signs of browning, yellowing, or blotching. Crunchiness at the tips is a bad sign. Flowering plants that have more buds and fewer open blooms are sure to flower longer at home.

Caring for traditional holiday plants

At this time of year, one of the traditional holiday flowering plants may find its way to your house, whether you want it or not. Often, there isn't enough accompanying information to provide for proper care and maintenance, not to mention learning how to get the plant to flower again next year. The following list of plants will flourish with a little help from you.

Poinsettia: A poinsettia needs at least three hours of direct sun a day to maintain its rich coloring. Keep the soil moist but not soggy. If you have only indirect light, then cut down on water. As with most flowering

plants, the poinsettia enjoys cool temperatures . . . about sixty degrees.

Most Christmas poinsettias will bloom until spring; but, in case yours stops earlier, cut the plant all the way back to a stump. Don't be squeamish about this, since you're really doing the plant a service. Cutting it back forces the energy down and encourages the new plant growth to be stronger and bushier.

You might try giving the plant a little notice before the pruning. Let it know what you'll be doing and why. Communicate verbally or through thought. Experiments with plants have been done at the Findhorn Garden Foundation in Northern Scotland; there they found that a plant will anesthetize itself so it doesn't go into shock if it's given at least twenty-four hours' notice before cutting back, repotting, or moving. If this sounds a bit unbelievable, why not try it and find out for yourself. But remember that you've got to do it with trust; the warning surely won't work if you take a "show-me" attitude.

As for a poinsettia's blooming next Christmas, there's simply no hope without direct sun. But, from about October first to mid-December, a poinsettia should receive no more than eleven hours of daylight daily. The rest of the time, the plant should be in *total* darkness, otherwise bud sets die.

One caution: poinsettia leaves are fatal if ingested. *One* leaf can kill a child—so keep your poinsettia out of reach of children and pets.

Amaryllis: If the amaryllis isn't blooming when you get it, keep it in low light. As it gets closer to flowering, move the plant into a sunnier place. As with any plant, the more sun the amaryllis gets, the more water it needs, especially in full flower.

Your amaryllis will bloom this Christmas; but, for the rest of its life, it will flower only in spring or early summer. To be sure this happens, cut the flower stem back completely only *after* all the blooms are finished. Keep the pot in a sunny place, watering only when the topsoil dries out. Feed the plant no more than once a month.

Next fall, remove the bulb from the soil and store in a cool, dry place until February. Then repot the bulb and begin watering; by spring it will flower.

Cyclamen: Heat and dryness will make life difficult for the cyclamen, so the key is cool temperatures but no drafts. It loves light but no direct sun. Maintain damp soil, but never allow the plant to sit in water.

Do-it-yourself care for plants when you go holidaying

Rather than asking a friend to come in to water your plants and risking a fiasco, try a more reliable method by making a bathtub terrarium.

Cover the floor of the tub with plastic cleaners' bags. On top of this, spread about five layers of newspaper and soak thoroughly. Place all the plants you can on the paper, since they love being close. Cactus and succulents would rot in the moisture, so leave them out; but most plants will maintain beautifully in this environment up to two weeks. Others will thrive because of the additional humidity.

Water the plants deeply and shower the foliage. Be sure none are sitting in puddles. Cover the top of the tub with clear plastic and seal up the edges with masking tape, checking for air seepage and holes. It's all ready—don't forget to leave a light on. ▽



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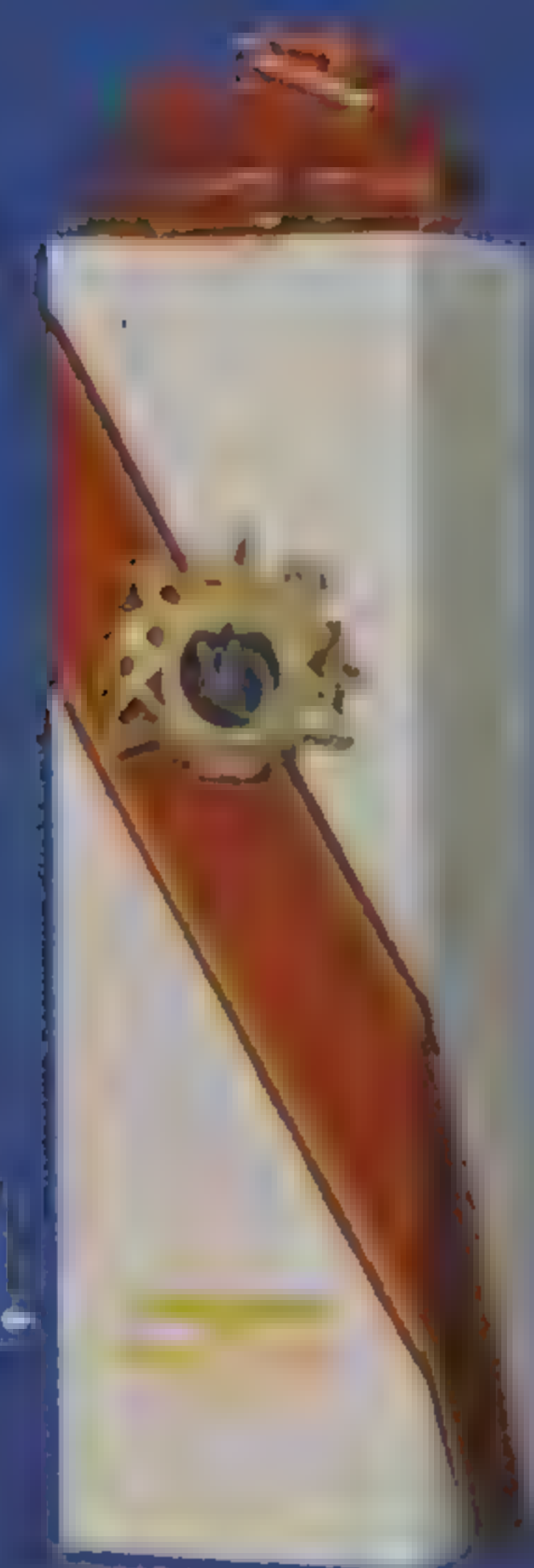



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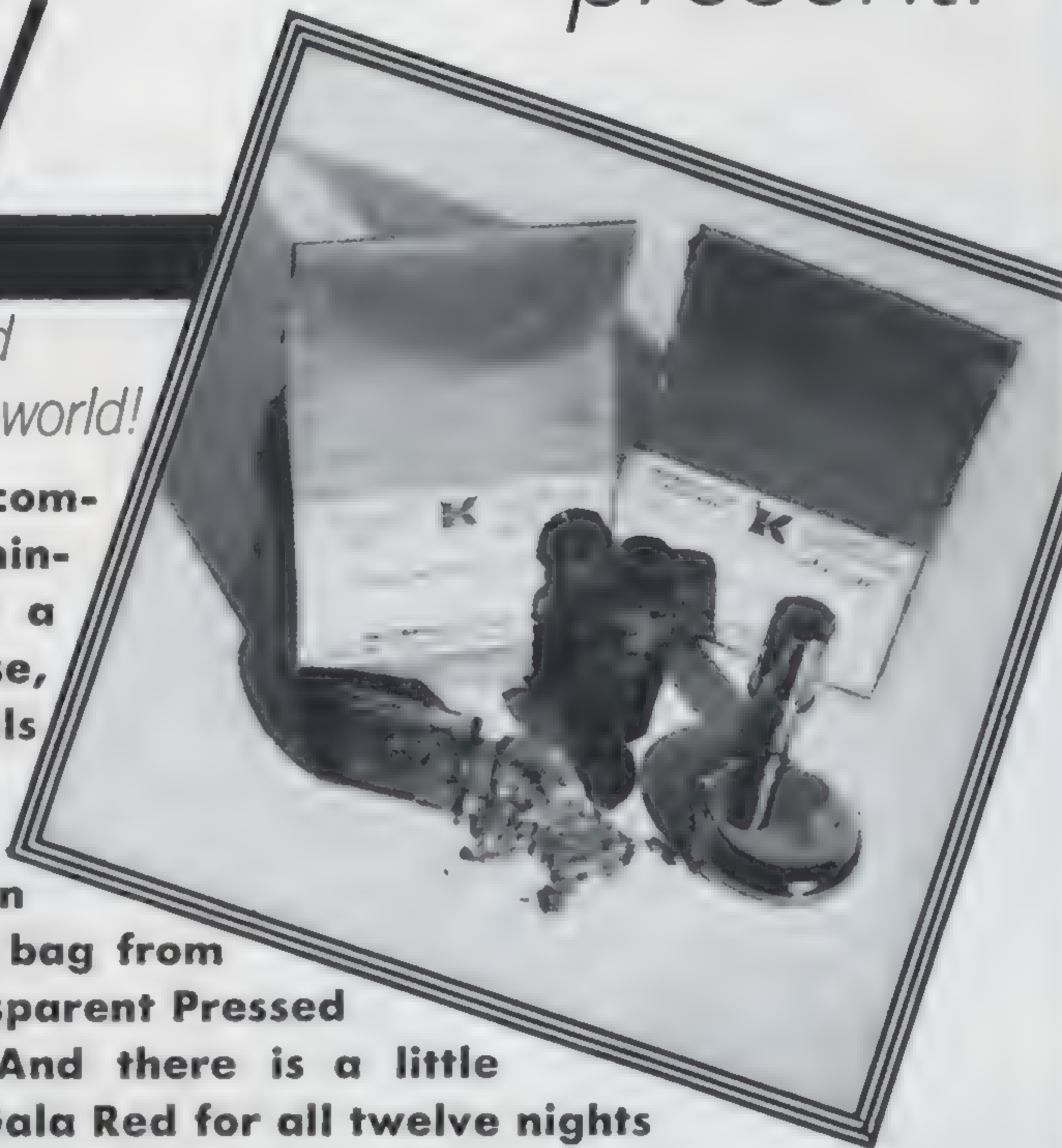
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Christmas candles! Filling a room—a house—with holiday fragrance. There's bayberry, if you like tradition. And if not, take your pick of some of the new hot scents around. Ralph Lauren's big ruby-red chunk of a candle, for one. It gives off eddies of his delectable Lauren. For the two of you, there are Halston's candles. Lighting your way to bed on Christmas night! His holds Z-14 or 1-12; yours, Halston. Both are in pretty silver-rimmed glass holders—tall or small.

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What to wear to dinner on Christmas night? Caron's Nuit de Noel! It was just made for December 25. Or give a tiny bottle of it to Christmas dinner guests. The fragrance is rich with Christmas roses . . . and so enjoyable you may wish to wear it every holiday night from then on.

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■ This is the motto that Alice and her husband live by. And Alice feels very lucky in her marriage. "I think that I just happen to be married to a super guy who has given me the kind of encouragement to be myself."

Right now, for Alice that means raising two children, teaching tennis as a professional with her husband and taking good care of her appearance. "Because I work with my husband twenty-four hours a day, it's important for me to look good to him all the time."

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And Alice feels that people take special care to look good at the holiday time. "When you put on a holiday dress, you talk about wanting to look special." So, in addition to using it on her face, "I just smother my throat and chest area with it." Alice says Oil of Olay keeps her skin smooth and looking good. "I feel good when I put it on."



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2 Want to be a bit more extravagant in your make-up for the holidays? Try a light dusting of gold or silver shadow on your eyelids over your regular color. And speaking of make-up, have you ever tried Oil of Olay as a make-up base? One friend says it keeps make-up fresh looking. And thanks to the tropical oil and special emollients in Oil of Olay, your skin will feel softer and smoother, too.



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Favorites from all over—what's happening now...what to watch

The West goes on . . . 'fifties fever . . . a classic returns . . . new body dressing . . . color, color, color!

In Paris, one fashion barometer is the look in boutique windows. Still seen: the West. Wonderful Bordeaux (lots of Bordeaux around, and grey flannel) cowboy boots at Sacha—the boots being one of those Frenchified American looks that travels across the Atlantic like Morse Code! Another—the Western belt. Sacha has terrific French versions in mauve, pink, and silver snakeskin. And Nicholas Harlé's black calf/silver-buckled Western belt is this season's "fashion" accessory.

The spangled scarf—still the one thing to add to day and late-day looks. Best in fuchsia and off-white.

Jewelry . . . a take off on itself—the campier the better. Epitome of this "junk" trend: a gold-covered rubber toad necklace! Other rages, little plastic dolls, big fake rings, old-time rhinestones.

The foot is where the big news lies. Sometimes it's trim and 'fifties-looking—spike-heeled pumps are all over with narrow pants, jeans, straight skirts. Or there's the look of nurses' and nanny shoes—lace-up oxfords to wear with rolled-down crocheted

socks or bright-colored wool stockings. **To watch: all the great-looking new sandals.** The P.M. versions—neon-metallic stripings; and for day, strong, bright colors—sandals and open-toed shoes.

The best skirts . . . from Monica in black and purple satin or gabardine with a lining that takes centimeters off the tummy and derrière. And Lagerfeld's great slit skirt. **Newest skirt takes: the sarong, all varieties of wrap skirts,** narrow skirts without a slit, and shorter—just-over-the-knee—skirts.

To wear with skirts now: the 'fifties "Miami Beach" cardigans, all glittered and embroidered. A favorite—sequined-and-pearl embroidered mohair, bolero shaped, with raglan batwing sleeves that push up to the elbow (all the sleeves in Paris—jackets, shirts, sweaters—worn pushed up). It's in the trend-setting St. Germaine boutiques and in the "Vingt Ans" department of the Galeries Lafayette. Also at the Galeries Lafayette, the news of a whole boutique floor filled with all the top looks in Paris. A great—fast—way to see *everything*.

The really hot look for pants—some

version of the elasticized-waist, side-striped satin pants. At Sacha, in dark flannels—wine, green, navy with yellow felt stripes and ankle zippers. With them, matching boxy shawl-collared jackets. **The next step**—in Saint Laurent's ready-to-wear collection—the side-stripe fat and widened. For resort/summer, fat black stripes on white pants; and for evening, one of his best nautical takes—black serge pants, with a "stripe" of gold criss-crosses.

News for men: at the SEM Salon at the Porte de Versailles, a symphony of looks from Versace-type linens to easy terry sportswear. The new star is a young American designer, Jeff Sayre, who did the ultimate French thing—he brought back the Lacoste shirt! The big trend for summer—for men *and* women—real Lacostes with or without the alligator. The "ones to own" are striped—any color with white—and can only be bought in the United States or London. The all-white Lacoste is still the tennis staple, but now you see it on the backs of the fashion conscious and it's even filtered down to the teen level!

The Jeff Sayre "Lacostes" are worn as dress shirts with narrow ties. More "Lacostes" from Nino Cerutti who did wonderful ones and put them under terry blousons . . . even an evening version with a black-tie jacket or his knitted black blouson sweater.

Other Jeff Sayre hits: his jogging/sweat-shirt looks, raincoats, and for men and women—sensational oversized sweaters in jacquard patterns and stripes in colors that *have* to be seen—very subtle, simple American good looks with a French flavor.

Hot-weather trends . . . for resort now, summer later. Everything starts with a marvelous, bare, sunswept look—wonderful bodies, healthy, glowing skin, lots of leg!

The biggest news—shorts. Shorts in all lengths from the briefest to Bermuda-length walking shorts. Bright colors . . . always belted . . . always with a tucked-in top.

The bikini—the star up till now. But this summer look for the maillot—even on "topless" beaches (one observer of last summer's scene called topless as common on the beach as wet hair). Every designer had maillots in his ready-to-wear collection—it was a key to the theme of body dressing and a way to establish the small-fitting silhouette. Maillots with wonderful "dress-maker" details—touches of lace, embroidery, sequins—maillots taken as seriously as dresses. And shown in a variety of ways—maillots wrapped in a sarong, maillots with their own shorts.

Jackets everywhere . . . over everything from bathing suits to the jacket belted over a skirt. Shorter, eased-up jackets; no blazers. And the colors!—real-color colors.

Sarong dressing . . . the pareo goes on as a bathing suit cover and as a new casual look-at-night. The trick—a new way to fold it—starting with a six-inch-wide border which becomes, when the pareo is wrapped and tied, a little bandeau top. And watch the sarong skirt and the look of a sarong wrapped over pants—more leg, more body!

The point is: **the glamour and "bite" of this dressing is in the bareness, the cleanliness of everything.** Whatever is too much—too long, too full—just doesn't make it. And the best "accessory"—the secret to carrying it off—is a body that can take this kind of revealing. In Europe, they get ready early: by March, you can't book an exercise class in Rome. The way this summer is shaping up—a word to the wise . . . ! ▽

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1927 — Paris dazzled the world with luxury and artistic genius. It was a time of post-war euphoria, extravagance and rebellious creativity, the age of Surrealism, jazz and Art Deco. Against this background Jeanne Lanvin introduced

Arpège, a floral harmony of over fifty scents, a blend of some of the rarest and most exotic essences in the world.

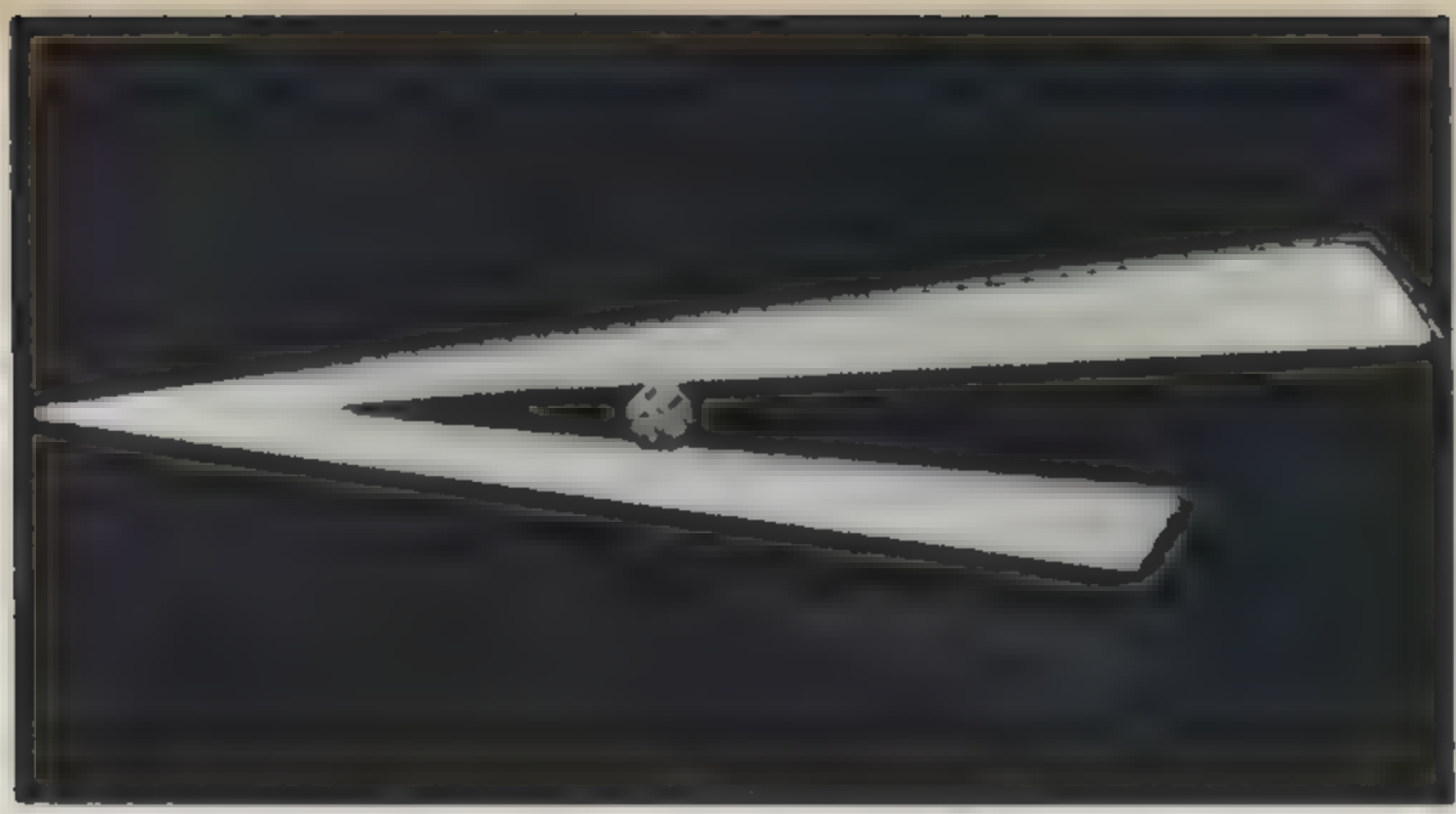
For it, she commissioned a special bottle, the “Boule Noire.” Arpège quickly became the sensation of Paris.

1978 — Arpège remains one of the most prestigious fragrances in the world. And once again, it appears in the “Boule Noire” bottle. Pure Art Deco in style, hand painted in gold to this day, it evokes all the luxury and drama of its age.



The famous “Boule Noire,” a gold-painted black glass bottle created by Jeanne Lanvin for Arpège in 1927.

For Arpège, Lanvin brings back
a luxurious gift in pure Art Deco style



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Horoscope

By Maria Elise Crummere

December

Aries: Late-month success. **Taurus:** Surprise joys. **Gemini:** Take off with Mercury! **Cancer:** Fire power. **Leo:** Your planet dial needs adjusting. **Virgo:** Restructure for success. **Libra:** Happy returns. **Scorpio:** Venus on your side. **Sagittarius:** Extraordinary pleasure. **Capricorn:** A New Year high. **Aquarius:** Love brings the best. **Pisces:** Recognition at hand

Aries

MARCH 21–APRIL 19

Your ruler, Mars, joined with Neptune in Sagittarius at the beginning of the month, could beguile you into dreaming and taking an unrealistic path. Don't be surprised if the going is slow. When Mars changes signs and enters Capricorn on the 13th, everything will fall into place and you become determined to make your program work. The 13th to the 18th is a good time for making agreements; responses will be encouraging. Try to engage those with whom you wish to work in creative projects on the 21st and 22nd—the best days to get things done.

Taurus

APRIL 20–MAY 20

You will get total cooperation this month with your ruler, Venus, in your seventh house—the house of partnerships. If ever you wished to prove your abilities, this is the time. You are further endorsed by the organizing force of steadfast Saturn; and your plans come to fruition at the middle of the month, on the 16th or 17th. A surprise from a loved one on the 25th or 26th promises unusual happiness and renews a relationship. At new moon on the 29th, you receive an extra dividend when your planet, Venus—retrograde for forty-two days—starts moving forward again.

Gemini

MAY 21–JUNE 21

Struggle as you may, your life lacks direction until the 16th, since your ruler, Mercury, has not moved since the end of November. When Mercury goes forward again, however, it takes you along with it and your demands can now be met. The period of the 17th, 18th, and 19th is the time to put things together; ideas start to jell on the 21st. This is a strong day; use it! You may find yourself returning to the past to make a final decision.

Cancer

JUNE 22–JULY 22

The moon is your ruler and right now it's in Fire Sagittarius—along with four other planets. All this Fire power makes you alert and enthusiastic. You'll find your work and all of your other pursuits particularly exciting at this time. Since Fire signs are initiatory, give new projects priority. When

Mercury moves on the 17th, coinciding with the moon in Cancer, it will benefit you and continue to keep you active. Concentrate on your home, on co-workers, and share your energy with those you love. The new moon of the 29th helps you to get what you want.

Leo

JULY 23–AUGUST 22

The month begins with six Fire signs occupying Leo and Sagittarius, making this an ideal period for you to adjust the planet dial to career, new relationships, and to getting your finances into shape. The only danger is scattering your energies in too many directions, as Fire signs are prone to do. Mercury in Fire all month helps you to involve others in your pursuits. Venus in Scorpio makes you extra-authoritative, so take care not to come on too strong! Jupiter, the great benefactor, is still in your sign this month and continues to give you luck.

Virgo

AUGUST 23–SEPTEMBER 22

As the month begins, Saturn in your sign will persuade you to take stock of and to organize your assets. You may change your life style and move into a more progressive area. You may even wish to relocate after the 13th. The 19th to the 25th is an auspicious time to get back in touch with an unfinished project and finish it off triumphantly. On the 27th, an old problem could surface; deal with it at once. The initial disappointment you encounter could fade by the 30th. At new moon on the 29th, one thing is clear: all changes will be positive and will lead to lasting advancement and spiritual satisfaction.

Libra

SEPTEMBER 23–OCTOBER 23

You have a right to be optimistic as your ruler, Venus, is stabilized by practical Saturn. You can also expect an unusual change with Uranus in Scorpio—it could lead to a promotion. From the 4th to the 7th, your judgment is tested by Jupiter. Watch your spending and don't be overly extravagant—particularly on the 7th. On the 17th, an old friend returns from the past and advises you to move ahead with a project. If you do, the project will take off successfully. Expect to reap returns on the 25th that will considerably alter your view of the new year.

(Continued on page 96)

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HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 94)

Scorpio

OCTOBER 24–NOVEMBER 22

Yours is the most resourceful sign in the Zodiac. Now, it's time to make your ingenuity pay off financially, since you have peaceful Venus in your sign with stabilizing Saturn backing you up further. Venus could also involve you in a relationship that you may find necessary to keep out of the lime-light. But, as you are naturally a controlled personality, you only have to worry about being indiscreet on the 17th. The 25th brings the excitement of the unexpected; it may also bring a crisis.

Sagittarius

NOVEMBER 23–DECEMBER 21

With Mars in your sign at the beginning of the month, you can expect trouble. Fortunately, it leaves on the 13th and this restores your optimism. Mercury promises good cheer and should bring you significant information as well. But since Mercury doesn't start moving until the 17th, many answers that you expect may be delayed. Everything starts rolling again on the 18th, with excellent news coming to you around the 20th. Accept a joyous invitation on the 21st. Refuse to get involved in a tiresome old problem on the 27th. The last day of the year promises extraordinary pleasure.

Capricorn

DECEMBER 22–JANUARY 19

As the month begins, Saturn is against the Sun and Moon, and this situation could slow the action and delay success. After full moon on the 14th, however, the pace quickens and you are able to meet the challenges that earlier seemed so difficult to face. The weekend of the 15th is the best for finishing tasks. At the same time, a dear friend comes on the scene with wonderful news that makes the coming holiday especially festive. The new moon on the 29th fills you with great hopes.

Aquarius

JANUARY 20–FEBRUARY 18

With Jupiter, planet of abundance, in your house of partners, you can decide for yourself the kind of ending this month brings to the year. Unusual friends can be found in other cities or new homes. Naturally unpredictable, you Aquarians could even renew a relationship with an old love. The 26th and 27th are the days to expect the best from love, as Venus joins Uranus to give you—and your lover—an experience that suits both your needs.

Pisces

FEBRUARY 19–MARCH 20

Your ruler, Neptune, is vitalized all month by the company it keeps with Mars and the Sun. This will be a busy time and will bring news that could bolster your career and elevate your status. The period to act is from the 17th to the end of the month. The day after the new moon on the 29th, Mercury joins Neptune and brings more important news. Saturn, now in your house of partners, rewards you for past efforts. You want recognition and it's closer than ever before.

The mark of distinction.

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We are writing

The new Parker 50 in brushed stainless steel. The set, \$37.50; fountain pen, \$25; ball pen, \$12.50.

Men's Looks

The going thing

*Christmas giving for the men
on your list—a good travel kit,
scent/shave gear to go*

Now

If he's organized, he needs a kit to transport his things; if he's absentminded, he needs it even more — all packed, ready to go. Either way, any man would welcome a kit in a soft and unconstructed shape that holds everything, folds flat. Here, the best of the lot in smooth calf or scrunchy nylon — to pack with portable versions of his grooming gear. . . .



Here is a classic — wide and roomy, in natural leather By Coach. \$41. Classic men's scent — Aramis Herbal, now in hard-milled soap, boxed to go in a soap dish with drain. \$4



Modern take: the dark brown/rust nylon wet-pack, light weight but sturdy (\$32.50), outfitted with skin protection-and-scent in one — Blend 30 Moisturizing Facial Balm. 4.2 oz., \$10. Both, Dunhill of London



Twin-zippered, square-cornered kit for keeping bottles upright — in natural calfskin. Sambeer by Tumi, \$58. Bloomingdale's. In the bottle: The Baron Splash for Gentlemen, for bath and after, by Evyan. 10 oz., \$10



Most rugged: Hunting World's khaki battue-cloth kit waterproof, padded, thermal-lined to guard against extremes of heat and cold. \$72. Great outdoors: Kanøn Man's Cologne with Spray Pump. 4 oz., \$12



The softest, most supple shave kit in dark-brown French lambskin, vinyl-lined, \$49.50. T. Anthony, NYC. Two-in-one: Bill Blass 60-Second Bronzer with built-in sun screen adds tan/guards against burn. 3 oz., \$6



For the Gucci man: the brown pigskin "necessary kit," big and sturdy, with a strap closing. \$95. To give already equipped — with Gucci Savon Pour Homme in its own travel case. \$12



The original Ghurka gear kit — tough leather/cotton twill specially treated to withstand water and weather. \$27.50. T. Anthony, NYC. Good travel form for Chaz men Cologne Natural Pump. 3 oz., \$11.50



For getting/staying organized on the road: Trussardi shave kit of textured synthetic leather with two waterproof compartments, \$55. Bergdorf Goodman. Shampoo to pack — Pierre Cardin's great Man's Shampoo with Protein. 6 oz., \$4



It's the texture of the leather, the deep tobacco color, the fact that it collapses flat, that makes Bottega Veneta's kit one of the best-thought-out. \$125. A scent that's made to go places: Devin Country Cologne Natural Spray. 3 oz bottle, \$16.50



Weighing in at zero — a shaving kit of the thinnest, tear-resistant parachute nylon; empty, it crushes to nothing. Le Sport Sac, \$10. Bloomingdale's. To smooth/soothe: John Weitz Moisturizing After Shave with aloe. 3.5 oz., \$10

All prices approximate.

Nobu



The True-to-Light mirror. When the color's right, you can't go wrong.

For coloring up your life, makeup's terrific. It's a sensuous, sure-fire beautifier.

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Beauty

Now Holiday makeup

How-tos and what-tos

Read all about it: Makeup—techniques, step-by-steps, special tips. You'll find all this and more in Calvin Klein's fact-packed new Makeup Guide, which we sneak-preview here. We focus on lips and share with you some of Calvin's secrets on "toning": how to shape, mold, and get whole new effects with color. This month, before Christmas in fact, you will be able to get the whole Calvin Klein story on makeup—when this little primer is out, and on the counter ready for you to own.

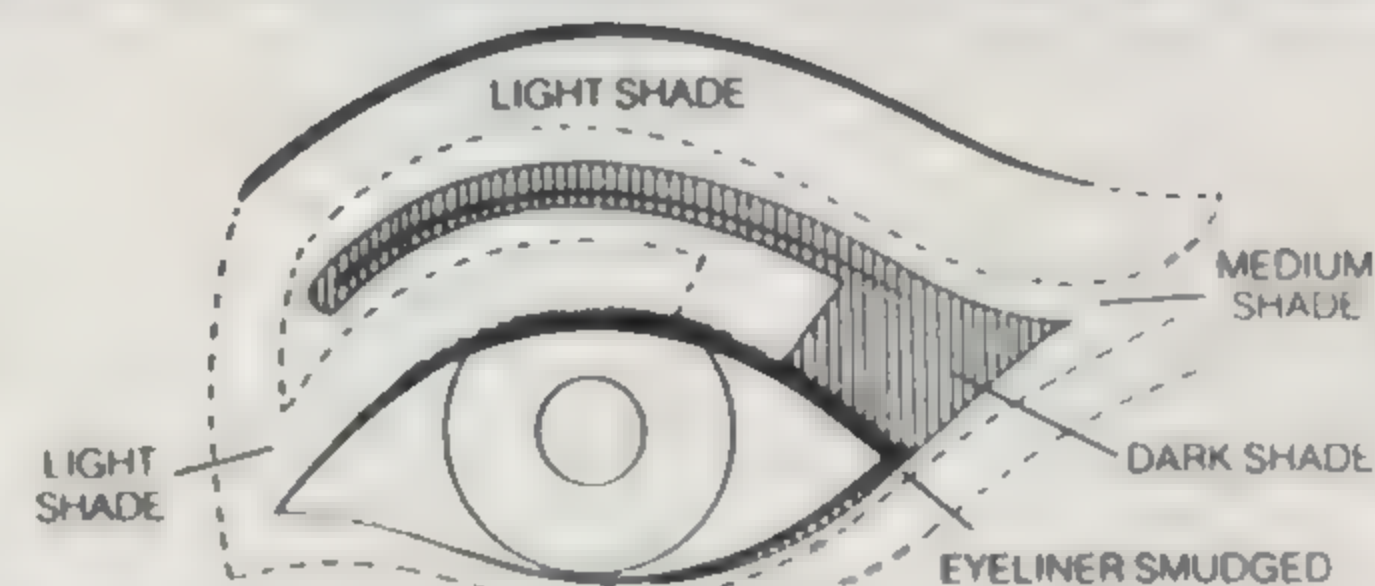
Lip basics: Draw a line, below, along the bow at the center of the upper lip with a flesh-colored pencil like Calvin's Lip Contour Pencil—you're shaping now, not coloring. Blend it out towards the corners along the natural line with your fingertip. Same with the lower lip, center only. Blend it out. Now fill in with a lipstick brush and color.



Too-full lips: Follow the directions above, but pencil in a line a little bit *inside* the natural lip line, below. Now fill in with color or a colored lipgloss.



Too-thin lips: Follow the same general directions above, but this time you want to create the illusion of fuller lips, so apply the pencil just *outside* the natural lip line, below. Then, to fill in the space between the natural line and the one you've penciled in, use a darker tone of your final lipstick.



The how-tos of the Peruvian Eye, illustrated above, are yours for the asking at Merle Norman — look in the phone book to find the studio nearest you or call 800/421-2010. The eye is a dazzle of gold, copper, and bronzy shadows; lightest shade on the lid, at the inside corner; darkest in the crease, at the outside corner. Last: smudge on eyeliner.

● The holiday face, right, is all done with numbers — and a glorious palette of pinks, plums, blues — by Jerome Alexander. Just start counting: **1.** Hollow out under cheeks with Softest Plum Blusher. **2.** Blush cheeks with Sunset Pink. You'll find both colors in The Blusher Kit. **3,4,5,&7.** Highlight, gleam, with Pink Disco Dust — this is key! **6.** Stroke on Sky Blue Eyeshadow. **8.** Pencil Slate Grey into eye crease. **9.** Flick on Brown/Black Mascara. **10.** Outline and fill in lips with Softest Plum lip color; there's both a Lip Pencil and a Liquid Lipstick. Everything at Macy's.



When Peter Shen, creative director of Aziza, tours the stores, he puts his how-tos into words and pictures — sketching a portrait of you in the kind of makeup colors he thinks make the most of your looks. The sketch is yours . . . to look at, and to look like. One tip: Always apply mascara in a thin, thin coat, letting it dry, then applying another. . . . Secret of pretty 1978 holiday looks, Coty's new Moisture Retention Cream Makeup — it's a treatment, too, so no need to think about moisturizer. You've already got it on!

Above: Judyth van Amringe's red-glass-and-gold-leather earrings and necklace. Stores, next to last pages.

VOGUE, December, 1978



*Dewar's
"White Label" to all,
and to all a good
Scotch.*

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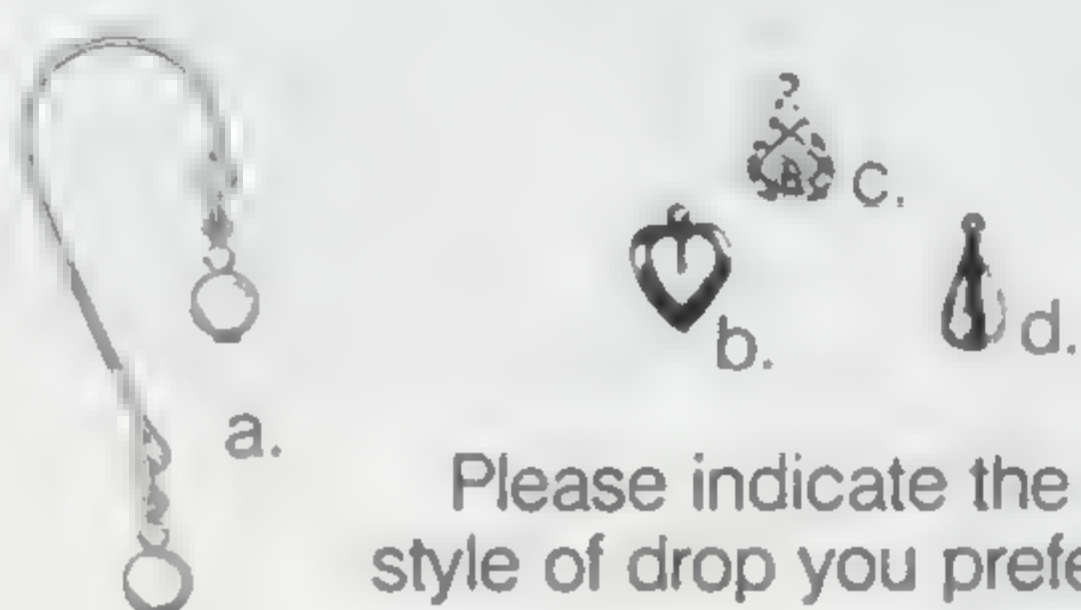
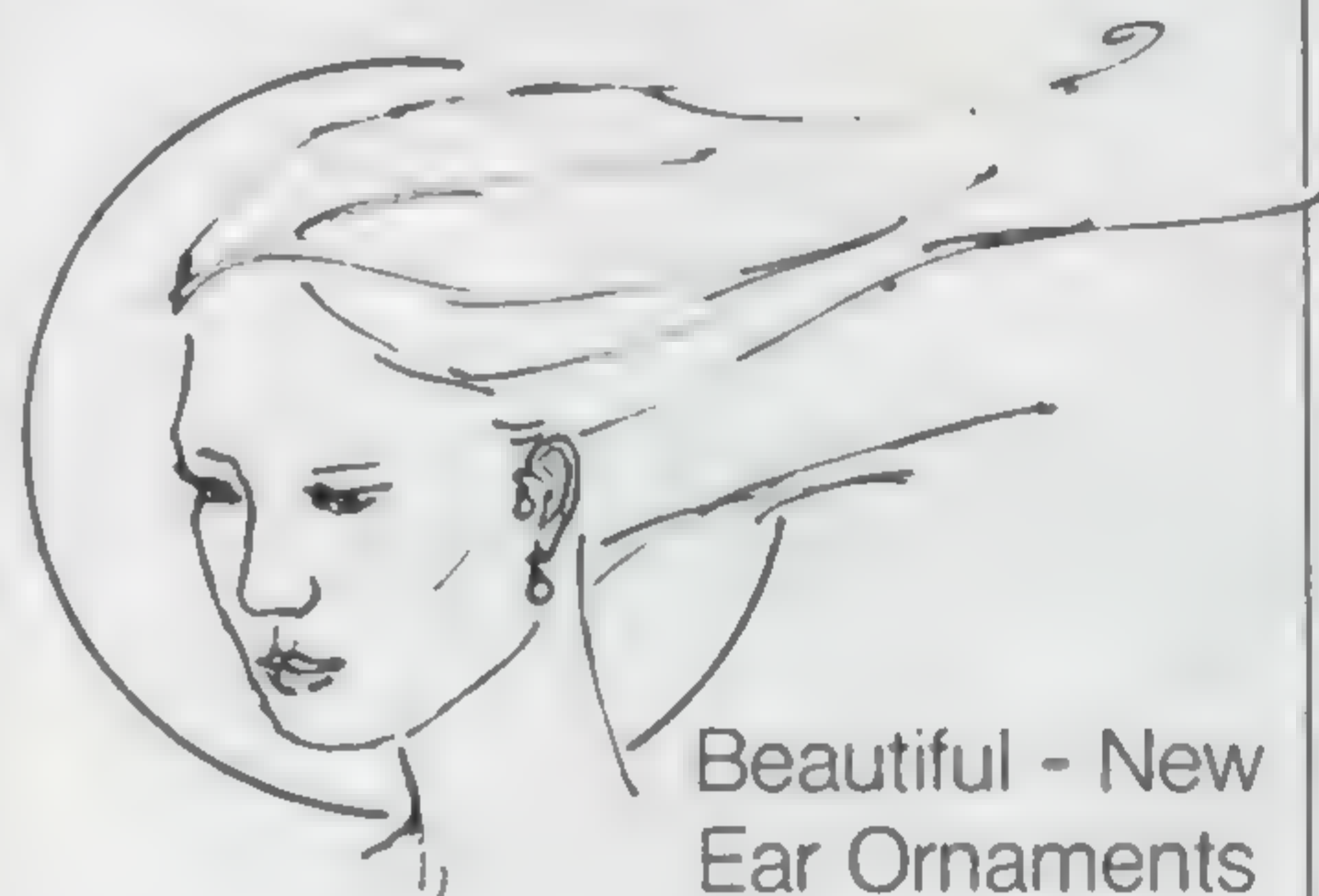
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Orchidée—the word is enough to evoke an era. So is the scent. And it perfumes a whole new French collection of bath preparations Roger & Gallet have just brought out: everything from soap to dusting powder to bath oil—delicious! Four other fragrances, too.

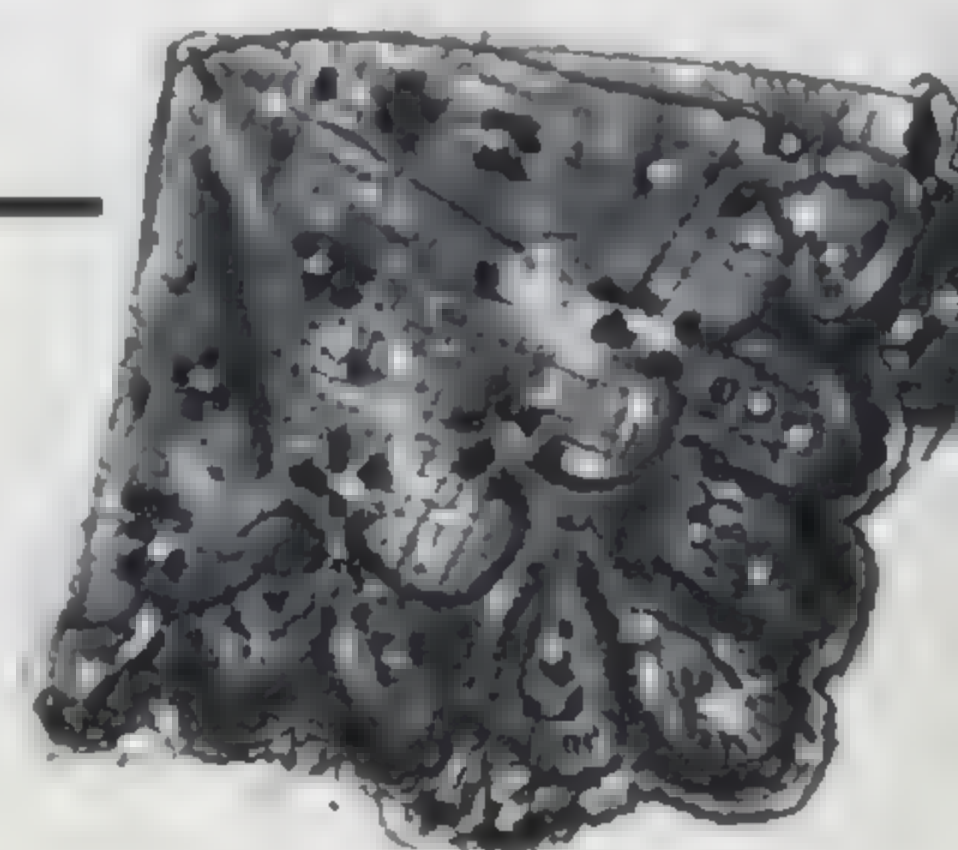
Still made the way it was two centuries ago, Marseilles soap, below, comes in a 1 1/4 pound block you slice with a knife. Left: for oily skin—72 percent palm oil, \$2.15. Right: for dry skin—72 percent olive oil, \$2.50. L'Herbier de Provence Boutique, Conran's, 160 E. 54 St., NYC.



How long is it since you "fluffed" powder all over you with a huge swansdown puff the moment you got out of the tub? Well, now you can do it every day—with Pavlova's. A flowered urn, above, holds puff and powder, \$40. At Bloomingdale's.

Now this is a really unexpected treat: Elizabeth Arden's porcelain powder shaker copied from the real Georgian thing! It's full of Mémoire Chérie powder, and it's part of their new Bath collection of Brighton Pavilion Porcelains.

New, and utterly nostalgic, flirtation, right: a pretty black lace handkerchief drenched in scent—Mystère de Rochas. A lovely whiff when you open your evening bag.



The fragrant jewel, above: a miniature Chloé bottle brimful of perfume. To wear en bouteille on a chain around your neck—and any other place you like. \$100. At Saks Fifth Avenue.



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Between Us

By Lorraine Davis

■ MOVABLE WIVES

Corporate wives, those little-sung heroines who can find themselves repacking the glassware for the next move before the books have been unpacked from the last one, are getting some aid from two enterprising Denver survivors of the Bekins Van syndrome. The two women have formed Corporate Relocation Associates to provide services for corporate clients. Kathleen Hercod and Maggi Picard, experienced in education and counseling, offer specific help to women on an individual basis as well as seminars dealing with aspects of mobility, to help the wife who must make educational, medical, cultural, and recreational transitions as well as catering to the physical and emotional needs of her family, at an identity-crisis time when she herself is suffering through the loss of friends and, sometimes, her own job because of her husband's transfer.

Corporate Relocation Associates is planning national expansion. Services similar to, but not identical with, those of the Colorado team are offered by Meet Buffalo!, operated by Isabel James from her East Aurora, New York, home, and will be part of the project planned by Louise Endel in the New Haven, Connecticut, area, which will help corporations to woo employees to that location. In Stamford, Connecticut, Mildred Galef and Jean Palley have a counseling service for families before, during, and after the moves to their new neighborhoods. Excellent examples of women making job opportunities for themselves by helping other women to solve their problems.

■ FEMALE FLYING

With interest in ballooning on an extended high (no way to avoid rising allusions on this subject!), women are taking to the upsport, too. Donna and Denise Wiederkehr, sisters who are eighteen and twenty-one and have a father who runs a balloon advertising business in St. Paul, MN, hold all of the women's records for distance, duration in hot-air ballooning. The two women have commercial licenses, fly advertising balloons for their dad, and give hot-air flying lessons to help pay tuition at the University of Minnesota. Of the smooth, stable flight of an inflated craft, Denise said, "It's not scary. Even people who are afraid of heights don't seem to be afraid in a balloon."

■ STRESS AND HOW TO STAND IT

Stress is fast becoming as commercialized as jogging or Mother's Day, with seminars and workshops to assist the embattled woman in coping with her new role in society springing up all over the nation—many of them undoubtedly helpful. One good noncommercial place to look for aid, when you feel the snapping point to be imminent, is your local YWCA, YMCA, YMHA. Here, a brief sampling of "Y" offerings:

Atlanta: Classes in strenuous physical activity—swimming, running, dancing, tennis, Yoga—help to release tension; the Atlanta YWCA also has classes or workshops in Looking Within: Building a Self-Concept, Assertiveness, Creative Thinking, Changing Your Life Through Prayer. **Chicago:** Women's Awareness Program includes eight weekly group sessions on how to turn stress into creative action at the YWCA in Chicago's West Suburban area. **Dallas:** Stress and You health program at seven YWCA branches; program also taken to civic, church, and club groups. **Los Angeles:** Classes in aerobic dance, exercise, fitness, movement and meditation, T'ai Chi Chih, Yoga, and Yoga and nutrition, at one or more of the YWCA branches. **New York City:** To Reduce Stress is the title of one Saturday Seminar; there is a Stress and the Working Woman discussion group; plus exercise, sports, fitness, Yoga, Shiatsu classes at the YWCA of the City of New York and many, many of the other Y's across the country.

■ OUR WOMAN IN WASHINGTON

Picture a sweet-spoken strawberry blond with a warm resonant voice and the cool steely tenacity of a corporation lawyer and you have some idea of Sarah Weddington, special assistant to President Carter.

An attorney who filed a lawsuit to ensure abortion reform in her state, Texas—"Where there's a wrong, there's a remedy" was her maxim from school—she was elected to the Texas House of Representatives in 1972, defended Texas's ratification of ERA and other legal remedies. "I'm proud to be a Feminist," Ms. Weddington told the Thursday Caucus (a function of the National Women's Political Caucus) in New York, "it's a very caring thing to be."

In the Carter Administration, Sarah heads an interdepartmental task force on women, tries to make sure that there is some action by the Administration on behalf of ERA every day. She gives the President full credit for his early campaigning for the Equal Rights Amendment, said that one condition of her taking the White House job in September 1978 was the assurance that she would be allowed to present her pro-abortion views to the President; she, in turn, promised to support whatever position he finally takes.

Wives who move...
consumers who speak
out...sex in schools...
and our DC advocate

■ YOU, THE CONSUMER

Are you steaming with righteous indignation over a "dry clean only" dress that fades out in the cleaning or a custom-built house that can't stand up to a windstorm, with no way to improve the situation? Our own U.S. Office of Education has issued a handbook with some answers, "A Guide to Consumer Action," HEW publication No. (OE) 77-15800, prepared by Helen E. Nelson, Liz Allen, and Kit McNally at the Center for Consumer Affairs, University of Wisconsin-Extension, in Milwaukee.

The booklet teaches you how to educate yourself as a consumer, how to go about solving problems, how to organize other consumers into effective groups, even where to obtain professional training in consumer representation—a growing job field in our consumer society! The booklet is free; write Consumer Information Center, Dept. 533G, Pueblo, Colorado 81009, allow three weeks.

■ SEX vs. SCHOOLS

One small town in mid-America is taking action against sexism in its public schools because of the courage and enterprise of a woman professor in the local college. Barbara Fassler, Ph.D., head of the humanities division at Central College in Pella, Iowa, asked her undergraduate students in a course called Women and Men in America to work for three months on a survey of sex bias in the textbooks and teaching in town.

The inspiration for this project was a manual called *Cracking the Glass Slipper*, from the National Organization for Women Project on Equal Education Rights (PEER) of the Legal Defense and Education Fund. Results of the survey following this guide showed extreme and obvious bias and stereotyping—shocking to both men and women students. Now the report is in the hands of the school district's advisory committee. Will there be changes? "Yes," said Professor Fassler, "because I'm on the committee—and so are two other women trained by PEER."

■ PRESENTING 1979

Sign up for 1979 (or Christmas-present a friend) with a woman-oriented calendar or date book. Women in Distribution, P.O. Box 8858, Washington, DC 20003, has a catalogue that offers a "Working Women Artists" calendar, "Women—Images by 12 Women Photographers" calendar, "In Praise of Women Artists" calendar, "The Whole Woman" calendar, and "Everywoman's Almanac."

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Some of the more salient reasons why there'll always be an England.



Enterprise

Over 70 years ago, an enterprising young man named Alfred Dunhill foresaw the need for a tobacconist shop in Duke Street St. James's, heart of fashionable London.

The gentle art of smoking was just beginning to break free from the conventions which had imprisoned it within Victorian smoking rooms, and Alfred Dunhill, a youthful entrepreneur, having already tried his hand at a number of commercial ventures, envisaged that tobacco offered limitless opportunities for the future.

Ingenuity

Mr. Dunhill's standards were exacting. Employees were to be industrious, honourable and above all, the product had to be the very best.

Society responded. Elegant officers, leading politicians and members of the aristocracy began to frequent the Dunhill shop. Potentates from far flung corners of the Empire sent emissaries to purchase hand-made pipes and cigarettes, and names of the famous began to appear on the humidor cabinets containing private reserves of cigars.

Alfred Dunhill worked at the tobacco counter in a velvet cutaway coat. He catered to every palate with a precision born of determination to succeed. "My Mixture," a tobacco blended to suit the individual taste, was one of his earliest innovations.

Inventiveness

In 1924, Alfred Dunhill invented the horizontal flint wheel lighter. It was an instant success. The Dunhill lighter became de rigueur among fashionable smokers the world over. Whether gold or silver, enameled or bejeweled, the lighters sold so splendidly that Dunhill could barely meet the demand. The design proved so ingenious that to this day it remains unrivalled in the field of luxury lighters.

Craftsmanship

As time went by, Cuban cedar wood cabinets with their reserves of imported cigars attracted more and more attention from the elite. To have a supply of hand-made cigars tucked away in the humidors of Duke Street was one of the pleasures of the cognoscenti, and it was soon apparent that the name of Dunhill had become synonymous with the gentle art of excellence.



Integrity

"It must be useful. It must work dependably. It must be beautiful. It must last. It must be the best of its kind."

With this philosophy, Dunhill added fine leather, writing instruments, wristwatches, ties, jewelry—all types of accessories for



the gentleman who demands excellence in his personal choices—to the Dunhill treasury. A gift from Dunhill was known as the perfect choice for the man who had everything, and deserved a little more.

Civilization

Blend 30 is the newest member of the distinguished Dunhill family. It is a most civilized fragrance for gentlemen. Blend 30 blends rare and expansive essences—jasmine and balsam, sherry, spice and leather—just as Alfred Dunhill had once blended tobacco for his discerning customers. Its bottle is handsome, its intention unmistakable: To provide an elegant fragrance for the worldly and well-bred man who values tradition and appreciates excellence.

We most cordially invite you to sample Blend 30. We hope you may find it one of the many pleasurable indications that there'll always be an England.



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Houston, Texas
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Hackensack, New Jersey
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Boston, Massachusetts
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Fashion

How to shop well...bright ways to dress...and the latest warmers for your life

Dressing Retro

Nostalgia—This season, we've seen it all: padded shoulders, towering heels, black leather pants, and cocktail chic. We've dressed like Joan Crawford—and James Dean, retroed the 'thirties, 'forties, and 'fifties in one fall, and looked backward—with short skirts, toga parties, and chain letters intact—to the dear old 'sixties. Pretty soon, we're going to get misty-eyed over last season's clothes.

Where does it all end? Not at Christmas, when women are going for the new nostalgia presents: orchids, sterling-silver dresser sets, wing-collared shirts. Beaded sweaters, antique lace pillows, Mandarin silk robes. If the *Superman* film is a hit, we may all be disguised as Clark Kent by spring. . . .

By the seat of someone's pants

While Cardin is showing furniture as fashion, Fiorucci is turning fashion into furniture: They're selling clear plastic pieces with clothes shown off inside. Now, you can decorate your house with a lavender chaise longue with a pair of pants and shirt in it for about \$2000—or, for \$45, get a director's chair with leopard bra and bikini pants on the seat. . . .

Pierre Cardin—in an art gallery

"A plane, today, is fashion," says Pierre Cardin. "Furniture is fashion." Cardin ought to know—he's worked as hard as any designer to make it so. Today, he has over 370 different licensees carrying the Pierre Cardin label: his name is stamped on fragrance, lamps, a \$2.3-million executive jet, men's and women's clothing, eyeglasses, cars, wine. There's a Cardin theater in Paris and a year-old Cardin-directed food boutique, an outgrowth of Maxim's *haute* Paris restaurant. And it's only the first of some fifty outlets for over six hundred Maxim's de Paris products—the ultimate in sardines, olives, Maxim's-inspired tableware—all packaged and promoted by Pierre Cardin.

Cardin—who, this fall, juggled his schedule to include a visit to China (at the invitation of the mainland government, to explore the potential in the West of Chinese fabrics) and a trip to Washington to push for government control over the counterfeiting of, among other things, Pierre Cardin products—is so deeply involved in design-beyond-fashion that he's created a Pierre Cardin gallery in New York. Called "Evolution," it's a brand-new museum/showplace for all sorts of Pierre Cardin designs: Clothes, furniture, housewares. Not retrospective—but all avant-garde. The gallery's guiding principle? "Pierre Cardin is modern. It's tomorrow, it's not yesterday."

Colors, quilts—and a return to ribbons

The surge to strong, bright colors—reds, chrome yellows, eye-opener blues: In scarves, bags, belts, watchbands, they're sure not neutrals—but they're worn as if they were. . . . Grosgrain ribbons are trimming cardigan sweaters, again—looks like Villager, circa 1960s. . . . Quilts are spreading: From down coats to Mary McFadden dinner jackets to at-home pants and kimonos, quilted fabrics are taking hold in just about every market. They're even part of the running craze: Bogner, this spring, is coming out with a soft cotton quilted sweatshirt and pair of jogging pants. . . .

Fashions: at parties or the FBI

Karl Lagerfeld—the French designer who always looks as if he just stepped off a stage—has, surprisingly enough, just done his first set of designs for the theater: forty costumes for Italian director Ronconi. . . .

For this hyper-security-conscious age, there's a new way to protect diamonds: a laser-beam system called Gemprint that, in essence, can take a one-of-a-kind "fingerprint" of any diamond; the print can be used to hunt down lost or stolen gems or to weed out fakes. The FBI's looking into it. . . .

Fashion parties—they're getting so opulent, it's tough to compete with them. Post-Coty Awards doings, designer Willi Smith sailed around Manhattan island with a floating disco; Saint Laurent, to launch his Opium this fall, tossed around glitter, flower petals, and Chinese lanterns—and rented a clipper ship; Parfums Rochas, in Paris, gave a luncheon—where each dish was flavored with a different flower ingredient of their new perfume, *Mystère de Rochas*. In party-giving, though, L.A. may take the prize:

For Fiorucci's store opening there, people were paying scalpers up to \$75—just to get in the door. . . .

Cold-weather wears

They've come a long way from the gym—and they're the new trend in cozy, attractive at-home wear. They're sweat suits: coming out now in rich velours or—as Halston's couture line makes them—in magenta cashmere. . . . Jackets—as a distinctly separate item, as a cover, as a blouse—are selling out everywhere—everything from unconstructed linen blazers with narrow shawl collars for resort to Saint Laurent's leather jacket (Marina Schiano, who oversees his US boutiques, sold the jackets so fast this fall she couldn't get one for herself). Giorgio Sant' Angelo's now making jackets on an opulent, evening, couture basis. Among the first to line up for them: Tamara Dobson, Pilar Echevarria, Florinda Bolkan. . . .

BEST BOOKS ABOUT CLOTHES

JUST OUT: TWO NEW BOOKS, BOTH FASCINATING, ON FASHION: ONE, A DOOR-TO-DOOR GUIDE ON WHERE TO GET IT, THE OTHER A STEP-BY-STEP EXAMINATION OF HOW WE SEE IT. *THE MANHATTAN CLOTHES SHOPPING GUIDE* BY ELAINE LOUIE (MACMILLAN) LEADS A SHOPPER ON A STORE-BY-STORE SEARCH THROUGH NEW YORK NEIGHBORHOODS SUCH AS SOHO OR UPPER MADISON, TELLS ATMOSPHERE, STYLE, SPECIFICS. MISS LOUIE IS NEITHER COY ABOUT PRICES NOR AGAINST TAKING A WELL-DESERVED SNIPE AT BAD SERVICE. . . . ART HISTORIAN ANNE HOLLANDER'S *SEEING THROUGH CLOTHES* (VIKING) ATTEMPTS TO DO JUST THAT: TO LOOK BEYOND GARMENTS—AS THEY'VE BEEN SHOWN TO US IN PAINTINGS, SCULPTURE, PHOTOGRAPHY—TO THE MESSAGES THEY SEND US—ABOUT THE WEARER, THE ARTIST, HIS TIMES, OURSELVES. DO CLOTHES MATTER? WRITES ANNE HOLLANDER: "CLOTHES STAND FOR KNOWLEDGE AND LANGUAGE, ART AND LOVE, TIME AND DEATH—THE CREATIVE, STRUGGLING STATE OF MAN."

—KATHLEEN MADDEN



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Our experts Christmas-shop for you: tips, shortcuts, last-minute presents

How to catalogue-buy, plus lists of best gifts: choose books, kitchen aids, sports gear, art, music, video, more . . .

By Ron Alexander

EDITOR'S NOTE: Even the most experienced Christmas shopper will welcome some seasoned advice on coping with catalogues. In addition, on the following pages, some of our resident experts share their uniquely personal ideas about the best buys of the season.

Catalogues from shops and mail-order houses get more lavish, the gifts more imaginative with every passing Christmas. Many stores, in fact, are now calling their catalogues "books" and charging accordingly, though charge-account customers get them gratis. (This year's award probably goes to Gucci for the costliest Christmas catalogue. But fret not: the \$5 charge is deductible on purchases of \$50 or more—something not easy to avoid at Gucci.)

Two holiday catalogues that should definitely be on hand come from Texas. Perhaps because they think in such gigantic terms there, the gifts from both **Neiman-Marcus** in Dallas and **Sakowitz** in Houston are most extraordinary. Neiman-Marcus' yearly gimmick is "His" and "Her" presents. On this occasion, the store that has, for Christmases past, offered "His and Her" bathtubs, airplanes, and windmills, has come up with—are you ready?—the acme of security, "His and Her" safety-deposit boxes. Big deal, you say? Well, consider the fact that these particular safety-deposit boxes are seven-hundred-cubic-foot cages divided in half (half for him, half for her) and put in a man-made cavern carved out of the nine-thousand-foot high Wasatch Range in Utah. The price? Just \$90,000 will get you a fifty-year lease. But hurry, only three units are available.

If the Wasatch Range seems too far from home, how about Marvin Gardens? Another Neiman-Marcus exclusive is a Monopoly set made entirely of dark milk chocolate, buttercream, and butterscotch—board and all. Every playing piece that should be there is included. The price tag is \$600, and individual pieces are not replaceable. "Oh my dear!" said a woman whose love for things fudgy is legendary. "Just imagine eating Boardwalk!"

Not to be outdone by those high mountains and even higher calories, Sakowitz has chosen as its annual "The Ultimate Gift" theme, "To Be Somebody." Thus, if there's someone on your Christmas list who wants to be a recluse, you can present him or her with a Pacific Coast lighthouse (for \$750,000) or an out-there-somewhere missile base (the price is negotiable).

Sakowitz will also accommodate should you wish to give some acquaintances their weights in diamonds, at \$250,000 per ounce. And, with the store's assistance, you can arrange for a celebrity-conscious pal to give

a dinner party at which Gloria Steinem, Neil Armstrong, "Scoop" Jackson, and Bruce Jenner, among others, are guaranteed to appear. The cost of this gift: \$94,125 for the guests alone; dinner and all the trimmings are up to you or to the recipient of your gift. Rumor has it that one woman said she would "make it an even \$100,000 if Bruce Jenner stayed for breakfast," but there is no word from either Sakowitz or Mr. Jenner on that.

Museum catalogues are often underrated, as if all they have to offer are tasteful Christmas cards, engagement calendars, and "artsy pins and miniatures." Perhaps that was once true. But the museum catalogues of today are not only attractive and informative—they're often filled with charming surprises as well. This year, for example, there's been an enormous amount of interest in reproducing turn-of-the-century children's games and books.

New York's **Metropolitan Museum of Art** has published the hardbound *Baby's*

Where to buy a lighthouse, Tut trinkets, home golf

Journal, an English language adaptation of an early twentieth-century French baby book. The sweetest illustrations imaginable adorn pages that have space for such entries as "Date Born," "Baby's First Words," "Baby's First Christmas," etc., \$8.95. And only the wickedest youngster will fail to love *The Doll's House*, which is not by Ibsen at all, but is a full-color reproduction of an antique pop-up book by Lothar Megendorfer, considered to be the creator of movable toy books (\$5.95).

A single ticket to the "Tut Show" is the present, but just try to get it! The Metropolitan has, however, a catalogue featuring an extensive selection of merchandise and publications relating to *The Treasures of Tutankhamun* exhibition. (The Metropolitan, in fact, developed the items that are for sale in the museum's gift shop.)

Boston's **Museum of Fine Arts** has its own Tutankhamun-related item: a board game called "Passing through the Netherworld." The game—fascinating, instructive, and a bit spooky—is \$15. Instructions are in English and, for your more erudite acquaintances, in hieroglyphic texts.

At New York's **Museum of Modern Art**,

a wonderful gift for children is a reproduction of twenty-one brightly colored Bauhaus blocks designed by Alma Siedhoff-Buscher in 1923. Even the box containing the wooden pieces is imprinted with the original Bauhaus graphic design (\$22).

For slightly older but still young-in-heart friends, MOMA has a sleek and shiny can-and-bottle opener set, newly added to the famed Design Collection. The two implements of heavy stainless steel are each five inches long. They come in a jeweler's pouch and a box and are \$20.

This year's prettiest offering from the **Minneapolis Institute of Arts** is a small, oval, sterling-silver "friendship box." It's so pretty that if TV's Mary Richards (*The Mary Tyler Moore Show*) were still living in Minneapolis, I'm certain she would have bought one, at \$52, for Rhoda.

Whether you think of it as a museum, a palace, or a place too far from Paris, you will agree that Versailles is one of the world's most sumptuous splendors. *Versailles* (The Vendome Press), a book worthy of the subject, has just appeared and it is, as they say, the next best thing to being there. The book, a combination room-by-room tour and history of Versailles, is deluxe indeed. The incredible salons, the breathtaking gardens and fountains, the paintings, the statuary—are all shown in glorious color plates. The text is by Gérald Van der Kemp, the scholar responsible for most of Versailles' recent restoration. Price: \$35, through December 31; thereafter, \$40.

The New York Botanical Garden may not be as elegant as the gardens surrounding Versailles, but it is impressive—especially since the restoration of its lovely glass Conservatory. The Botanical Garden also offers one of the most delightful catalogues around: every item—including dishes, aprons, place mats, posters, note cards, and the like—has a floral, herbal, or botanic motif. Christmas wreaths and table decorations, as well as indoor and outdoor bulbs, are also available.

Most people do like plants, and a houseplant is still one of the most satisfying gifts one can receive—or give. The **American Horticultural Society** must have the greenest catalogue of the season, filled with hanging plants, flowering plants, and plants that do nothing but cheer up the corner of a room. The Society guarantees that all plants they ship by mail will "arrive healthy and in good condition."

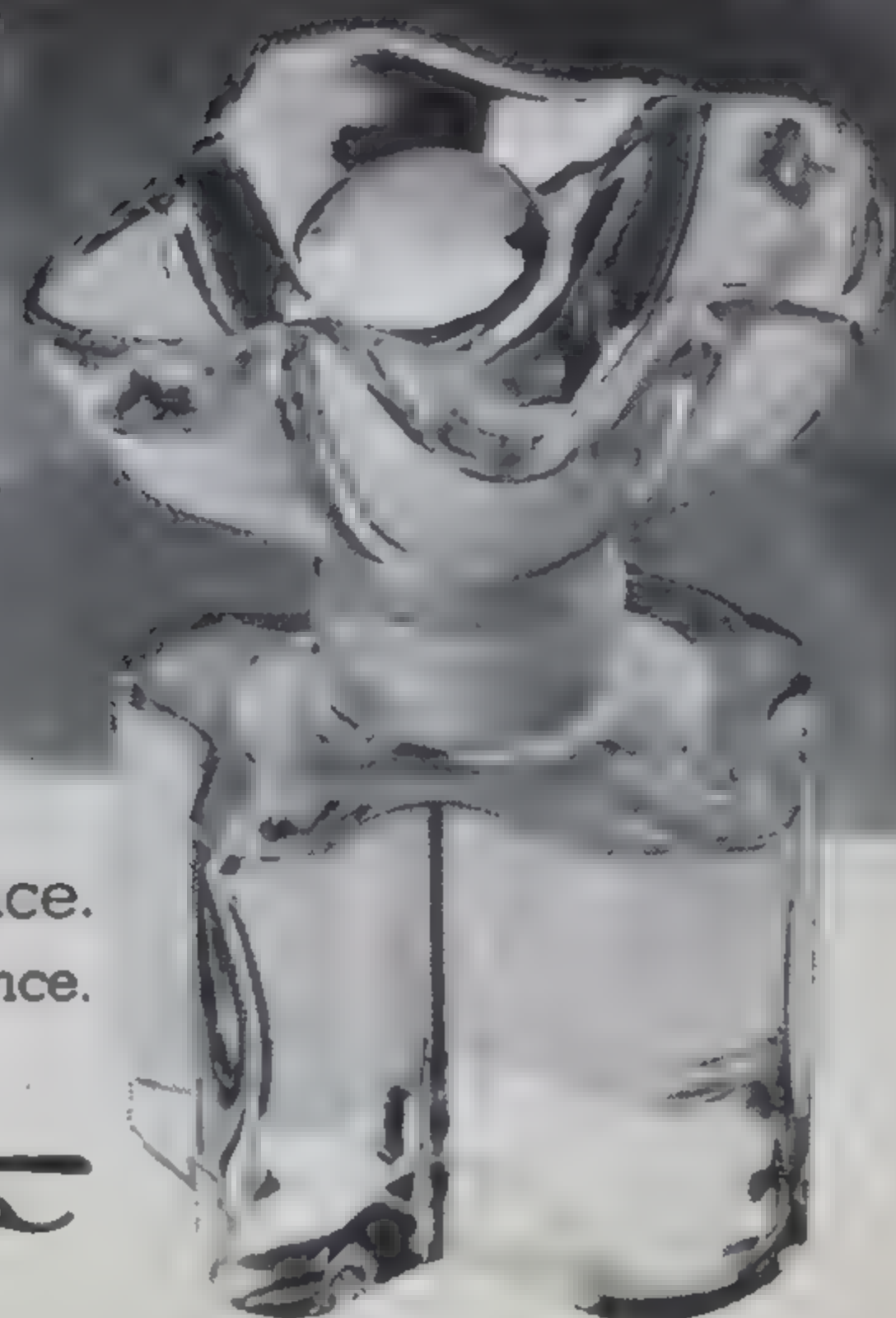
Rare and marvelous recordings are available from **The Smithsonian Institution's** Division of Performing Arts; and since these disks are said to be available only through the Smithsonian, you lessen the risk of duplicating a gift. The albums in the American Musical Theater Series—reconstructed original cast albums using archival material recorded by casts and composers—are positively joyous. Ethel Merman, Jack Whiting, and Cole Porter are among those who sail splendidly through the score of *Anything Goes*; Gershwin, along with Gertrude Lawrence and legendary duo pianists Arden and Ohman, are on the *Oh, Kay!* album, and seventeen songs and many stars are featured on the *Ziegfeld Follies of 1919* recording. The albums are meticulously documented and beautifully illustrated: A gift treat for theater buffs on your list. There are also some fine vintage jazz recordings in the Smithsonian collection. Most records are \$6.99.

(Continued on page 124)

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Oscar de la Renta



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to his friends



cologne...after shave
and other things....from paris

LORD & TAYLOR ALL STORES

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

(Continued from page 122)

One mustn't overlook **The Metropolitan Opera's Historic Broadcasts**, available only through The Metropolitan Opera Fund, for a \$125 contribution, which includes membership and a one year subscription to *Opera News* magazine. Melchior can be heard during a 1941 broadcast of *Tristan and Isolde*. There's a rapturous *Madama Butterfly* with Albanese and Malton (1946); and a sublime *Der Rosenkavalier* with Lotte Lehman as the Marschallin and Risë Stevens as Octavian, first heard in 1939. The recordings, some on four sides, some on six, some come with complete libretto and translation and are handsomely boxed.

The people at **The Metropolitan Opera** had a wonderful idea: They commissioned eight well-known artists each to create an opera-inspired lithograph for a limited-edition, signed portfolio to sell for around \$3200. Among the artists represented in the portfolio are Richard Lindner, with a twenty-two-color lithograph for *Der Rosenkavalier*; Jamie Wyeth, whose sixteen-color *La Bohème* is his first lithograph; and Larry Rivers, who did a mixed-media print for *Madama Butterfly*.

If there's a film buff on your list, you'll have no trouble focusing on something unusual and appropriate at one of the many cinema shops that have been popping up and flourishing in recent years. Is there a friend who can't get enough of Astaire and Rogers? Does your Aunt Fay still swoon at the very mention of Gable? How about giving such fans a framed 8" x 10" glossy of their favorite star? Or a gaudily colored lobby card (some are quite beautiful). Most movie stills are \$2 to \$4; sometimes you can come across one that's been autographed and then the price, of course, goes up. **Silver Screen** in New York City even has the original film contracts signed by the likes of Valentino and Harlow. They're guaranteed to elicit roars of pleasure from a film fan.

For those whose favorite source of warmth is the kitchen oven, a visit to a **Williams-Sonoma** store, or at least a flip through their booklet, *A Catalogue for Cooks*, is in order. Cake molds, bread pans, pudding basins, custard cups, ice-cream molds, coffee mills, espresso makers, and a host of kitchen equipment fills the catalogue—itself a collector's item—and the (mostly in California) shops. Williams-Sonoma also has a selection of traditional holiday treats such as preserves, biscuits, and German fruitcakes. The best.

There's been a lot of talk in recent months (mostly from people with their mouths full) about **Bonnie's Brownies**. Bonnie Miller is a former fashion model from Philadelphia who took to baking brownies, thereby gaining a frenzied following in The City of Brotherly Love. Her secret-recipe goodies, packaged in a 1940s-looking box and wrapped in *moiré*-patterned purple foil, are said by some to be causing tremors in the kitchen of Sara Lee. Bonnie has her sweet-toothed admirers, she's prettier than Famous Amos, and her brownies are now being sold at, among other places, Nan Duskin, Bloomingdale's, and John Wanamaker's in Philadelphia; Sakowitz in Houston; and Macy's in San Francisco.

The ultimate in food gifts is quite possibly the service offered by the New York

City company called **Breakfast, With Love, Ltd.** Their "One Thousand and One Nights" Plan: magnums of Dom Pérignon, beluga caviar, *de foie gras trufflé*, French and German pastries, all brought right into a designated bedroom, accompanied by costumed deliverers, one dozen roses, one veiled belly dancer, and an oud player; \$1000. If you suspect that the couple (the breakfast, you see, is for two) you plan to surprise with this somewhat offbeat token of your esteem will perhaps be more alarmed than delighted, you might choose instead the company's "Bunker" Plan, which includes merely a six-pack of beer, bagels, and cream cheese and belly lox in lieu of the belly dancer. The "Bunker" is only \$37, and in the expansive price range between it and the "One Thousand and One Nights," there are several others, all calling for more than a sleepy face and a tired-looking chenille robe.

There is food, too—elegant fare that immediately calls to mind the word "comestibles"—at **Crabtree & Evelyn**, a chain of charming English shops dating back to nineteenth-century London, has recently put out its shingle in quite a few American cities. Their fruit preserves in hexagonal jars are famous; so are the jellies made from the petals of French flowers, the herbal teas and natural-ingredient biscuits in the loveliest of tins. Crabtree & Evelyn also sells floral soaps, herbal sachets, French talcum powders, rosewood brushes, and all sorts of splendid smelling toiletries. Their catalogues and aisles are a delight to browse through.

At **Henri Bendel** in New York, just in time for Christmas, they're bringing out the Buster doll. Buster—actually his real name is James Jarrett, Jr., but *everybody* calls him Buster—has been the emporium's doorman for the past fifty-nine years. In fact, Buster's the most famous doorman in America. So, in his honor, and for \$15, there's a fifteen-inch-high stuffed cotton doll with a hand-painted face very properly attired in the brass-buttoned beige-and-brown Bendel uniform.

Now, if only someone would invent a doll to do my Christmas shopping for me.

Stores, shops, institutions and mail-order houses mentioned as resources for Christmas gifts are listed below.

Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, TX 75201. (800) 527-5800 (toll free). Texas residents may call (800) 492-5510.

Sakowitz, P.O. Box 1431, Houston, TX 77001. (713) 759-1111 or (800) 392-2071 or 72.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, 255 Gracie Station, New York, NY 10028. (212) 362-3335.

Museum of Fine Arts, 29 Sleeper Street, Boston, MA 02210. (617) 267-9300.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 West 53rd Street, New York, NY 10019. (212) 956-6500.

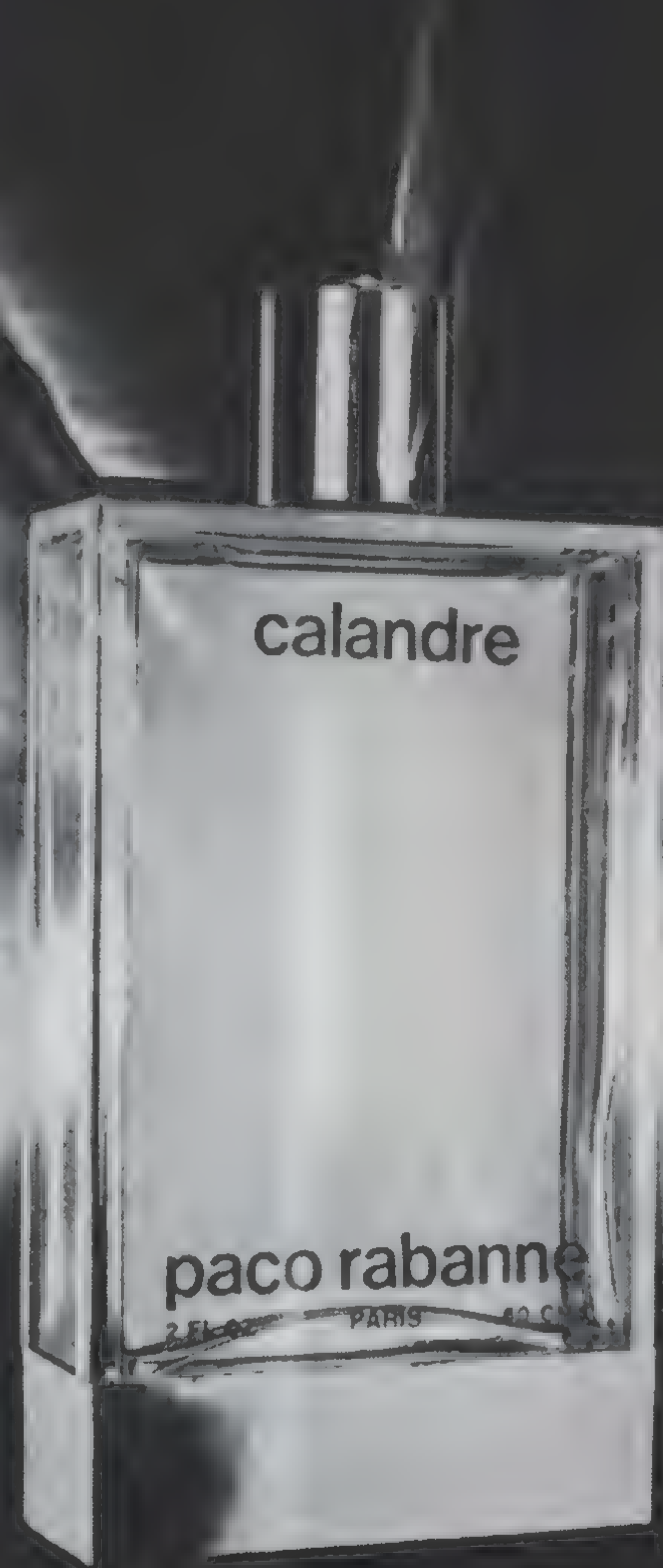
The New York Botanical Garden. The Shop in the Garden, Bronx, NY 10458. (212) 220-8705.

The American Horticultural Society, Mt. Vernon, VA 22121. (800) 523-7635 (toll free). Pennsylvania residents may call (1-800) 662-5180.

The Minneapolis Institute of Arts, 2400 Third Avenue South, Minneapolis, MN 55404. (612) 870-3029. Attn: Mail Sales.

The Smithsonian Collection, Division of Performing Arts, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, DC 20560. (202) 381-6535.

(Continued on page 128)



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CHRISTMAS GIFTS

(Continued from page 125)

The Metropolitan Opera Fund. Box 930, New York, NY 10023. (212) 582-5700 or 580-9830.

Silver Screen, 119 East 14th St., New York, NY 10003. (212) 737-3167.

Williams-Sonoma, P.O. Box 3792, San Francisco, CA 94119. (415) 658-7845.

Bonnie's Brownies, Inc., 1712 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, PA 19103. (215) 546-3485.

Breakfast, With Love, Ltd., 228 East 89th Street, New York, NY 10028. (212) 876-3442.

Crabtree & Evelyn, 1310 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10028. (212) 289-3923.

Henri Bendel, 10 West 57 Street, New York, NY 10019. (212) 247-1100.

give

BOOKS

By Allene Talmey

God and the Astronomers by Robert Jastrow (Norton). "After the first three minutes, nothing much happened for the next million years." That sentence is in the beginning of Dr. Jastrow's book, which includes seven color plates of the galaxies and stars, a few photographs of Einstein, and a profile of Edwin Powell Hubble, both of whom "uncovered some element of the Great Plan." Indeed, the eminent Dr. Jastrow explains: "When an astronomer writes about God, his colleagues assume he is either over the hill or going bonkers."

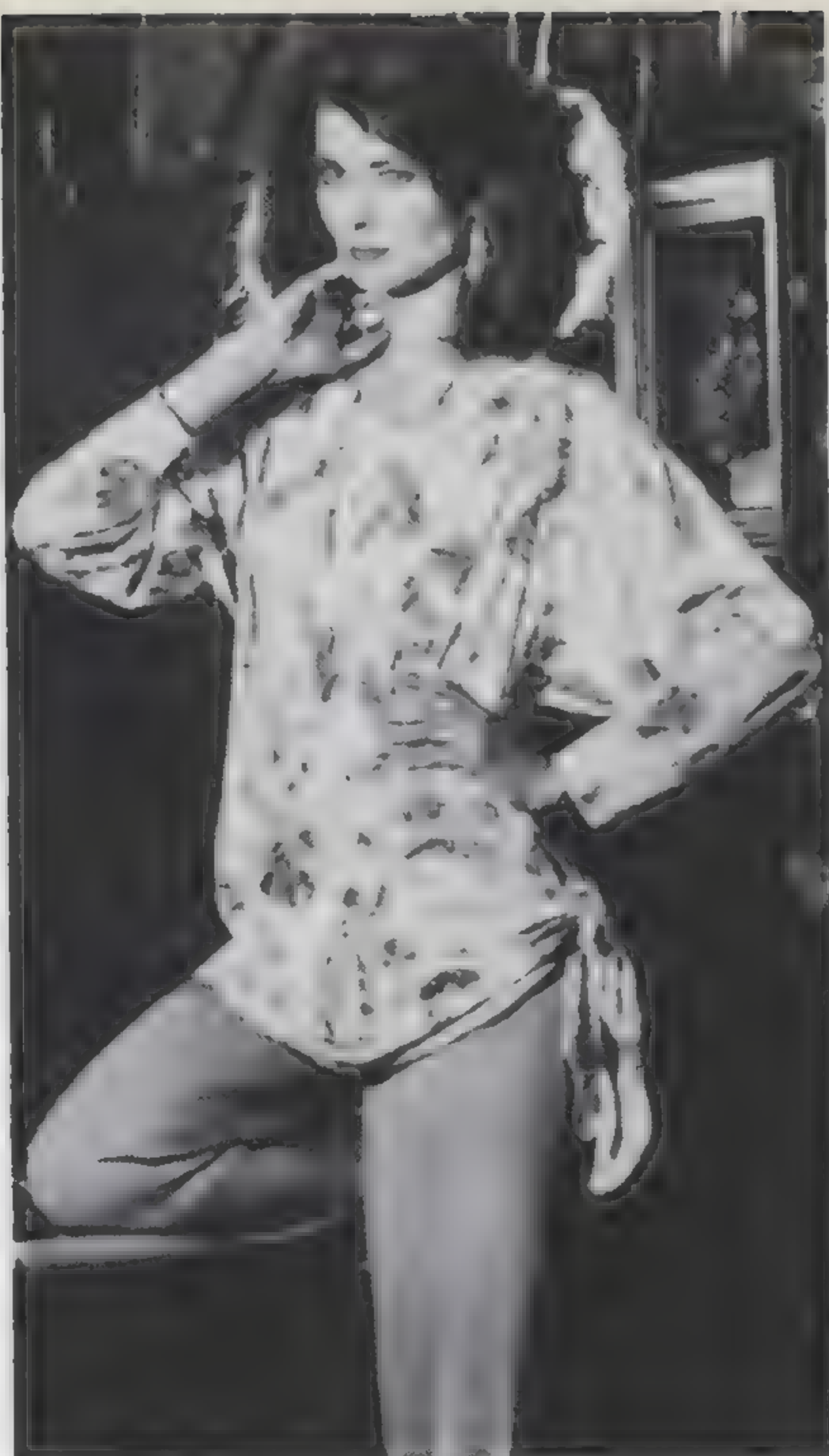
The Stories of John Cheever by John Cheever (Alfred A. Knopf). The author of the best-selling novel *Falconer* creates in each of his stories an interior world, as unpredictable as change and the human heart. Cheever never tries to escape reality through fiction. His great achievement: that, through his eyes, we view reality as the complex and magical element it is. A reward of a book.

La Belle Époque by Eleonora Bairati, Philippe Jullian, Malcolm Falkus, Paolo Monelli, Janos Riesz, Brunello Vigezzi (Morrow). Black silk stockings, Count Robert de Montesquiou, monarchs, dry points by Paul Helleu, Lalique, and a garden of modern artists are all here in this illustrated account of "Fifteen Euphoric Years of European History," 1900-1914. Delicious.

The New Oxford Book of English Light Verse chosen and edited by Kingsley Amis (Oxford University Press). "Genial, memorable, enlivening and funny" is the loftiest explanation of these more than two hundred fifty poems by eighty authors including Shakespeare and Desmond Skirrow, who died in 1976. Illustration: "Ode on a Grecian Urn" summarized by Skirrow:

Gods chase
Round vase.
What say?
What play?
Don't know.
Nice, though.

True Remarkable Occurrences, compiled and annotated by John Train, illustrated by (Continued on page 130)



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Orlando: Belk-Lindsey-Colonial Plaza
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Orlando: Brother's Three-Conway Plaza
Pensacola: Rita's
Port Charlotte: La Casa Dress Shop
St. Augustine: Amavon Shop
St. Augustine: Belger
St. Petersburg: The Painted Pony
St. Petersburg: Pier Place
Stuart: The Thimble
Tequesta: Joyce's
West Palm Beach: Anthony's
West Palm Beach: The Showcase

GEORGIA

Atlanta: John Allen Inc.
Duluth: Parson's
Gainesville: Modree's
Savannah: Marsh Hen
Smyrna: Colgitts Lady
Valdosta: Fads 'n Fashions

MAINE

Machias: Machias System Company

MASSACHUSETTS

Attleboro: MiLady's
Chelsea: Hattie's
Marshfield: Feinberg's
Middleboro: Boston Store
North Attleboro: M. A. Vigorito
Norwood: Orent Brothers
Orleans: Watson's

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Laconia: O'Shea's
Manchester: Lynch-Kimball
Nashua: Avard's
Newington Mall: Lynch-Kimball

NEW JERSEY

Atlantic City: California Slack Shop
Bayonne: Paramount Shop
Bricktown: Zaksons
Bridgeton: Rovner's
Closter: Patio Shop
Jersey City: Thorne's
Keyport: Muriel Frocks
Livingston: M. Epstein
Morristown: M. Epstein
Newark: Hahne's
New Brunswick: Connie's
New Providence: The Dress Stop
New Shrewsbury: Kinkel's
Northfield: House & Garden
Paramus: Stern's
Passaic: The Fair
Passaic: Hilda's Fashion Corner
Paterson: Meyer Brothers
Perth Amboy: Paramount Shop
Pompton Lakes: Gelmans
Pompton Lakes: Singers Department Store
Ramsey: Shirlandes
Ridgewood: Sealfons
Somerset: M. Epstein
Somerville: Reinhardt's
Summit: Brooks of Summit
Tenafly: Tenafly Department Store
Toms River: Zaksons
Vineland: Marrene Ladies Shop
Vineland: Rovner's
Wayne: Meyer Brothers
West New York: Lily Shoppe
West New York: Warjacs

NEW YORK

Astoria: Weber Astoria
Baldwin Place: Rudolph's of Westchester
Batavia: Surprise Store
Bronx: Rosalie Shop
Bronx: Ruthy Specialty Shop
Brooklyn: Cardyn's Fashions
Brooklyn: Margale Shop
Brooklyn: Rose Hage
Buffalo: Adam, Meldrum & Anderson
Buffalo: Wm. Hengerer
Cortland: Rose Company
Dunkirk: Town & Country
Flushing: Mademoiselle Lingerie
Franklin Square: Jessicas
Geneseo: Village Corner
Greenport: Rosemary's Baby
Hamburg: Clothes Closet
Lindenhurst: J. A. Young
Liverpool: Sally's
Long Island City: Silver's Lingerie
Lynbrook: Fashion Fair
Mahopac: Mahopac Fashions
Mamaroneck: Linda's
Mt. Kisco: Rudolph's of Westchester
New City: Lichters
New Hartford: Doyle Knower
New York: A. H. Sportswear
New York: Empress Sportswear
New York: Jean's Fashions
New York: Jill Harris
New York: Sydmor Shop
New York: Wanamaker's
Patchogue: Lentins
Peekskill: Rudolph's of Westchester
Riverhead: Lentins
Rockaway: Sylvia's
Rome: Goldberg's
Rome: Kanoff's
Sag Harbor: Trude Shoppe
Southampton: Lentins
Suffern: Frieda Barry
Utica: McLaughlin's
Whitestone: Clotheshorse Boutique

NORTH CAROLINA

Asheville: Byrds Stores
Black Mountain: Peggs Fashions
Forest City: Davis Sisters
Franklin: Peoples Department Store
Hendersonville: McCrary's
Kinston: Bertram Pearson
Marion: Lady Ann Limited
Mars Hill: Robinson's Four Seasons
Raleigh: Burtons Inc.
Raleigh: Hudson-Belk Company
Waynesville: Jacqueline Marley

RHODE ISLAND

E. Greenwich: Silverman's
Middletown: Barbara's
Providence: Fain's Department Store

SOUTH CAROLINA

Greenville: J. B. White's
Hilton Head Island: Island Resort Wear
Myrtle Beach: Chapin Company
Sumter: Sumter Dry Goods
Union: Wilburn Dry Goods
Williston: Village Squire

TENNESSEE

Columbia: Holloway's
Cookeville: McAdoo's Department Store
Gallatin: The People's Store
Nashville: Bernies
Nashville: Holloway's
Nashville: Moskovitz Department Store
Oak Ridge: Nettie Lee Shop
Tullahoma: The Voyager Shop

VERMONT

Burlington: Marions Boutique
St. Albans: Country Casuals

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slightly narrowed evening pants.
For right now, for the holidays,
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Sizes 6 to 18. The tunic, \$28. The pants, \$24.

Prices slightly higher, west of the Rockies.
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CHRISTMAS GIFTS

(Continued from page 128)

Pierre Le-Tan, and prefaced by George Plimpton (Clarkson N. Potter). With the help of Pierre Le-Tan's imaginative illustrations and George Plimpton's fond preface, John Train presents, in a small, really inexpensive book, a group of odd, funny stories, all true. Subject? Everything from "Romantic Entanglements" to "Imbroglios"—each story with its own special twist. Example: the last words of Joseph Henry Green, the great English surgeon were (pointing to his heart), "Congestion"; and then (taking his own pulse), "stopped."

Masterpieces of Primitive Art, with photographs by Lee Boltin and text by Douglas Newton (Alfred A. Knopf). These 250 sumptuous works of art from the Nelson A. Rockefeller Collection make up a unique visual experience. Photos range from the Asmat art of Guinea to Aztec artifacts, as well as magnificent African pieces—all in full color. Special beauties—masks from the Ivory Coast and one from the Ibibio in Nigeria. They are extravagantly winning.

This House of Sky: Landscapes of a Western Mind by Ivan Doig (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). A powerful first book about the author's life in the wilderness of Montana—its valley ranches, its small-town saloons—and about Doig's life with his father and grandmother. Incomparable. And true. And not only universal—but unique.

The Bettmann Archive Picture History of the World: The Story of Western Civilization Retold in 4460 Pictures by Otto Bettmann (Random House). With Creation as

its prologue, this picture history begins in ancient Egypt, and ends with "hopes and fears" for the future of atomic energy and space technology. Incredible.

Six by Lewis: The Screwtape Letters, The Problem of Pain, Miracles, Mere Christianity, The Great Divorce, and The Abolition of Man by C.S. Lewis (Macmillan). A box packed with classics by the popular Christian scholar—including one never-in-the-U.S. published book, *Miracle*, a miracle in itself. Together, these volumes are a key to Lewis' genial, witty, hard Christianity. As a start, this tiny box has an imprint of one hundred thousand, sonorous, sophisticated.

Born To Lose: The Gangster Film in America by Eugene Rosow (Oxford University Press). The aim of this book is to take a comprehensive look at the development of the gangster film in America, its connections with the rise of crime in American society and with the growth of Hollywood. From 1932—the heyday of the gangster film—to the day of *The Godfather*. A lovely danger to read.

The Arts of David Levine by David Levine (Alfred A. Knopf). For the first time in a major book, David Levine shows us his luminous oil paintings and watercolors—portraits, landscapes, city-scapes—plus his famous caricatures: his enormous-nosed General de Gaulle; a dreamy Marcel Proust with a scrabble of moustache and a prodigiously darkened eyes. Marvelous.

Great Chefs of France by Anthony Blake and Quentin Crewe (Abrams). The high drama of dining out is the subject of this visually—and gastronomically—thrilling

book. Author Quentin Crewe and photographer Anthony Blake explored the kitchens, dining rooms, hearts, and minds of such great chefs as Paul Bocuse, the Troisgros brothers, revealing some of the secrets that make each chef's cuisine unique. Bonus: a back-of-the-book collection of special recipes. A gourmet's dream.

The Nouvelle Cuisine of Jean and Pierre Troisgros by Jean and Pierre Troisgros (Crown Publishers). The special respect for simple parts has given a fragile delight to the recipes of these two consummate chefs. Their specialty (and the trademark of the *nouvelle cuisine*): light, simple fare, prepared quickly and without fuss.

Man's Lot by Walter Kaufmann (Reader's Digest Press). The author, professor of philosophy at Princeton University, gives the patina of young life and old age vigorously and marvelously. With more than three hundred and thirty color photographs in a highly irregular "textbook," Kaufmann presents the broad background of human existence. In all, \$60 worth an honest price.

give

S SPORTS/FITNESS

By Kay Gilman

This may well be the year of the sports present. Now, more than ever, there are gifts to gratify both the actively sportive and the stick-to-the-sidelines types.

The grand gesture for any tennis buff: a week at **John Gardiner's Tennis Ranch**, seated on Camelback Mountain in Scottsdale, Arizona. A one-week, Sunday-to-Sunday package, which consists of three meals per day, two massages, and twenty-two hours of formal tennis instruction, comes to \$800 per person and features skilled coddling by a staff of thirty-five instructors.

A **super shape-up present** is a series of sessions at one of the Manhattan's prime body salons. Example: Gary Novickij, the doyen of The Gym on East Forty-seventh Street, New York, offers all levels of gymnastic instruction, and will wrap up a special Christmas package of ten classes for \$65.

To refresh foot-weary joggers, the logical gift is the **Jogger-TM Skate**—a jogging shoe on polyethylene wheels—\$75 at **Herman's World of Sporting Goods** and other stores. To make "exerskating" a breeze, Sharon Boorstin's *Keep On Rollin': The Complete Guide to Roller Skating in America* (Warner Books, \$5.95) is a terrific read.

The jogger's answer to penny loafers is "Rippers"—a tiny nylon pocket (big enough for keys and change) that attaches to sneakers or athletic shoes. **Cerutti's** in New York has it for \$4, in bright green, red, and gold. For those who prefer to do their running—or walking—in private: America Tredex Corporation of Terre Haute, Indiana, has created Tredex, a sleekly modern **body-conditioning unit** with motor-driven incline, digital control panel, and resettable mileage counter—a luxury at \$3495.

Cross-country skiing is a delight for those who prefer unhurried vistas to the downhill rush. An ideal cross-country turnout would be a zip-neckline pullover and knickers designed by Mother Karen and made of a new polyester, Dacron, and cotton fabric called "Powdercloth," touted as both light and

(Continued on page 132)

Buf[™] beauty basics

For softer, smoother, younger-looking skin

Try care... not camouflage

BUF-PUF[®] gently smooths away dry skin to reveal the fresher skin underneath. BUF[™] BEAUTY BAR's rich lather conditions as it cleanses. BUF[™] BEAUTY CREAM provides a "moisture drink" to leave skin silky-smooth and supple. Available in cosmetic sections of department stores and pharmacies.

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'I made a decision about smoking'

"I smoke for taste — that's my decision. It's that simple. But I couldn't avoid the tar story. It bothered me.

"So I searched out a low tar menthol cigarette that had taste. That wasn't easy. Then I found Vantage Menthol. They give me the menthol taste I always enjoyed.

"And Vantage isn't like any other low tar cigarette. Take the filter — there's not another one like it. I don't have to draw hard.

"Every once in awhile, when I remember the taste of my old cigarette, I'm glad there's Vantage."

Kim René

Kim René
San Francisco, California



Regular, Menthol,
and Vantage 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine,
FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.



Despite their differences, these diamonds are identical.

Each one, regardless of size or shape, is an ideal cut diamond that reveals its maximum brilliance and beauty because it has been cut and polished to the exacting standards that have been established as ideal.

With diamonds, unlike colored gems, beauty depends on light reflection. When a diamond is ideally cut, its 58 facets are placed in precise relation to the others. They act as tiny mirrors, constantly capturing and reflecting light and bouncing it back through the top of the stone in a brilliant blaze. A diamond cut too shallow makes it look bigger, but lets some of the light "leak out" through the bottom and the stone appears watery. One cut too deep lets light "leak" through the sides and appears black in the center when compared to an ideal cut diamond.

Whichever shape you prefer—round, oval, marquise, emerald-cut, pear or heart-shaped—and whatever size you choose, LK Ideal Cut Diamonds ensure you of getting the most beauty and value for your investment.

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CHRISTMAS GIFTS

(Continued from page 131)

toasty warm. Shirt and knickers in men's and women's sizes retail for \$34.50 each at Herman's and fine sports departments.

Something for kids—and adventurous adults: a super-speedy, nickel-plated sled on skis called the Snowracer. Herman's has it for \$50.

Ever since sixteen-year-old marvel Pam Shriver made the unflappable Chrissie Evert sweat a bit in the finals of the U.S. tennis Open, the oversized racquet that got her there has been the hottest item around. Already favored by West Coast tennis connoisseurs: the **Prince racquet**, with a "sweet spot" (center of percussion) four times larger than the average racquet's, is sweeping the country. The Prince metal frame racquet sells for \$75-\$80; the new Prince Graphite (\$200) and the Prince Graphite II (a graphite and fiberglass composite, \$160), both offer more stiffness and power control for the expert player.

A marvelous way for you or someone high on your Christmas list to pedal off pounds without going any place is the **Whitely Exercycle**, a sleek metal contraption from the AMF Corporation. You can buy one at sporting-goods stores and sports departments, \$56-\$90.

AMF/Head Sportswear always has the best in active sportswear. Their sleek new "sportabout" suit, just right for jogging and platform tennis and made of a polyester-cotton mix, comes in a veritable rainbow of stripes and solids. It retails for about \$68-\$96 at sporting goods stores. To carry racquet, shoes, clothes, and just about anything else, Bogner, the ski and racquet sportswear people, have designed an all-purpose canvas tote, with plenty of pockets, zippers, and a shoulder strap. In navy, red, and cerulean blue, the tote sells for \$48 at better department stores.

Your date won't wait for the mistletoe if you can come up with two choice seats for the **Super Bowl**, which happens this year in Miami's Orange Bowl on January 21. Two tickets will set you back \$60.

Kreeger and Sons is Manhattan's unsurpassed outdoor emporium. Men and women alike drool over their chamois shirt, which comes in tan, blue and red, and sells for a mere \$13.50. The woman who wants to look like a woodsman can do so in Kreeger and Sons' plaid flannel shirts that come in a galaxy of tartans at \$11.95.

Backgammon aficionados are destined for a love-hate relationship with the **Gammon Master**, a fiendish electronic wizard that takes on all comers and generally dispatches them with computerized disdain. They say this machine is positively addictive. At **F.A.O. Schwarz, Fifth Avenue**, \$225.

North American Soccer League **season tickets** are still the best buy around, with package plans for each franchise's fifteen home games, still available in most of the NASL's twenty-four cities. Soccer has the greatest grass-roots popularity going among young people today in this country. See one game and you'll know why.

If a dear friend harbors dreams of summer breezes in December, put a **Sunfish** from AMF Alcort under the tree. The Sunfish is a swift little fiberglass sailboat; its red, white, and blue, or orange and yellow mainsail billows beautifully in any event. The Sunfish is \$849 at marinas.

(Continued on page 134)

MARGO'S IS ME



I feel like I could make love to the night in this sensuous oriental piece of magic from Mamselle by Gale Gould.

There's a subtle touch of mystery in every line. And the earth tones of bamboo and bronze gleam by candlelight or dawn.

The richly textured shantung trousers are \$51; the companion Chinese tunic coat is \$80. And intensified by the charmeuse embroidered camisole at \$25.

It's no wonder I say "Margo's Is Me" in any language.

**MAMSELLE AT
MARGO'S LA MODE**

The eyes of Texas are upon you

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

(Continued from page 132)

give

RECORDINGS

By David Sargent

Music always makes a fine holiday present. If you know a person likes a certain style or piece or artist, you can get something almost guaranteed to please. And if you're feeling adventuresome, you can try to broaden someone's taste in ways he or she may not expect. What follows doesn't purport to be a scientifically derived list of the absolute best disks of 1978. Instead, it's a bunch of records I've found especially interesting over the past year. And I figure if they've given me pleasure, they might give somebody you know pleasure, too.

François Couperin: *The Third Book of Harpsichord Music*, with Kenneth Gilbert (Musical Heritage Society). The secular keyboard music of the French Baroque, which reached its height in the music of Couperin and Rameau, is a remarkable blend of wit, sensuality, and intelligence. Gilbert's performances here capture the music's essence superbly, making this about the most purely enjoyable classical release of the year.

Sex Pistols: "Never Mind the Bollocks, Here's the Sex Pistols" (Warner Bros.). As of this writing, a band called the Sex Pistols lingers on, but it's really just a vestige of the real quartet, since the lead singer, Johnny Rotten, has gone off on his own. So this re-

mains the only disk of the most exciting of the British Punk bands, and a grimly exciting document it is.

Talking Heads: "More Songs about Buildings and Food" (Sire). Of course, Britain is not America and Punk is not New Wave. This is the second record by what seems more and more to be this country's premiere New Wave ensemble—the difference between Punk and New Wave being that the former is aggressive and rude, while the latter is aggressive and smart. This disk is at once clever and danceable, amusing and disturbing.

Al Green: "The Belle Album" (Hi Records). Green—singer, preacher, and sometime eccentric—is hardly a simple man, and he has had trouble of late attaining the commercial success that his soul-music hits of a few years back might have promised. Still, this is his most intensely personal album in years, and he remains as fine and unusual a singer as there is in popular music.

Karla Bonoff: "Karla Bonoff" (Columbia). Bonoff first became known through Linda Ronstadt's commanding accounts of three of her songs, and through Bonnie Raitt's appealing version of a fourth. But, with this debut album, she has emerged as one of the most promising composers and quietly moving singers among the younger women musicians of Los Angeles.

Bruckner: Symphonies Nos. 7 and 9, with Herbert von Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra (Deutsche Grammophon). Karajan may not be invariably successful with all the music he conducts, but, throughout his career, he has shown a special affinity for the symphonies of Anton Bruckner. These latest installments in his

new Bruckner cycle are simply magisterial accounts of two of Bruckner's grandest works.

Warren Zevon: "Excitable Boy" (Asylum). Zevon has had trouble of late capitalizing on the success of this album; his personal problems seem to get in the way of his working effectively. But that hardly detracts from the energy and appeal of this disk, one of the smartest, funniest, and most troubling products of American rock in the 1970s.

McCoy Tyner: "Inner Voices" (Milestone). Best known as one of the finest of modern-day jazz pianists, Tyner here collaborates with a superb assortment of sidemen and wordless voices for one of the strongest, most striking jazz records of the year.

"Music—a gift
almost guaranteed
to please"

The Budapest String Quartet: Early EMI recordings (1932–1936) of quartets by Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Wolf, and Bartók (Columbia Odyssey). This collection captures the Budapest Quartet at an extraordinary level of accomplishment—rather higher than its later work. The group's records from the 1920s were even better, but their sound seems really antiquated now. These 'thirties disks, however, sound almost competitive, and the magic of the music-making makes any sonic deficiencies almost entirely irrelevant.

Bruce Springsteen: "Darkness on the Edge of Town" (Columbia). Springsteen made a stirring comeback in 1978, after being tied up for nearly three years in legal fetters. This record is a serious, brooding piece of work, and its occasionally overripe rhetoric—a rhetoric that is purged by the sheer excitement of his live performances—may trouble some. But it remains a fine record, well worth hearing.

Rolling Stones: "Some Girls" (Rolling Stones Records). Speaking of comebacks, the Stones made one too, with their finest album in years. The public responded, pushing it and its disco single "Miss You" to Number One. The music captures the old defiant energy of the band, and adds to it a fascinating series of comments on his own troubles by Mick Jagger, who sings better here than he has in a good long time.

Haydn: Various symphonies, with Neville Marriner conducting the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields (Philips). Marriner's ongoing series of Haydn symphonies suffers from the slightly precious habit of pairing similarly "named" works (e.g., the "Fire" and "Mercury" Symphonies), a practice that links not always obviously congenial symphonies, and also makes one wonder whether the series will die out when the performers are left only with Haydn's many fine untitled symphonies. Otherwise, these are estimable recordings, with sympathetic conducting, superb playing and full-bodied sound all conspiring to serve the composer.

(Continued on page 136)

Duo-Gram elegance
for your pocket

Both your initials are immediately
available on these exceptionally
handsome accessories for men.
See the complete Duo-Gram
Collection at fine stores everywhere.

SWANK



The E.P.T.® In-Home Early Pregnancy Test is a private little revolution any woman can easily buy at her drugstore.

It is highly accurate. Millions of women today in 13 European countries use this testing method. Now its high accuracy rate has been verified here in America by doctors who clinically confirmed the results of tests performed by women themselves in their own homes.

That means you can confidently do this easy pregnancy test yourself — privately — right at home without waiting for appointments or delays. That simple difference is the result of many years of costly research. And it's worth every penny.

At last, early knowledge of pregnancy belongs easily and accurately to us all. It's simple. Fast. And there is no risk, no physical danger whatever, in doing it because a sample of your first morning urine is all that's needed for the test.

As soon as you become pregnant, your body starts to produce a special hormone — HCG. Starting on the 9th day after the date you expected your menstrual period to begin, there should be sufficient concentration of HCG in your urine to give an accurate reading of pregnancy. And that's all there is to it. Follow the test directions with care, and three drops of urine can tell you quickly and easily what you want to know.

If you get a positive read-

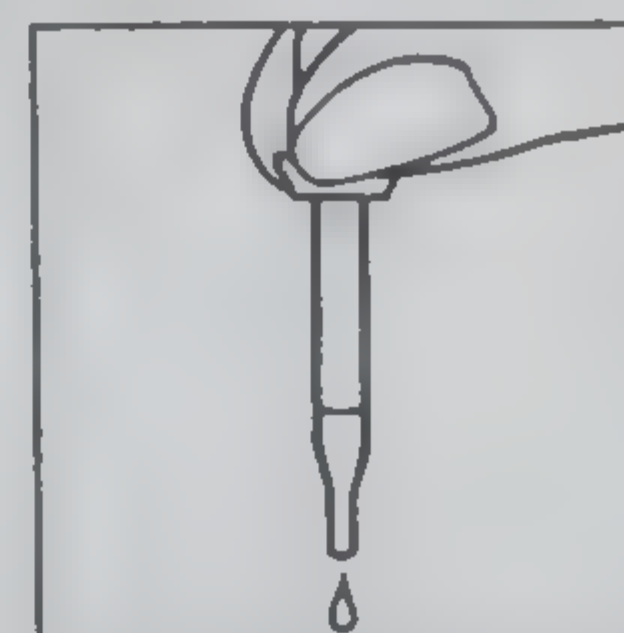
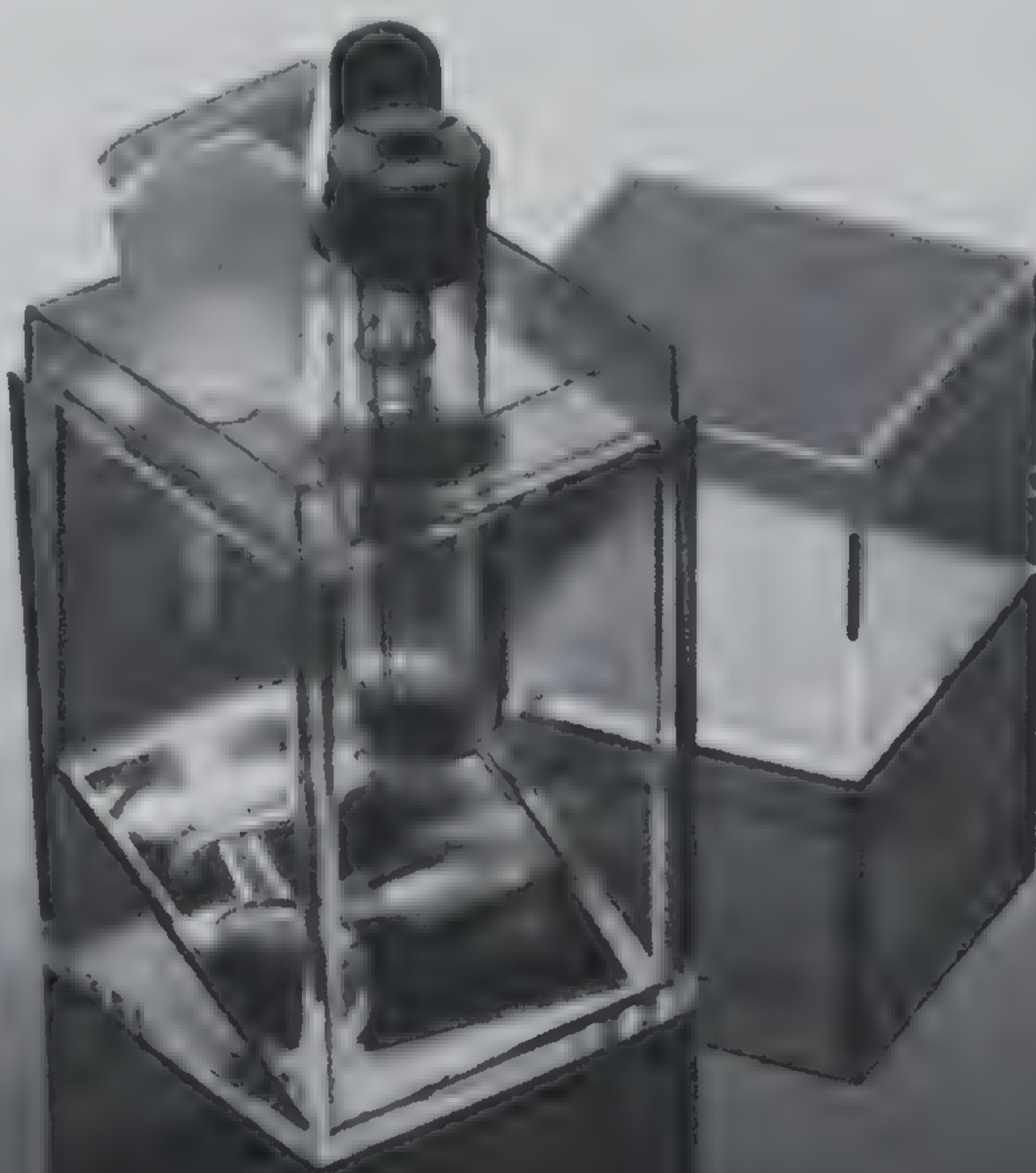
ing, you can assume you are pregnant. Such positive pregnancy readings in our clinical tests proved to be 97% accurate. If your reading is negative, your overdue period should begin soon. If a week passes and you still have not started menstruating, you should take a second E.P.T. test because there may not have been sufficient HCG in your urine at the time of the first test, or you may have miscalculated your period. Negative readings on a first test are about 80% accurate; on repeat testing one week later they are 91% accurate. If your second test result is still negative and your period has not begun, we urge you to consult your doctor as soon as possible.

E.P.T. is very simple to do, but it is important that you follow the instructions carefully to insure an accurate reading.

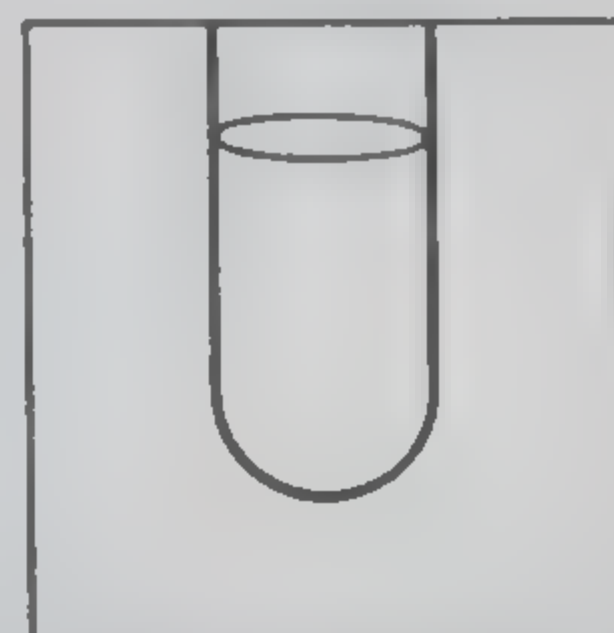
E.P.T. Early Pregnancy Test

gives women a new power, the power of time to help control the quality of their pregnancies.

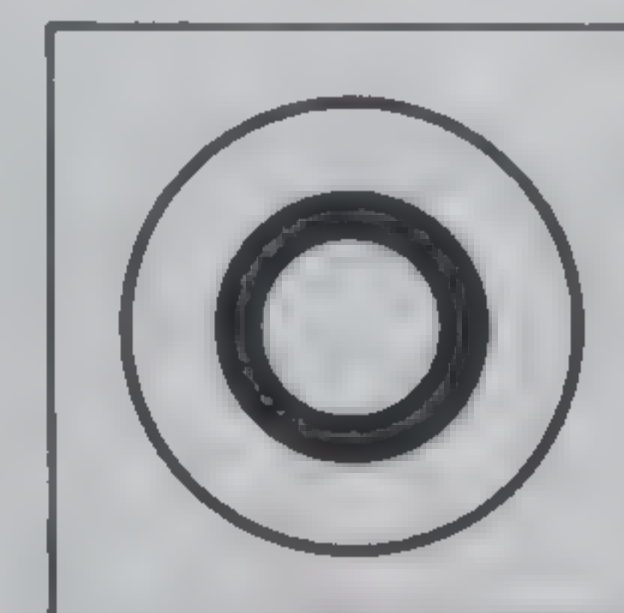
The first 60 days are critical in fetal development. Improper nutrition, cigarettes, alcohol, even commonly used household medications can be harmful in these crucial first 60 days before most women even know for sure that they are pregnant. Now with E.P.T. you can know. Now, when you call your doctor, you have the results of your test to report. And time is on your side at last.



1. Put three drops of urine into the test tube.



2. Add contents of the plastic vial, shake and place test tube in holder. It must remain undisturbed for two hours.



3. After two hours if a dark brown ring is visible in the mirror, that indicates an active pregnancy.

Kit is not reusable.



e.p.t.® in-home
early pregnancy test

**At last, an accurate
early pregnancy test
that women can do at home
quickly, safely and very easily.**

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

(Continued from page 134)

Paul Bley: "Axis" (Improvising Artists). Bley is one of the more intellectually intriguing of contemporary jazz pianists; his work often sounds as close to serial classical music as it does to recognizable jazz traditions. This solo disk may not be for every taste, but those who think they might like a Keith Jarrett with a bit more astringency should check it out.

Messiaen: "Turangalila," with André Previn conducting the London Symphony Orchestra (Angel). Messiaen's sprawling, lavishly colorful bit of modernistic exotica has always been a big popular favorite, as well as an especially important masterpiece of twentieth-century music. Previn's recording is not only highly successful, but the only one in really modern sound.

Kate Bush: "The Kick Inside" (EMI/America). First released here on the Harvest label, Bush's debut album was reissued in a not-really-successful attempt to duplicate its extraordinary popularity in her native England. In this case, the English are right and we are wrong. Bush is young and precociously talented; her record blends a weirdly piping voice with arrangements that sound at once progressive, jazzish, and exotic.

Boccherini: Three string quintets, with the Quintetto Boccherini (HNH). Boccherini was as fluent and facile as the next Baroque composer, but he also had an extremely individual elegance, sensuality, and originality. All those qualities are available in the three works on this disk. The music is idiomatically and sensitively performed and honestly recorded; the result is a special delight.

give

COLLECTIBLES

By Judith Goldman

Collectors know what they want. Passionate and particular, they are hard to satisfy. Luckily, this Christmas, there's an array of objects to satisfy every taste and even to addict the most confirmed non-collector.

At **Lucien Goldschmidt, Inc.**, New York, a rare book and print gallery, there is a dazzling portfolio called *Le Bonheur du Jour* (\$3200), by the great Art Deco illustrator Georges Barbier. Witty *pouchoirs* of opium dens and rooms decorated with Oriental screens, mirrors, Pekinese dogs, and Parisian "It" girls catch the lavishness of the 1920s. Slipcased in a magenta and puce patterned box, bound in red Moroccan leather inset with a circle of fuchsia suede, this book suggests that reading well is the best revenge. If one wants to spend less, Goldschmidt's sells other modern illustrated books and sixteenth- through twentieth-century prints, particularly portraits, which can be had for under one hundred dollars.

At **James Robinson**, New York, the specialty is silver, rare glass and china. They also have small eighteenth-century enamel boxes which originally held beauty marks. The boxes spell out affectionate messages such as "Fair Maid approve this pledge of love" and they are perfect for pills. The price: \$300-\$1800.

Stuff a magnifying glass in a collector's stocking. Find them at New York's **James II Gallery**, Robinson's fifth-floor, mainly Victorian attic. The purse-sized magnifying glasses come with tortoiseshell cases, bam-

boo and sterling-silver handles. There are also quizzing glasses that resemble a one-eyed lorgnette (\$95-\$300).

The **George E. Schoelkopf Gallery**, New York, always has great American folk art, Windsor chairs, and a flock of wooden late-nineteenth-century decoys. Some of the birds have bills made from curved nails, yellow beaks, black wings, and buckshot marks. All of them have simple shapes and prices that depend on rarity, condition, and form (from \$160). Schoelkopf also has decorative early game boards for checkers, backgammon, and Parcheesi. Made of pine, they have rough hand-finished surfaces and brushstrokes that sometimes show through the black-and-white, red-and-black, and red-and-white surfaces (\$85-\$250).

When in doubt, give books. There's a book on almost every aspect of collecting; the best are invariably published abroad or are out of print, but they're available by mail or phone from specialty bookshops such as **Wittenborn Art Books Inc.** or **Hacker Art Books**, New York.

Give the decorative art fancier *The Oxford Companion to the Decorative Arts*, edited by Harold Osborne (Oxford University Press, \$39.95). A concise reference book focusing on craftsmanship, it has entries by experts on every possible subject: from textiles, costume, landscape gardening, to the arts of Africa.

Give the furniture collector *The Shorter Dictionary of English Furniture from the Middle Ages to the Late Georgian Period* by Ralph Edwards (Country Life, \$75). Updated and condensed from the three-volume 1924-27 edition, this is more than a dictionary: Definitions also include discussions of influence and style.

Tuck a copy of Thomas M. Voss's *Antique American Country Furniture: A Field Guide* (Lippincott) into every American-furniture collector's stocking. It tells what to look for, how to bid, how to barter, and how to buy.

For the watch collector: *The Art of Bréguet* by George Daniels (Sotheby Parke Bernet, \$84). This sumptuous volume discusses and illustrates, in color and in black and white, watches by the inventive, revolutionary French horologist Abraham Bréguet (1747-1823).

The lover of dance and photography will adore the grand portfolio *L'Après-midi d'un faune* (The Eakins Press Foundation, New York Dance Books Ltd., England, \$950). Thirty-three Baron de Meyer photographs of Diaghilev's Ballet Russe production of *Afternoon of a Faun*, choreographed by Nijinsky, with costumes and sets by Léon Baskt. Boxed in beige linen, Richard Benson's extraordinary palladium prints take one to the 1912 Paris premiere.

Give anyone who missed the first edition of *Georgia O'Keeffe* this season's reissue. Illustrations are from the original plates, text is by Miss O'Keeffe, and the price is almost half what it was a year ago (The Viking Press).

A lover of textiles will be forever grateful to receive *Catalogue of the Amano Collection* (Dohosha). In Japanese and English, this sumptuous volume documents a great pre-Inca textile collection with incredible mouth-watering color reproductions.

Among other items to put under a collector's tree: One of painter Kenneth Noland's extraordinary images (**Tyler Graphics Ltd.**, Bedford, New York). A "Patti-Lou"

(Continued on page 141)



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A large, dark silhouette of the Statue of Liberty is set against a deep blue twilight sky. The statue's crown is illuminated with a ring of small, warm lights. In her right hand, she holds a large, dark gift box. The box is open, revealing two bottles of Benedictine liqueur and two gift boxes. The bottles are labeled 'DOM' and 'Benedictine'. The gift boxes are labeled 'Benedictine' and 'Band B'. The scene is festive, with small lights and a warm glow emanating from the gift box.

The French have
always had impressive taste in gifts.

Imported from France. 86 proof.



CHRISTMAS GIFTS

(Continued from page 136)

rag doll, from **The Magnificent Doll** store, New York, has wool hair, chocolate-chip eyes, stitched lips. She wears a long cotton lawn dress and a matching rose sachet around her neck (\$58). A dazzling black hand-blown glass bowl, dated and signed John Gilmer Glassworks. **The Glass Store, Inc.**, New York, has them in various sizes (\$30-\$70). Hang the tree with a clear crystal ball. The ones at **The Glass Store** are strung on green and wine-red silk cords. Fluted like a pumpkin, they create optical effects (\$19). Consider hanging a string of pint-sized shopping bags of Bergdorf Goodman and F.A.O. Schwartz from **Dollhouse Antics** on a tree, or stuff them in the stocking of a miniatures collector.

If in a complete quandary, give collectors a subscription to auction catalogues. A year's subscription to **Christie's** New York salesroom is \$477; **Sotheby Parke Bernet's** catalogues cost \$450. Or be specific: A subscription to **Sotheby's** New York and Los Angeles jewelry sales is \$60. **Christie's** jewelry catalogues are \$40 (\$216 including sales in Geneva and London). Both auction houses will send gift cards.

give

WINE ACCESSORIES

By Barbara Ensrud

If you would rather not give wine itself this Christmas, there are many other delightful ways to the winebibber's heart. The tremendous increase in wine consumption has given rise to a host of accessories that enhance the pleasures of wine as a hobby, or are simply an adjunct to gracious living. The best and most attractive way to chill a wine, for example, is in a wine cooler full of ice and water (ice alone chills unevenly). **Gump's** in San Francisco has a crystal beauty by **Baccarat** for \$295, as well as a cube-shaped cooler of clear Lucite on a metal and Lucite stand for \$110. In New York, metal coolers of stainless steel or aluminum are available in restaurant-supply shops on the Bowery for about \$35. If storage is a problem between uses, set a plant in the cooler (makes a lovely fern stand).

In lieu of a wine cooler, there is a new item on the market called the **Wine Brique**, \$10, a handsome cylinder of bisque-fired clay, ten inches high and four inches in diameter. Fill it with cold water and let stand ten minutes, then empty and place a chilled bottle of white wine in it. The damp cool of the clay keeps the wine well-chilled a good forty-five minutes or more. If you stand an open bottle of red wine inside (also after the cold-water treatment), the wine will become slightly cooler as it breathes. The **Wine Brique** exudes moisture just as a damp flowerpot will, so use a coaster beneath it. I first saw this device at **Williams-Sonoma**, the fabulous West Coast cookware emporium, but other cookware and gift shops have now discovered it.

Williams-Sonoma is very tuned to the wine drinker's needs. Corkscrews, for example: wine drinkers usually like to have several. Anyone who gives frequent tastings probably would love to own the Swiss-made **Rapid Corkscrew**, \$125. Mounted on a

counter, this heavy-duty tool uncorks bottles as fast as you can get them into position. All you have to do is lower and raise the lever for quick, smooth extraction. The oenophile who has everything may not yet have a deluxe Champagne opener. This handsome chrome implement not only eases out the stubbornest Champagne cork but has a nifty nipper to snip the wires that hold the cork in place, \$10. **Williams-Sonoma** also has a wide variety of other corkscrews, wineglasses, carafes, coasters, and other accouterments at stores in Dallas, Beverly Hills, and San Francisco (if there's not a **W-S** near you, you don't have to move; just get on the mailing list for their spiffy catalogue. **Williams-Sonoma**, Mail Order, P.O. Box 3792, San Francisco, CA 94119).

Certain of these items can, however, be found in other of the fancy cookware stores around the country. New Orleans' legions of wine lovers, for instance, will find much of what they need at **La Cuisine Classique** on Royal Street in the French Quarter, as can Dallasites at **The PanHandlers**, Washingtonians at the **Kitchen Bazaar**, New Yorkers at **Fred Bridge Company**.

New Yorkers might also like to pay a visit to the brand-new bar department that opened in **Macy's Cellar** in November, chock-full of gadgets and accouterments for the wine cellar.

Wine racks should be sturdy enough to stand firmly and stack neatly as your cellar grows. **Design Projects, Inc.** makes one you can easily assemble yourself. Made of dark cypress and black steel, it holds twelve to sixteen bottles, full- or half-sized. Available from **DPI**, Box 2370, Hillsdale, NJ 07204, \$16.95.

Bars and restaurants often store stemware conveniently suspended overhead. You can do the same with ready-made racks that attach to the ceiling or the underside of a wall cabinet. The stem base slides right into grooved tracks that hold a dozen glasses. Handsome redwood racks are about \$7 at gift shops that cater to wine lovers.

Wine books proliferate, but there is no better introduction for the novice than **Hugh Johnson's** first volume, *Wine* (**Simon and Schuster**, \$22). It's really a classic and a volume I return to again and again for the sheer enjoyment of trekking through the vineyards of the world with Johnson and his sensitive palate, intrigued and enticed by his reactions to what he finds.

The latest tome on California is **Robert Lawrence Balzer's** *Wines of California* (**Harry N. Abrams, Inc.**, \$25), a lavishly illustrated volume that brings you up to date on the California wine scene, which, these days, moves faster than the speed of light. Balzer took the photographs himself, showing California's wine regions at their gorgeous best, as well as some of the industry's most colorful and energetic figures. It also includes an ampelography (encyclopedia of grape varieties used in California) and brief profiles of each winery.

Broader in scope but more compact in format is the handy little primer *Quick Guide to the Wines of All the Americas* by **Robert Jay Misch** (**Doubleday & Company, Inc.**, \$4.95), a quick and useful compendium of all the wine regions in this hemisphere.

For in-depth wine coverage, you can't beat **Robert Finigan's** *Private Guide to Wine*, a monthly newsletter that features ex-

(Continued on page 142)



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Please allow 5 to 6 weeks for shipment.

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CHRISTMAS GIFTS

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tensive tasting notes on at least two wine categories such as French Burgundy and Moselle, Chianti, and California Zinfandels each month, plus a roundup of new releases to look for in the marketplace. I often agree with Bob Finigan's evaluations; but, even when I don't, the way he writes always makes me want to taste again and see if I missed something. Annual subscription \$24, *Robert Finigan's Private Guide to Wine*, Department V, 100 Bush Street, San Francisco, CA 94104.

Stocking stuffers: A Champagne stopper, about \$7, keeps those bubbles once you've pulled the cork; leftover wine needn't go flat with this stopper, which has a steel spring to keep the air out and effervescence in. . . . Skilled sommeliers can pour glass after glass and spill nary a drop by giving the bottle a deft little turn as they finish pouring. Lesser adepts might appreciate a sterling-silver wine collar, about \$5, that fits on the neck of the bottle, just the thing to catch those drops before they stain the damask. . . . The waiter's corkscrew is the kind I use most because it is so conveniently portable. They cost only about \$3, so splurge and give two or three, one for the glove compartment, one for the handbag, one for the suitcase. Best to be prepared wherever you go. . . . For something really different, how about \$10 worth of tastings, with a gift certificate from the Wine and Cheese Center on Jackson Street in San Francisco? Owners Helen and Richard Allen have a selected category of wines for tasting each week, ranging from 25 cents to \$3 per 1½-ounce taste, based on the price of the bottle. The day I was there, the week's selection included the illustrious Le Montrachet (\$39.50 a bottle, \$3 a glass). Sometimes, the wines are all Cabernets or red Burgundies or Bordeaux. This is a super way to know exactly what you're getting before you buy.

give

ART

By David Bourdon

It's chancy—even reckless—to give original works of art unless you're reasonably certain about the recipient's taste, or unless you're giving a museum-caliber treasure. If expensive art is out of your range, there are many other possibilities: prints, postcards, even a membership in a local museum.

One gift that can't fail to please is an exceptional book about art. Some of my friends don't get a thrill from opulent art books; so, this Christmas, I shall present them with provocative, plain-wrapped **erotic photography books**—Helmut Newton's *Sleepless Nights* or Duane Michal's *Homage to Cavafy*. Both photographers excel at translating offbeat erotic fantasies into meticulously staged tableaux.

Sleepless Nights, an exciting, disturbing book in black-and-white and color, picks up where Newton's *White Women* left off two years ago. Newton portrays a perverse but glamorous world in which beautiful, well-groomed models enact bizarre roles that are sometimes shocking in themselves and, occasionally, even more shocking in what they

(Continued on page 144)



WHAT KIND OF A MAN could take the rhythms, the sensuality, of Le Jazz Hot, and put it in a bottle?

1925. The jazz age. A heady music poured forth on two continents. The stock market made millions delirious.

And a third generation Guerlain introduced Shalimar. It was as intoxicating as prohibition itself.

It was an inherited gift for the art of perfume. And the terrifying responsibility to maintain the family reputation for excellence, begun by Pierre Francois Pascal Guerlain in 1828 when he opened his shop on the Rue de Rivoli.

Monsieur Guerlain knew that Shalimar was good. Clearly it captured the power, the sensual exuberance of the era. Like a silk-stockinged leg dancing the tango.

But could he have known that, to this day, gentlemen in his own profession would call Shalimar one of the five greatest fragrances in the world?

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G U E R L A I N
P A R I S

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

(Continued from page 142)

insinuate. Some of the women are saddled, roped to mannikins, or ambiguously grazing each other's flesh. A very special book (Congreve, distributed by Simon and Schuster; \$25; after Christmas, \$27.50).

Michals dedicated his new book to Constantine Cavafy, the Greek poet who wrote with understated eroticism about his love for other men. The small-format book contains ten poems, alternating with ten black-and-white photographs, which complement (rather than illustrate) the poems. Michals' people are frequently blurred or double-exposed to suggest unresolved desires. The overall tone is summed up in a caption Michals wrote for his photograph of twin brothers, standing arm in arm: "There was something between them which they had always sensed, but it would remain unspoken." (Addison House; paperback, \$9.95; a hardbound edition is also available.)

For an exceptional gift, consider a print by one of today's new American print-makers. Jennifer Bartlett, one of the hottest younger artists, recently created her first prints, and they are an exceptional feast for the eyes. Her "Day and Night" is a set of one etching and two drypoints—each an intimately scaled black-and-white picture of a pair of stylized houses against an open sky. Buildings and skies consist of an intricate array of precisely drawn curved and straight lines in varying patterns, densities, and rhythms. Published in an edition of thirty-five, the sets of prints are available at Multiples (\$250 each) in New York.

Susan Hall specializes in a humorous, sophisticated figurative style that breezily evokes fashion and travel illustrations of the 1930s and '40s. Her new prints, a group of ten color etchings and aquatints with additional hand-coloring in watercolor, evoke a luxurious, exotic life style that had its best days on Hollywood sound stages. Hall's women tend to loll on ocean liners or in sultry Marlene Dietrich countries. In an edition of seventy-eight, the prints at Hal Bromm in New York, are \$600 each.

Chuck Close, one of the most widely esteemed Photo-Realists, recently produced his fourth print, "Self-Portrait Etching." It is so large that spectators usually step back from it to decipher the image. Within a finely meshed grid of thousands of small squares, Close etched thousands of diagonal strokes to constitute a striking representation of his own bearded, bespectacled face. It is a powerful work by an important artist. Published in an edition of thirty-five, the print is available at Pace Editions for \$4000.

Bargains still exist in a few galleries that specialize in contemporary crafts. **The Elements**, a Madison Avenue shop with a branch in Greenwich, Connecticut, carries inexpensive, handcrafted tableware that would brighten any table. Look for the handsomely shaped, subtly tinted, blown-glass tumblers (\$10 each) and goblets (\$18 each) made by Connecticut glassmakers Tom and Pia Hart. Consider the hand-built porcelain mugs and demitasses (\$16/pair) by New York ceramist Tom Spleth; his cups are decorated with a seemingly random array of colored brushstrokes and his spiky signature is an integral part of the design. For only \$150, you can bag a really unusual five-piece porcelain tea set, embellished with

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARAH MOON AT THE HALL OF MIRRORS, VERSAILLES



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IS YOUR HAIR GETTING ALL THE PROTEIN IT NEEDS?



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■ Red represents the amount of protein that could be absorbed by the hair before CPP Catipeptide.[™]

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You're not a scientist. You know your hair needs something. But what? How much? From where? Redken's spent 18 years scientifically researching hair just to come up with those answers. And during that time we learned a lot about protein.

How is protein absorbed by hair in the first place? Your hair's protein has a certain amount of electric charges (think of the

static electricity you generate by brushing your hair). So does our protein. Hair in need, especially damaged hair, happens to have more negative electric charges while protein has positive ones. And remember from your high school chemistry, opposites attract. These opposite charges naturally like each other. They act like little magnets.

What Redken has done is to manufacture a natural protein that's more attractive to your hair. CPP Catipeptide is different because it averages two positive charges instead of just one like other proteins. CPP Catipeptide is also specifically designed to the correct molecular size and weight. So it can get through to your inner core of hair and stay there.

CPP Catipeptide responds to your hair's protein needs. Whether it's a little or a lot, CPP Catipeptide delivers.

Where can you find it? Only Redken has this incredible protein.

In a group of hair care and conditioning products: Amino Pon[®] Concentrate Ready-to-Use Shampoo, Climatress[®] Moisturizing Creme Protein Conditioner, P.P.T. "S-77"[®] Protein Conditioner and Bodimer+[™] a body builder. And you can find these products in hairstyling salons that use and sell Redken. Check your Yellow Pages for the one nearest you.

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If you like what happens to grapes in Bordeaux,

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

(Continued from page 144)

a surrealistic floral motif, by Paula Winokur, a noted Pennsylvania ceramist whose work is included in museum collections.

If money is no problem, why not shop around for a truly choice sculpture? New York's **Robert Miller Gallery** has a couple of ancient marbles, both exceptional. A subtly patinated Roman marble, designated as "Male Torso with Tree Trunk Strut," is an almost life-sized fragment of an Apollonian figure (\$48,000). The 45½-inch-high "Torso of an Amazon" is a Hellenistic fragment, based on the famous prototype by Pheidias (\$110,000).

The **Sidney Janis Gallery** on Manhattan's Fifty-seventh Street is among the most reputable sources for master bronzes by School of Paris giants. One of the treasures here is Giacometti's 106½-inch, strikingly attenuated "Large Standing Woman I," a 1960 bronze (number five in an edition of six), \$240,000. Janis also has a rare cast (number two of an edition of two) of Picasso's 1952 version of "Pregnant Woman." The standing figure's taut, spherical breasts and belly derive from three earthenware vessels that the artist wittily incorporated in the modeled work, subsequently cast in bronze (\$300,000).

Stocking stuffers: hunt for kitsch goodies in memorabilia shops, where you can find plenty of gifts—and lots of hilarity—for under \$20. In Manhattan, **Speakeasy Antiques** offers irresistible movie-star decals of Loretta Young, Lex Barker, Ann Sheridan, and Farley Granger, among others, for only \$1 each. Old movie stills are \$1.50 to \$4 each; Indian chewing-gum cards are 75¢ each, and cookie jars range from \$12.50 to \$18. The large stock of Beatles memorabilia includes pins, \$1, and sneakers, \$25. Carved plastic bracelets from the 1930s and '40s are \$5 to \$15 each. Don't overlook the 1940s Christmas-tree lights: a set of eight bulbs personifying Donald Duck, Mickey and Minnie, Jiminy Cricket, Snow White, and other Disney characters (\$25).

give

V VIDEO

By Diane English

Now that television has become the nation's number-one spectator sport, what could be more likely than a video gift for the holidays? The market is bulging with possibilities this year—and in all price ranges.

When it opened its doors to the public two years ago, The Museum of Broadcasting became an instant hit. Located off New York's "Network Row," the Museum currently stocks **video and audio tapes** of more than twenty-five hundred hours of television and radio; from the very first *I Love Lucy* to man's first step on the moon. For \$30 (\$20 for non-New York residents and students), you can give a friend a year's membership that includes reserved screening time, a complete catalogue of the Museum's collection, a quarterly newsletter, and invitations to private Museum events such as the recent screening of a special film on the King Tut exhibit. The Museum of Broadcasting is located at 1 East 53rd Street, NYC 10022.

Friends without the luxury of **remote control** will love you forever if you give the Whistle Switch (under \$20 in department and electronics stores). This handy gizmo turns your TV on and off with a whistle. A small device that hooks onto your set responds to the whistle of a little wireless rubber squeezie you can keep near your bed, or anywhere within a fifty-foot radius. A plus: the Whistle Switch works on *any* electric appliance you attach it to.

With cable television the wave of the future, one inspired gift is a subscription to a **pay television system** such as Time-Life's Home Box Office, Viacom's Showtime Entertainment, Inc., or a variety of similar systems available around the country. Home Box Office, for instance, provides the cable viewer with uncut, first-time-on-TV feature films, sporting events, and the complete and uncensored nightclub acts of name performers. The price-per-month for Home Box Office varies around the country, but averages \$8, or \$96 for the year.

What goes better with watching TV than reading about it? The **book to choose:** *TV Guide: The First 25 Years* (Simon and Schuster, \$14.95). This attractive volume is a provocative collection of past articles from the medium's "bible," plus a complete listing of the networks' nightly fall schedules for the past twenty-five years, and sixteen color pages of *TV Guide's* most memorable covers. Without a doubt, this is *the* coffee-table find for a favorite video buff.

For those who are busily stocking a "media room," this year's gift has to be a **home video computer**, which does everything from teaching you to type to figuring your income taxes. One of the more popular models in Radio Shack's TRS-80, about \$595, complete with video monitor, keyboard, and cassette machine. A manual teaches you the language of computer programming so you can balance your checkbook, organize your expense receipts, or concoct a challenging game of backgammon or chess. Also available are prerecorded cassette programs such as the home recipe program that remembers menus, recipes, messages; organizes chores; and converts measurements in an instant.

The video **home-entertainment system** is to the 1970s what color television was to the 1960s. Systems such as Sony's Betamax and RCA's SelectaVision enable the owner to record television programs for later playback. As expected, this year's models are more compact, more attractive, and have begun to drop in price. And now, cameras are on the market, too. JVC's popular Vidstar System has introduced a complete line of portable color and sound cameras ranging in price from \$899.95 for the simplest model to \$1500 for professional quality. It's the perfect gift for the fledgling producer.

For the ultimate in **armchair athletics**, give a favorite golf friend the astonishing Golf-O-Tron. Golf-O-Tron utilizes a giant projection screen and a directional computer to simulate eight famous golf courses. Drive the ball right at the super-sturdy nylon screen and watch the computer take over, tracking the ball's actual trajectory and letting it land and roll on the next slide. Up to one hundred and sixty slides per course let you bring the Pebble Beach experience right into your den. Endorsed by the PGA of America, Golf-O-Tron (17 West 60th Street, NYC) sells at \$18,500, plus about \$1000 for installation.



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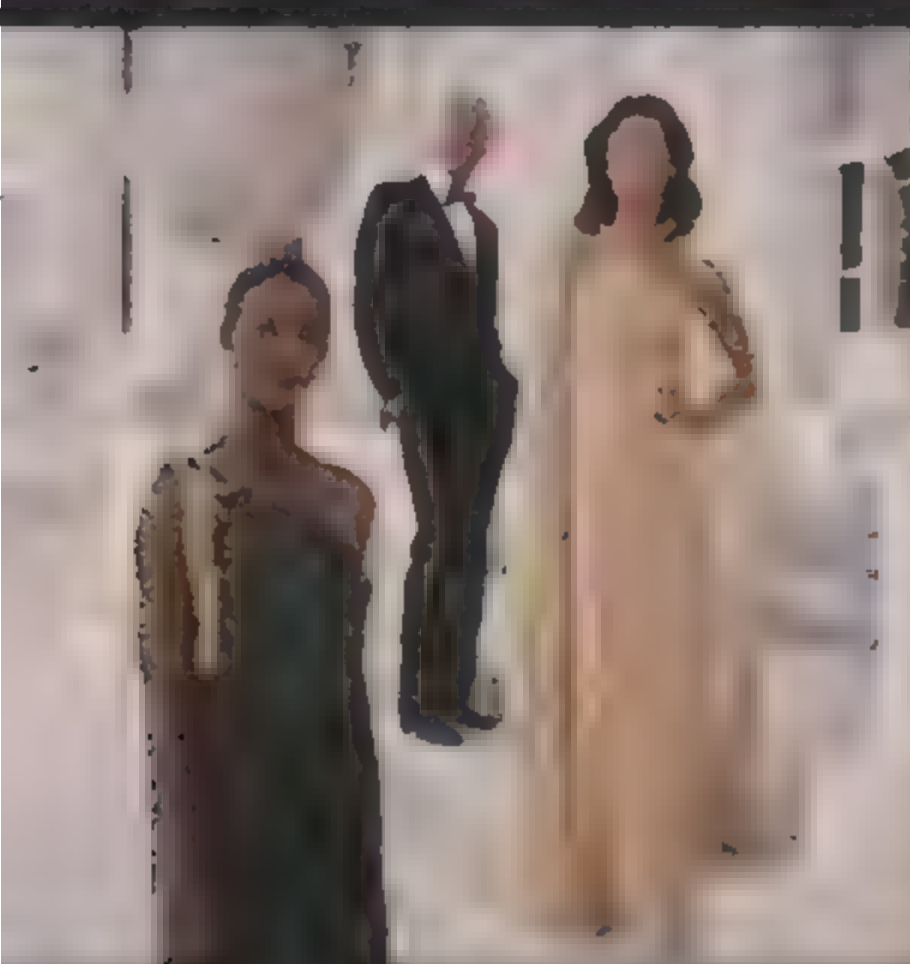
The Mark of the Designers, '79.



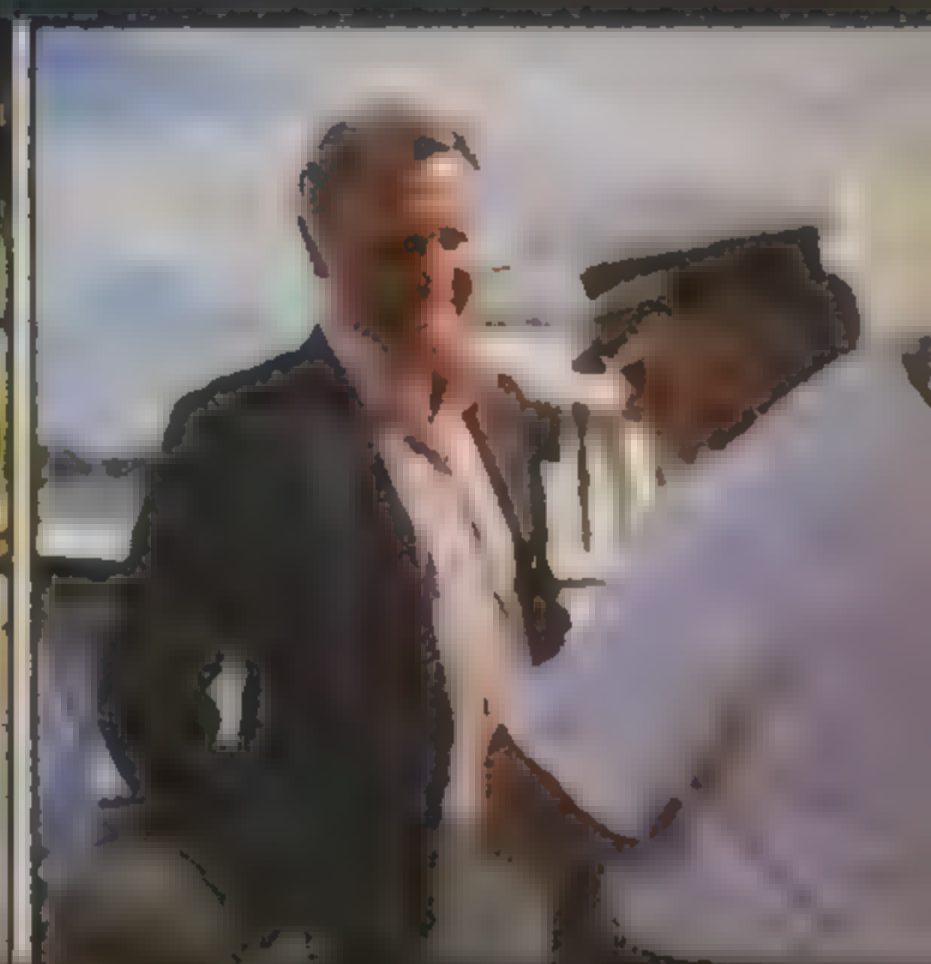
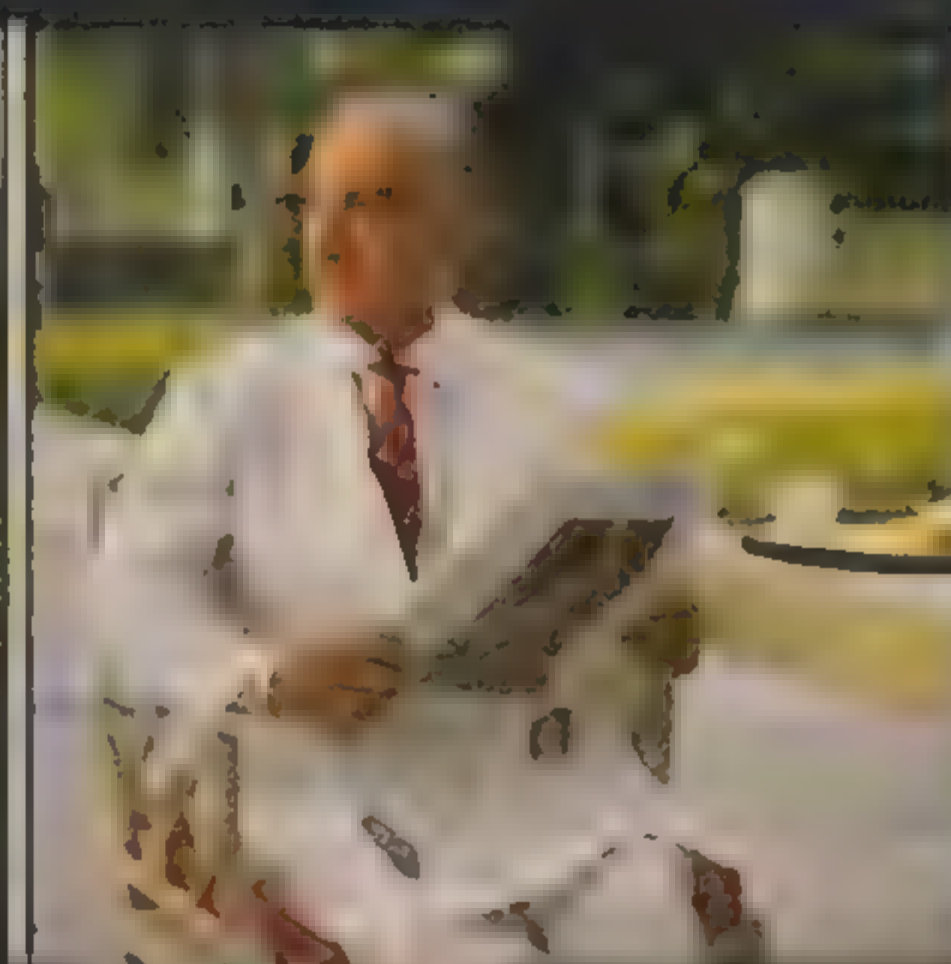
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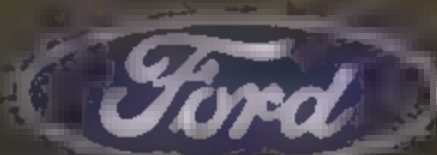
In Palm Beach, Florida, the Mark V designers gathered to introduce a most distinctive series of Designer Edition Marks. Each designer has expressed his own personality in his '79 Mark. The result: four very personal automobiles, each a Continental Mark V through and through, yet each wearing its individual designer's unmistakable signature as well.



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What should you do to help a friend in trouble?

A lesson in giving the right kind of aid

By Jane O'Reilly

One day last summer, my friend Helena found me sitting in my study weeping and tearing my hair. She wasn't too alarmed at first, because I weep and tear my hair the way other people jog—it seems to clear my system and recharge my energies for the day's activities. But this time I didn't seem to be reaching the refreshment point.

"What can I do to help?" Helena said, patting my shoulder.

"Waaaaah," I wailed, "bills, soot, deadlines, interpersonal relationships, urban woes, the meaning of life, inflation, equal rights, the human condition, woe, etc."

"Here, take my car keys," said my friend, "and go to Vermont."

A few mornings later at 7:00, I found a herd of stray Vermont heifers breakfasting in my daylilies. Two neighbors passing by stopped to help me round them up. We saved the daylilies, but we knocked down a corner of the porch. The neighbors came back in the afternoon to help to prop the porch up again. In between, I picked raspberries. In other words, a perfect day.

Thank you, Helena. Thank you, kind fate, for giving me friends who, when they say, "What can I do to help?" mean it.

In my particular corner of the human condition, people have had a bad fall. They have been suffering through burglaries, assaults, accidents, run-away children, death, car crashes, psychotic episodes, and cancer. In the course of it all, we have learned a lot about what can be done to help.

The first thing is, don't ever ask "What can I do to help?" without being prepared to do it, whatever the answer might be.

If time or resources are limited, offer only what is possible and offer it without a lengthy explanation of your schedule to the people in trouble. They are in no position to worry about your babysitter or your job.

Sometimes it is just as useful to help the helpers. In any emergency, people call each other up to fret and wonder what they can do. They don't seem to realize they can coordinate for maximum efficiency. For example, if C babysits for B's children, then B can go to the hospital with A.

If the person in trouble is a good friend (the sort of friend, for example, who says "No, no, I don't need help" and you know she does), then rush right over. Clean the house, walk the dog, water the plants, go to the grocery store, change the beds, drive the bill collectors away from the door. Keep daily life intact. Vacuuming someone's house can be the grand gesture which will keep the family from feeling that chaos is closing in.

Offer money or credit cards, if possible.

Answer the telephone for the people in trouble. Keep messages, coordinate information and helpers, turn aside the ghouls, and parcel out the problems to be solved. Find the family's personal telephone book to help keep family and friends informed, and make sure everyone knows where the book is.

Don't call up and vaguely mention a doctor or hotline or a funeral home you've heard about. Do all the research first: cost, qualifications, hours, theories. The local crisis hotline will give you information to pass on to the person in trouble.

If you have taken on a responsibility and must end your help, find your own reliable replacement. Don't disappear after the immediate crisis.

The people I cherish most are the ones who take on the job of soothing those relatives or friends who have every right to be in the house but cause trouble. A person who will take the dominating mother for a drive, listen to the meddlesome aunt describe the last four family funerals, or tactfully remove the crazy brother-in-law is a person who will be rewarded in eternity.

Do not, ever, explain how the crisis could have been avoided. Any sentence beginning "If only" should never be finished.

Do not confuse worrying with helping. Calling up the person in trouble, or even the friends of the person in trouble, to talk about how worried you are is a hollow exercise.

Do not expect to be thanked. ▽

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The tools: a choice of Stendhal's Ombre Creme Pencil in Jade/Citrine, Lancôme's Leaf Green Le Crayon, Bonne Bell's sheer Evergreen Eye Pencil, or Biba Kohl Krayon in Sage.

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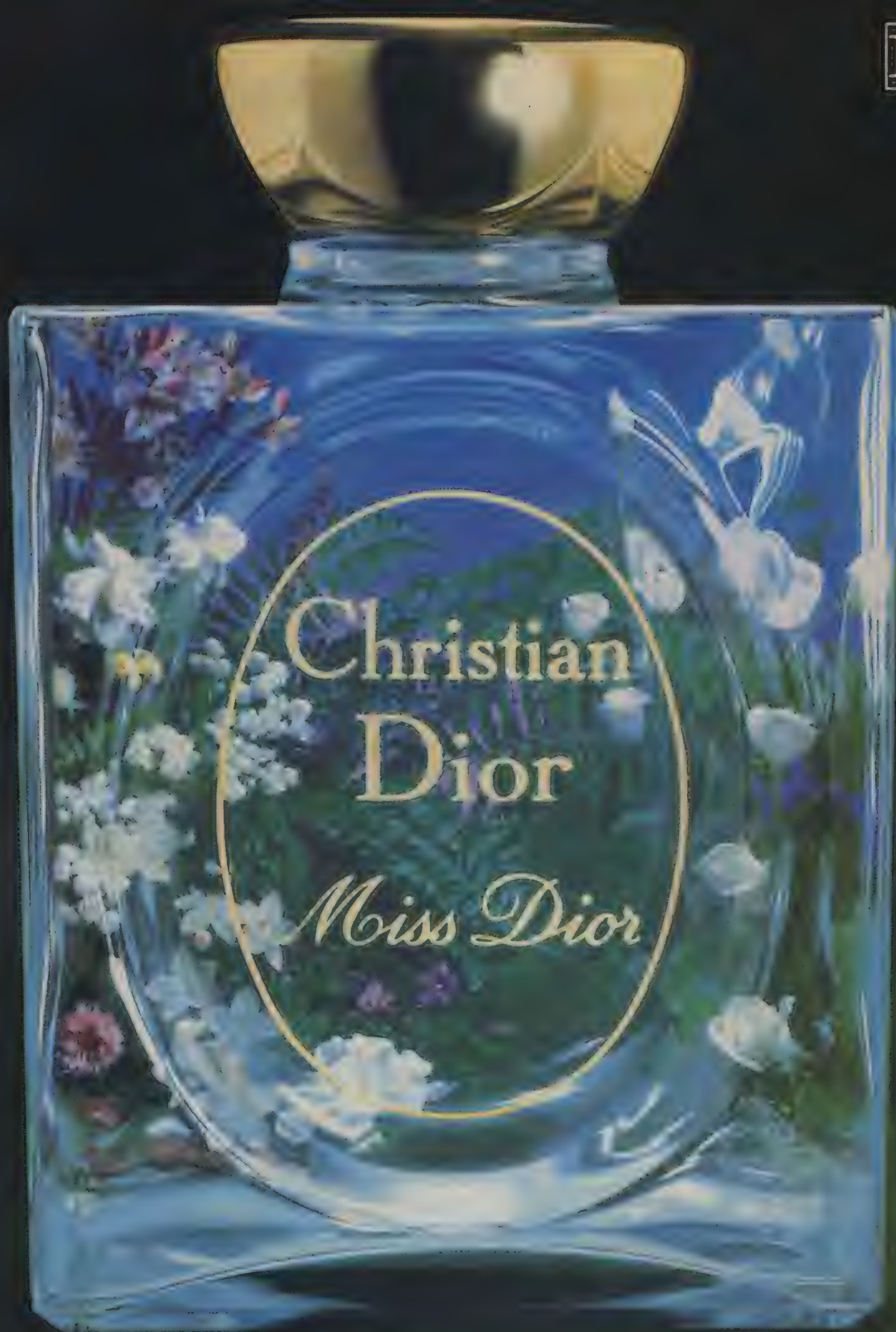


Nail flash: File fingernails short (left) and slick on colorless polish. A hardy one: Clear Cutex Strong Nail. Toenails, on the other hand, look super in sun country when they're painted a clear bright, shiny color . . . such as Cutex's Spicy Apple Creme Enamel. Left: Les Must de Cartier watch. Yves Saint Laurent shoes. Store information, next to last pages.

Above: OMO-Norma Kamali bikini. Earring, Robert Lee Morris for Artwear, NYC.

Christmas-ing in the sun? Start getting into bikini shape this second — at any top exercise class anywhere. . . . On the beach, sunscreening is key. One sun-day routine that seems to work very well — Lancaster's Sensitive Sun Cream all over and their Sun Protecting Stick for especially sensitive spots—nose, ear lobes, knees. This way, you can take the sun lying down — and love it!

Till you're tan, fake it—we just can't say this often enough!—with Sun Stroker, a moisturizing wash of shimmery color that turns skin a burnished, gleamy bronze. Terrific at night, over a glowy tan, too. By On Stage, at The Make-Up Center, 150 W. 55 St., NYC.



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What is "environmental" cancer and how can you defend against it?

Most cancers caused by our surroundings come from substances under our own control

By Elizabeth M. Whelan

In 1916, an ingenious and business-minded chemist became fascinated with what he referred to as a "magic glowing liquid," a paint that by day was just another shade but by night glowed with seemingly unlimited energy. If you took a magnifying lens to examine its nighttime shine, you would see a spontaneous display of miniature fireworks. The paint was unique in that it contained a radioactive material, radium.

The chemist saw a profit opportunity in this radium paint and quickly hired a staff of young girls—some as young as fourteen, few older than twenty-eight—to paint the liquid onto watches so that the numbers on their dials would glow in the dark. Each girl was supplied a camel's hair brush, a crucible of paint, and a small container of water. The idea was to somehow "tip" the brush so that its point was as sharp as possible, capable of making thin, fine lines on the face of the watch. Accuracy was of utmost importance, but speed was essential, too; so many of the girls found a shortcut: they rolled their brushes between their lips before dipping them in the paint. It was like

threading a needle; a quick pull through the mouth flattened out all those messy, loose ends. Sometimes they took the time to wash the brush in the jar of water before they "tipped" it. But more often they kept their routine simple, skipping the washing procedure. Tip, dip, dab. The paint had a gritty texture and an unpleasant taste; and, at the time, the most practical means of getting rid of the disagreeable paint was to swallow it. The young painters unwittingly were ingesting significant amounts of radium.

In 1928, twelve years after the first painting of the dials had begun, an original member of the team died at age thirty from a large sarcoma of the right pelvis. From that point on, continuing until 1960, hundreds of dial workers and others associated with the radium-painting business succumbed to bone cancer.

This is but one of a number of incidents in medical history that underscore the reality that exposure to certain chemicals in the environment can cause cancer later in life—sometimes twenty, thirty, forty years after the original exposure.

More than a century before the dial-painting tragedy, a London surgeon, Percivall Pott, published his famous treatise on cancer among chimney sweeps. Given that hygiene was poor, in the course of sweeping, soot accumulated on the sweepers' skin; and, over the years, malignancies developed. Pott had discovered an environmental cause of cancer, although it wasn't until 150 years later that the chemical carcinogens in the soot were identified.

We now know that high-dose, long-term exposure to a number of occupational chemicals—for example, beta-2-naphthylamine, used in the dyestuffs industry, asbestos in fireproofing, vinyl chloride in plastics production—increases one's risk of developing certain forms of cancer. Indeed, we now know of some twenty chemicals and mixtures of chemicals that are carcinogenic in humans after prolonged exposure in industrial, medical, and societal situations.

The evidence here is convincing: factors in the environment can help determine odds on developing cancer. But we need to keep perspective on what the word "environment" means. Unfortunately, for many people today, the frequently cited statistic that 80-90 percent of cancers are environmentally related conjures up the image of our being in the midst of an industrially induced cancer epidemic, helpless victims of cancer-causing agents which have invaded our air, water, food and workplace. Actually, however, the International Agency for Research in Cancer, the World Health Organization affiliate which originally offered that 80-90 percent figure, has repeatedly stated that "[the estimate] has been the subject of considerable misinterpretation" and notes that the twenty or so isolated chemicals shown to cause cancer in man account for only a very small fraction—probably less than 5 percent—of all environmentally induced cancers developing each year. Hazards resulting from chemicals such as vinyl chloride and asbestos are limited to those in specific occupational settings; with increased worker-protection systems enforced today, this portion of the environmental carcinogen problem has largely been solved.

Instead of focusing on isolated chemicals as the cause of cancer, epidemiologists now agree that it is environmental factors related to *life style* that are responsible for many, if not most of the cancer occurring in our country today. The word environment, then, is a general one referring in only a minor way to industrial chemicals, stressing instead the major influence of smoking, dietary habits, alcohol consumption, sunbathing, and to some extent, sexual and reproductive patterns. Carcinogenic substances not only act alone but frequently team up to exert a more powerful effect (co-carcinogenesis). An example is the combined effect of excessive use of alcohol and tobacco. In some yet-to-be-described way, alcohol enhances the carcinogenic effect of tobacco. In 1978, the two major factors in environmentally related cancers are cigarette smoking and imprudent diet, with these contributing to the causation of perhaps 50-75 percent of all cancers.

The question of exactly how tobacco increases cancer risk is not yet answered. Perhaps the carcinogens in tobacco (and there are quite a few of them) act directly on the target organs, causing changes in the cell and cell-growth patterns. But what is clear is that prolonged exposure to tobacco,

(Continued on page 162)



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CANCER DEFENSE

(Continued from page 160)

or its smoke, particularly when it is inhaled, significantly increases your risk of developing cancer of the lung, bladder, mouth, and probably other sites.

The environmental impact of dietary habits on cancer is less clear and less well established, although the evidence accumulated to date is quite impressive. There are three ways our diet could affect our cancer risk. First, we could have a dietary deficiency that either promotes cancer, or fails to offer some naturally occurring form of cancer protection. While it is true that certain gross deficiencies related to alcoholism, lack of dietary iron and a few other nutrients, do promote specific forms of carcinogenesis, these conditions occur only in extreme circumstances. Nutrient deficiency does not appear to play an important role in American cancer-death patterns.

Second, we could be eating some direct cancer-causing agent—some food additive or contaminant, artificial or natural. As far as can be determined from international studies of populations, the observed differences in disease incidence cannot (with one major exception) be explained by the presence of added chemicals or contaminants in the diet. Actually, since food additives have been used in increasing quantity in this country, the stomach-cancer death rate has declined significantly. (The exception here is a mold known as aflatoxin, which can develop naturally on peanut, corn, and wheat products. In parts of Africa where aflatoxin-contaminated peanut meal comprises a major portion of the diet, the death rate from liver cancer is unusually high.)

Third, diet and cancer could be linked on the basis of some specific excesses—and, indeed, it is this third possibility that cancer researchers are focusing on.

Evidence from human studies as well as from laboratory analyses now points to the conclusion that a diet rich in fat and calories in some way increases one's risks of developing cancer of the breast, prostate, colon, and uterus. Such a diet from childhood on may overstimulate our endocrine systems, producing much the same effect that one would get running a Volkswagen on high octane airplane fuel. Possibly, when we eat a great deal of rich food, our bodies respond by releasing increased amounts of hormones, setting into action a chain of events which alter the biochemical balance, leaving these sites less immune to disease, and favoring the growth of cancerous tumors. We may be biochemically unable to metabolize such dietary excesses.

We do not know right now if the increased hormone production is the cause of these types of cancer. But, whatever the mechanism, the implications are clear: we may be able substantially to reduce our risk of cancer by lowering dietary fat intake, by using skimmed dairy products, draining meats and choosing leaner cuts; increasing our intake of fruits, vegetables, and cereal products—and in general, eating more moderately.

Beyond tobacco use and dietary habits, there are five other environmental risk factors, each having a substantially lesser impact on the yearly cancer toll than these first two, but each contributing to the final count of "environmentally related" cancers.

Alcohol, while itself not a carcinogen in
(Continued on page 164)



THE FRAGRANCE
OF THE MOST ELEGANT STREET
IN THE WORLD.

Faubourg Saint-Honore 

CANCER DEFENSE

(Continued from page 162)

either humans or animals, in some yet-to-be-explained way can markedly increase the odds of developing cancer of the esophagus, and possibly of other sites. The key here is moderation, keeping alcohol intake well under three ounces of whiskey (or its equivalent in beer or wine) each day.

Radioactivity, as was the case with radium exposure in the days of the dial painters, remains a potential environmental cancer threat; yet, in balance, its diagnostic and therapeutic benefits eventually far outweigh risks. In terms of all cancer threats we face in 1978, medical use of radioactivity ranks very low on the list. Moderation and caution are indicated here, avoiding unnecessary X-rays, requesting local protective shields when X-rays are necessary.

Drugs in some rare cases may increase cancer risk. The most infamous example here was the use of stilbestrol during pregnancy and the subsequent development of a rare form of vaginal cancer in the daughters of exposed women. Certainly a concerted effort is made by our regulatory agencies to keep such dangerous drugs off

—
“A diet rich in fats
in some way increases
risk of cancer”
—

the market; yet long-term, high-dose use of such preparations as post-menopausal estrogens may somewhat elevate cancer risk. The key here is judgment, following low-dose, short-term regimens and making sure that the benefit derived from such treatment far outweighs any possible risk.

Sexual and reproductive patterns contribute, at least in some small way, to environmentally induced cancers. Poor sexual hygiene, intercourse at an early age, multiple sexual partners, are all considered high-risk factors for cancer of the cervix. Childlessness or the birth of a first child after age thirty are among the environmental risk factors for breast cancer.

The *sun*, the most universal of environmental carcinogens, accounts for the overwhelming majority of superficial skin cancers diagnosed today.

Clearly, some factors within the environment are more easily influenced than others. For example, determinants of whether or not—or when—we have children may be largely outside our own control, while on the other hand, the two major environmental factors—tobacco use, imprudent diet—and sun exposure are very much within our control. Similarly, some, like the major two factors, have the potential for increasing your odds on developing cancer by 100 percent or more. Others, like delayed childbearing, have a much smaller impact on risk, on the order of 10-30 percent.

The study of those factors in the environment that cause—or perhaps protect us—from cancer is a major scientific pursuit today, attracting both laboratory researchers, who use experimental animals and chemical techniques to identify potential human carcinogens before they claim lives, and

epidemiologists, who look for populations with higher or lower than expected frequencies of cancers and then seek to find the answer to the question “why?”

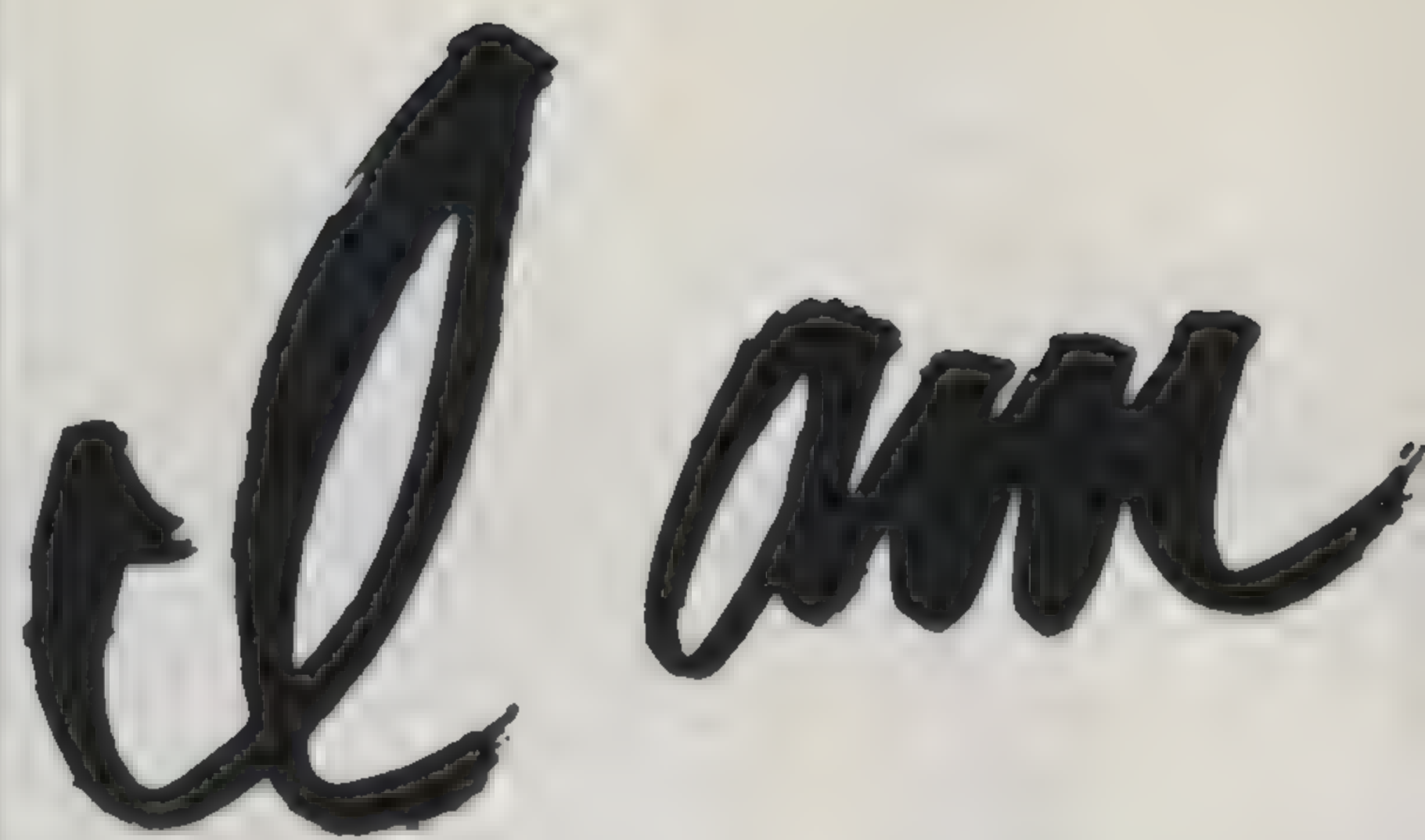
The purpose of such research is twofold: first, and most obviously, is the desire to identify cancer hazards so that they can be either totally eliminated or used with great caution. Second, pinpointing variations in cancer mortality—for example, noting that breast cancer is more common among nuns and other women who have not borne children than it is among mothers, particularly those whose first child was born early in life—gives a clue to the *biological* determinant of the disease. In this case, the “environmental” observation suggests that pregnancy leads to an altered chemical state which in some ways protects against cancer. The ultimate hope is that life style differences such as these can lead to the identification of protective factors—perhaps a particular hormone fraction—that could then be converted into a protective drug.

One stumbling block in the study of environmental cancer has long been the question of why some individuals exposed to a cancer-promoting environment develop cancer, while others exposed in the same way, for the same length of time, do not. For example, why one person could smoke heavily for years and avoid lung cancer.

Only in the last two years has an answer begun to unfold. James Miller, Ph.D., and Elizabeth Miller, Ph.D., researchers specializing in the study of cancer-causing chemicals and recipients of the Bristol-Myers Award for Distinguished Achievement in Cancer Research, have now succeeded in identifying the biochemical mechanisms that change chemicals into carcinogens. Specifically, they've shown that certain enzymes are necessary to activate chemical substances to their full carcinogenic potential. Some individuals have the capacity to deactivate potential cancer-causing chemicals, thus preventing them from developing malignancies despite the exposure. Other people internally can activate relatively harmless compounds and turn them into killers. The Millers' discovery should eventually make it possible to identify in advance of tumor growth those high risk individuals who upon exposure to a given agent are more likely to get cancer. Theoretically, then, techniques of environmental carcinogenesis in the next decades will include screening methods which tell you that you do or do not have the biological “set” for lung cancer if you smoke, for colon cancer if you consume a high-fat diet, for cancer of the esophagus if you drink heavily.

As a result of the extraordinary amount of environmental cancer research in progress, will the Millers and other dedicated researchers someday find out exactly what causes cancer? The Millers' answer is both hopeful and realistic: “I'm sure the answer will be found,” said Dr. James Miller. “It's just a question of when.” “Then,” his wife, Dr. Elizabeth Miller, added, “the question will be: how effectively can we make the public use the information once we know what the causes are.”

Elizabeth M. Whelan, Ph.D., is a research associate at the Harvard School of Public Health, Executive Director of the American Council on Science and Health, and author of the book “Preventing Cancer: What You Can Do To Cut Your Risks by up to 50 Percent” (W. W. Norton). ▽



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Beauty

Now

A show of hands...

A glorious new look for nails...new takes on care, color



White-tipped nails are the craze at Vidal Sassoon's LA salon (450 Rodeo Drive), where Cynthia Kramer is the pro to see. The look moved East — fast — and our step-by-step, above, was done by Jung Khan at NYC's Vidal Sassoon (767 Fifth Ave.) — with Christian Dior nail products. Here's how: **1.** Whisk nail enamel off with Dior Dissolvant; file. **2.** Flick on cuticle-softening Huile Fortifiante. **3.** With a cotton-wrapped orange stick dipped in Peline, gently push back cuticles; smooth nails with a tiny pumice stone to prevent chipping. **4.** Apply Crème Abricot with an orange stick. **5.** Massage into nails and cuticles. **6.** Brush on Base Spéciale, a fabulous primer/hardener/strengthener. **7.** Tip nails with white Fingerpaint #28 (get it at a beauty-supply store) — the deeper the white tip, the longer nails look. **8.** Paint two thin coats of Très Pâle 111 on. **9.** The finish? A thin film of Lacque Fixante.

When Clinique took Glossy Nail Enamel off counters for a revamp awhile back, letters poured in. Now it's back — ten smoother, glossier, longer-wearing shades. Super new shade: Brandied Red. . . Charles of the Ritz nail news: Protective Nail Colour — wonderfully long-wearing, detergent-proof, quick-drying. Great holiday shade to try: Appleberry.

New for nails: If wrapping presents wrecks yours, build them up with Barielle, a silky, formaldehyde-free strengthener. At Saks Fifth Avenue. . . Just out, a one-step foamy polish remover that moisturizes. You pffft on Spray Nail, tissue off coats of color — instantly. At Bloomingdale's. . . Ever polish your nails and smear the works? Who hasn't? Lee Pharmaceuticals' Enamel-Dry, a fast-drying top coat that seals color in seconds, is the solution. . . Bendyne's Living Nail Collection is chock-full of treats, treatments: hardening Living Nail and soothing Cuticle and Hand Cream, plus a nailbrush and the sensational Lifetime Nail File. It's all in a special that's \$10.

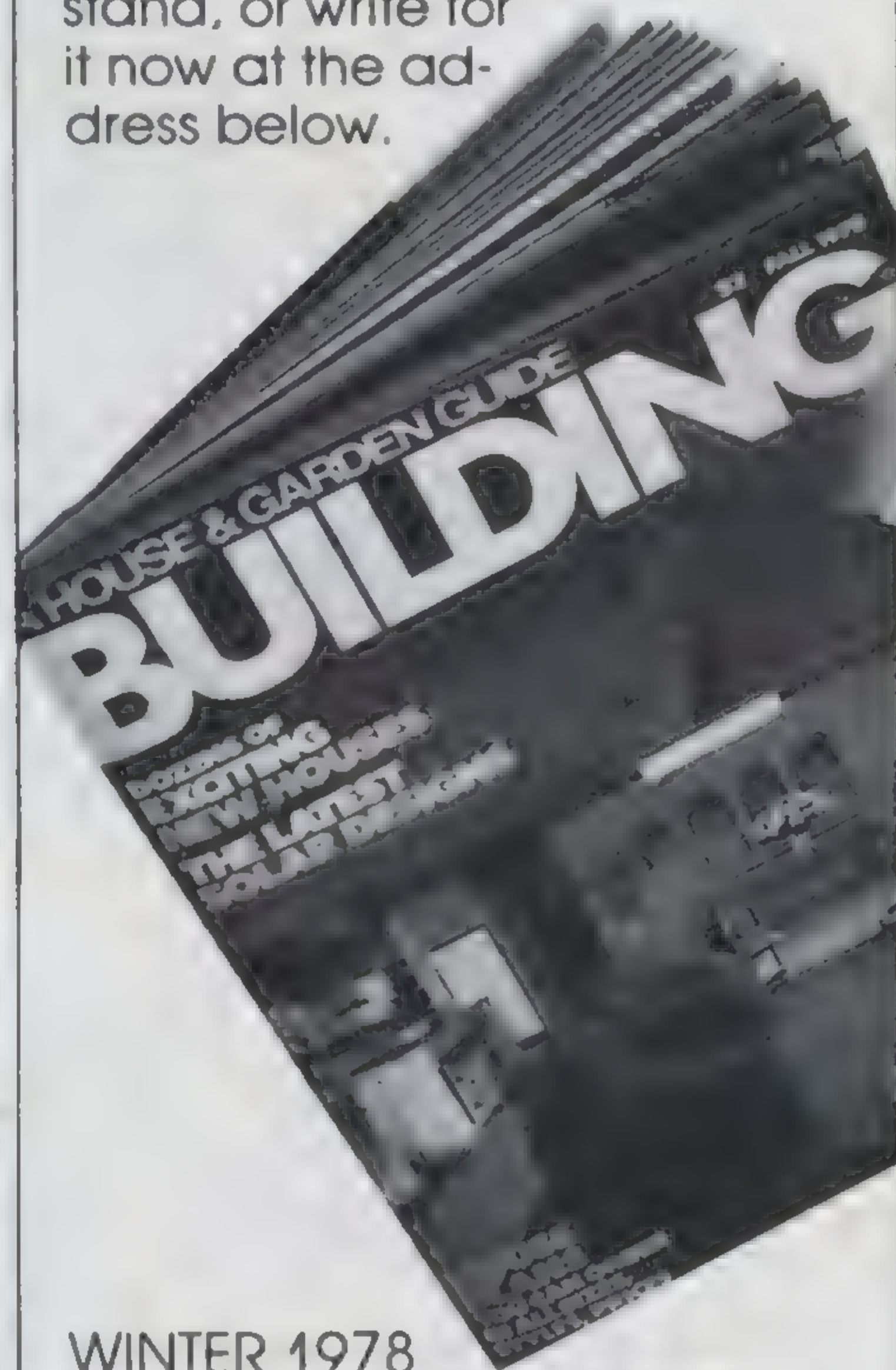
Above: Di Mar Import rhinestone-and-"gold" string tied in hair. Kenneth Jay Lane earrings; store information, next to last pages.

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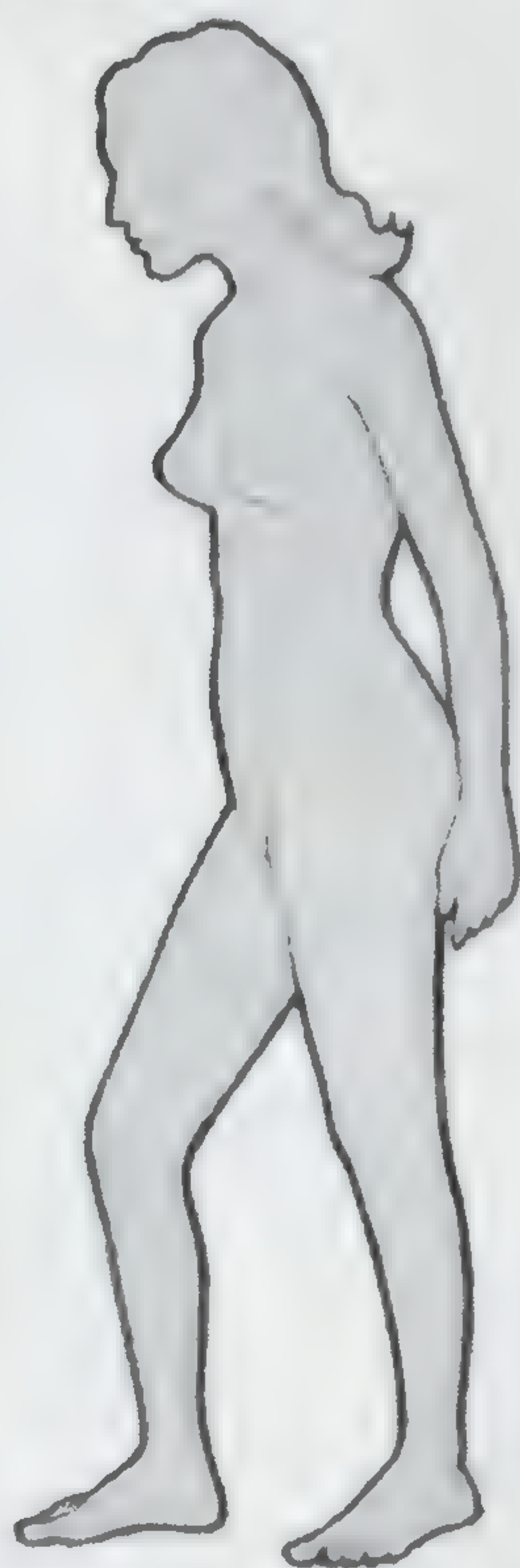
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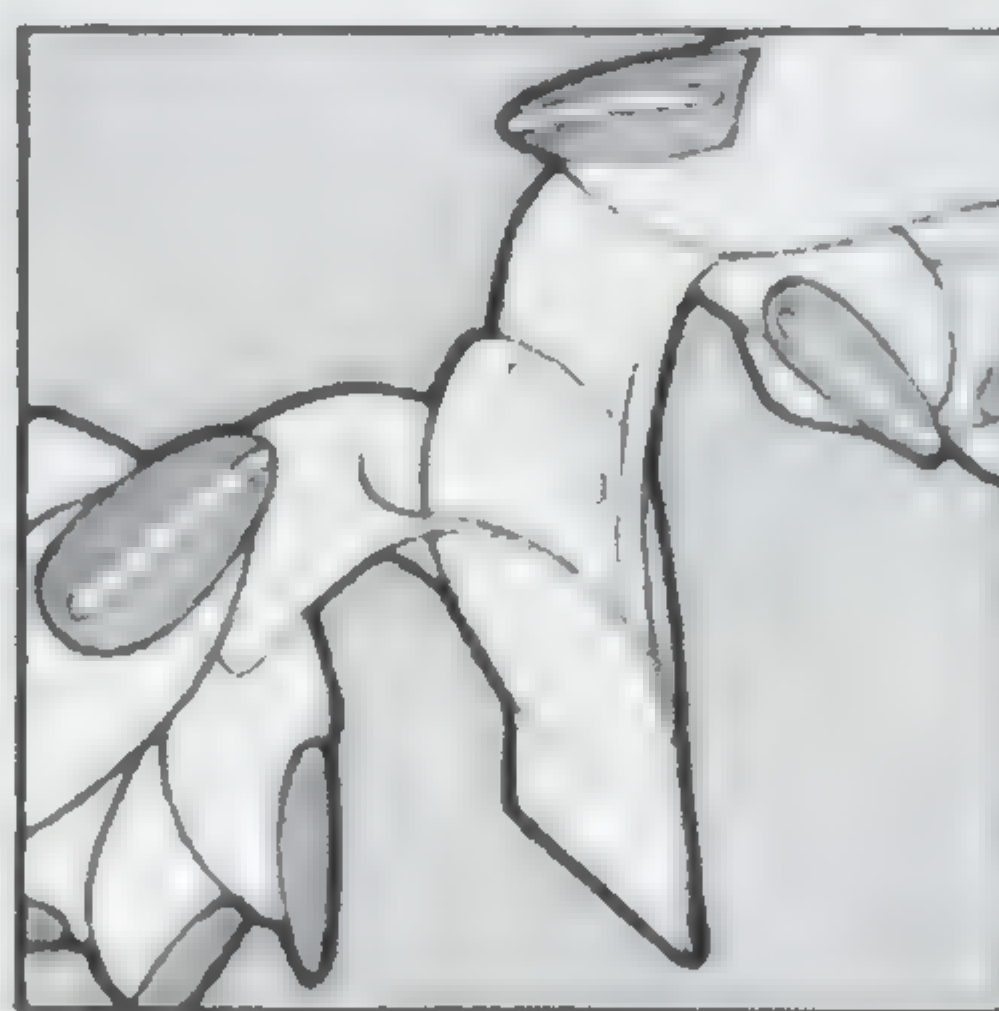
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The most contraceptive

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In some cases, a feeling of warmth has been reported when using Encare Oval. This is usually no cause for concern.

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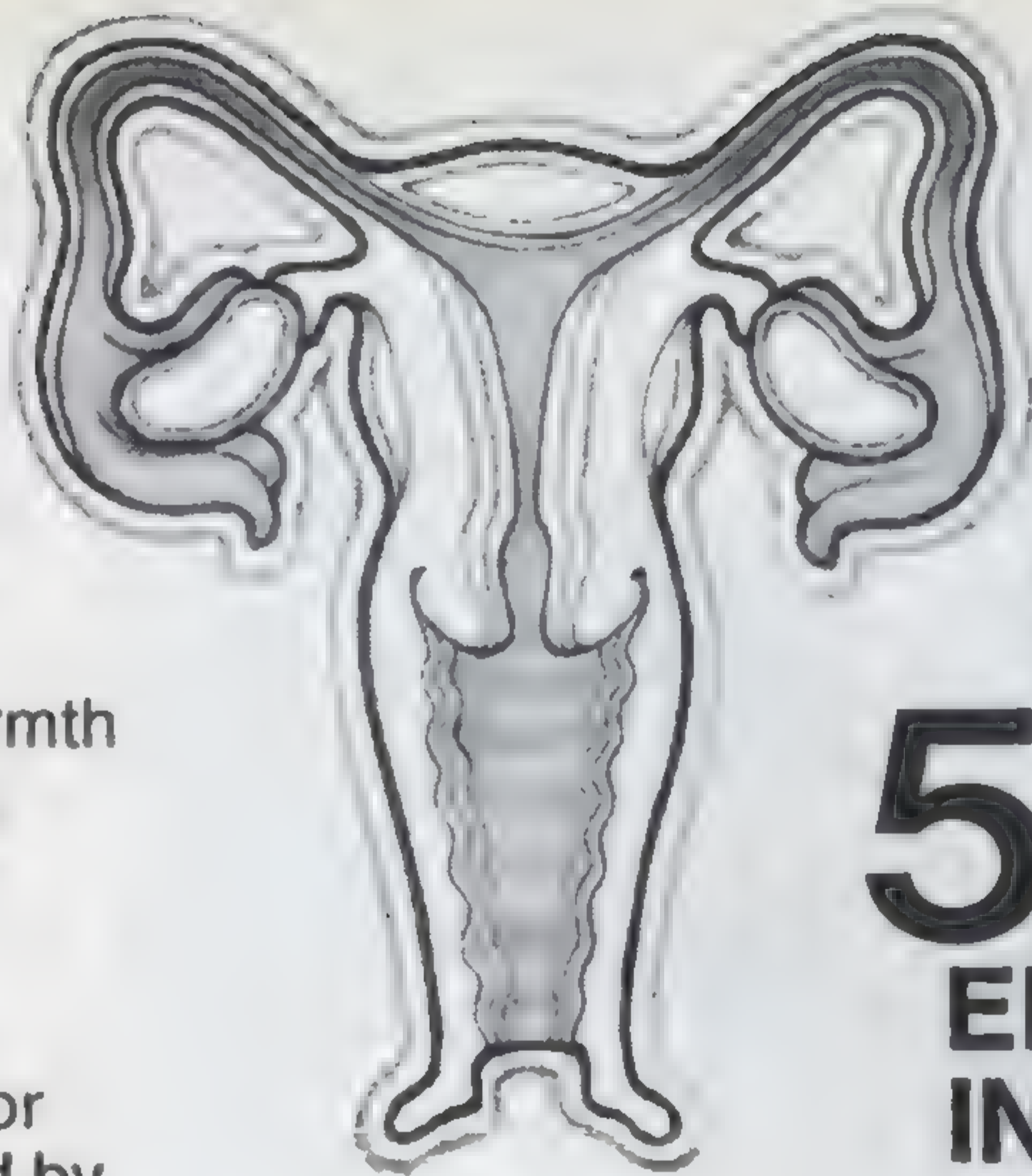
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talked about since the pill.

Dressing for winter sports

The more you exercise outdoors, the less clothing you put on—even in zero weather

By Carol Kahn

Wind, snow, cold—winter's here again. And when you are not schussing down a slope in Stowe or Aspen, you may think, "Who needs it!" But if you understand how your body works to keep warm, dressing for winter—indoors and out—doesn't have to be a chilling experience.

When properly clothed, the human body can withstand environmental temperatures ranging from an arctic -60° Fahrenheit to air temperature identical to that of boiling water— 212° F. But regardless of the climate outside, your internal heat-regulating mechanism tries to keep vital organs at a constant warmth of just under 99° F.

"The temperature of the brain, heart, and liver is critical to survival," says William Kaufman, Ph.D., professor of human biology at the University of Wisconsin in Green Bay. When the body starts to cool, its first line of defense is to conserve heat in the head and torso by shutting off the blood flow to the hands and feet. This is why your fingers and toes usually get cold before the rest of you does. It is not a pleasant feeling—involuntary physiologic reactions like shivering and sweating aren't. But it means your body is protecting itself. Cold hands, warm heart!

As the body tends to keep the head and trunk warm at the expense of the extremities, "there is often a conflict between thermal comfort and thermal balance," Dr. Kaufman says. For instance, protecting your hands and feet when you have to be out in freezing cold for hours is, of course, essential. But if you overdo it, you may miss the body's first signal that it is time to come in from the cold. And instead, he adds, the sign that the internal core is cooling down may be an uncontrollable shivering—the body's second line of defense.

A brief exposure to cold is rarely a hazard. We could probably go out stark naked for a short time in the winter—and be uncomfortable but not in danger, according to Dr. Kaufman. If, however, you plan to stay outdoors longer than twenty minutes, then you have to dress to feel and be warm.

Both Dr. Kaufman and Jahn Stolwijk, Ph.D., associate director of the John B. Pierce Foundation (which studies indoor and outdoor thermal environments) point out that there are many variables to consider: air temperature, wind velocity, whether or not the sun is shining; and individual factors such as the food you eat, how fast you move, and the amount of subcutaneous fat you have. In general, the thin woman feels the cold before the plump one does, the under-exercised before the physically fit. And, of course, the more the wind

(Continued on page 178)



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WINTER DRESSING

(Continued from page 174)

cuts into you, the colder it seems—that famous wind-chill factor. And if you run, you create your own wind-chill factor!

There is no one formula everyone can use to keep warm in all conditions, Dr. Stolwijk says, but there are certain principles to bear in mind in trying to maintain the semi-tropical cocoon the body craves. Air is the best insulator of all: And any particle of clothing is only as warm as the amount of still air that it traps within its fibers. Several light pieces of clothing, worn one over the other and sandwiching the air between them, are warmer than a single heavy piece, allowing you to regulate your heat by removing or adding a layer.

Any cold-weather outfit should start with a good covering for the head, neck, ears, and chest, as the body loses such a disproportionate amount of heat from these areas. A hat-scarf combination provides removable layers, and a vest or sleeveless sweater gives you the extra needed warmth across the chest. The thermal quality of any material is almost exclusively dependent on how it is manufactured, but so far, pound for pound, nothing beats natural goose-down, according to Dr. Kaufman. For outermost clothing, he says, select a closely woven material to seal the heat in.

Keeping dry is about the most important thing—wetness immediately reduces insulation, says Dr. Stolwijk. "This is why you should wear your fur coat inside out—and why sheepskin ones are such a fine idea."


As constriction of the blood vessels in the extremities is a natural response to cold, anything that binds hastens the process. Therefore, loose mittens are better than tight ones. Dr. Kaufman likes a farmer's favorite: leather mittens with woolen lining.

Feet are a special problem, he notes. "The moment they become slightly cold, the circulation turns off. The soles of the feet are compressed against the shoes, thus reducing insulation—and they may be on a cold surface such as ice or snow. To make matters worse, many people add an extra pair of socks when their boots are already tight, reducing the blood supply still further. Your best bet," Dr. Kaufman says, "is a pair of woolen socks. A second pair may help in very cold weather if your shoes go over them easily. Anything that comes between you and a cold surface will also increase your staying power. In really inclement weather, a layer of thermal underwear or warm tights helps considerably."

Some striking figures showing how little insulation you need against the cold if you are really exercising have been provided by Alan D. Claremont, Ph.D., of the department of preventive medicine at the University of Wisconsin in Madison. They involve the use of "Clo units." One Clo unit is the amount of insulation provided by clothing comfortable at a temperature of 70° F.

Here are your Clo requirements, depending on your activity, at -60° F. (and zero wind velocity—the degree of cold stress indicated does not take into account any of the variables other than temperature):

- At rest: 12½ Clo units
- Walking 3 miles an hour: 4½ Clo units
- Running 7½ miles an hour: 1¼ Clo units—in other words, only fractionally more protection than you need when you are sitting in a room that is 70° F. ▽



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Talking about... Art

Where American art is in the '70s... where it came from in '20s and '30s... plus a shop-window sell-off

By Barbara Rose

Artworks, U.S.A.

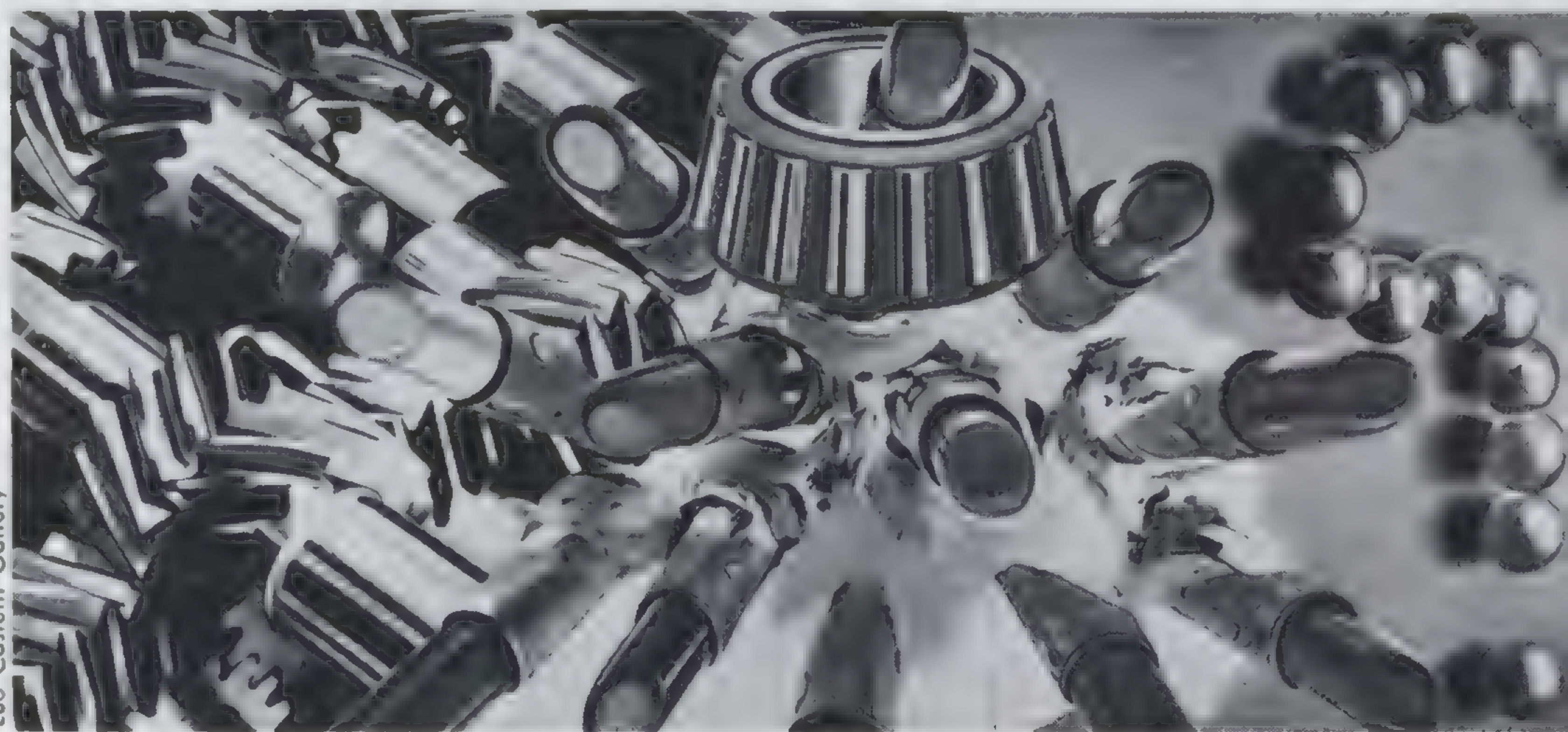
A survey of recent art, *American Painting of the 1970s*—organized by Linda Cathcart, certainly one of the brightest and most informed young curators in America, for the Albright-Knox Art Gallery in Buffalo, New York—attempts to make some sense out of the diverse styles from Pop to Hard Edge to Color Field to Minimal to Conceptual to . . . well, you name it.

This kind of big group show of painting—assessing contemporary art and expressing the taste of a single responsible curator—has been rare lately; it reminds one of the old "Americans" groups former curator Dorothy Miller used to put together for New York's Museum of Modern Art. Like Miller, Cathcart combines daring with discrimination; she goes out on a limb to revive such forgotten names as Elmer Bischoff, Milton Resnick, and Robert Moskowitz, zeroes in on artists with rising reputations like Chuck Close, Laddie Dill, and Nancy Graves, and bolsters her selection with perennial favorites Willem de Kooning, Helen Frankenthaler, Roy Lichtenstein, and Frank Stella. All the work is recent, and there are some surprises, such as Philip Guston's figurative paintings, Andy Warhol's ambiguous "Hammer and Sickle" series and James Rosenquist's latest extravaganza, the 81 x 183½-inch "Gears, 1977," industrial and cosmetic imagery in a garish but potent slice of Americana.

Americana is also the subject of the coming exhibition at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York of *William Carlos Williams and the American Scene, 1920-1940*, which documents the relationship to the American avant-garde of the good doctor from New Jersey who, among other things, delivered fellow poet Allen Ginsberg to the world. The show concentrates on artists Williams was close to: Charles Demuth, Marsden Hartley, Charles Sheeler, Stuart Davis, and Georgia O'Keeffe.

Like his artist friends, Williams, as both poet and painter, preferred homegrown American themes rather than exotica. His subject matter was the citizens of the small town of Paterson, New Jersey. The Whitney exhibition includes not only Williams' avant-garde acquaintances but also such American scene painters as Aaron Bohrod, Elsie Driggs, Grant Wood, and John Steuart Curry, who depicted typically American genre scenes in a variety of illustrational styles that won quick popularity among the public.

From the present vantage point, we see that the subject matter of the American scene was stimulating enough to inspire both the lofty art of Williams and that of the artists of the Stieglitz circle, as well as the pure corn of the quantities of third-rate folk illustration with which the Whitney's permanent collection is particularly rich.



James Rosenquist's "Gears, 1977" joins industrial might with cosmetic glamour

Golf-course art and off-course paintings

The latest art oddities: "Manhattan Miniature Golf"—each of nine holes is designed by a different artist—at P.S. 1 in Queens, the gallery of the Institute for Art and Urban Resources. . . . "Missing Paintings Bureau"—An "art wanted" poster reproducing artworks that curator Judith Zilczer was unable to locate for the exhibition, at the Hirshhorn Museum in Washington, DC, of the John Quinn Collection turned up a number of lost works. Encouraged by these finds, curator Zilczer is inviting the public to participate in the Hirshhorn's ongoing detective work in locating over one thousand still-missing works collected by lawyer and art patron Quinn. Among the ten most wanted: three Cubist pieces, a Picasso collage, a terra-cotta relief, "The Lovers," by Duchamp-Villon, a 1909 painting of "The Wrestlers" by Max Weber.



Colette as "The Doll" in one of her "living environments"; clothes are for sale

Artist Colette (not to be confused with the writer or New York's pastry shop) thinks she invented the fashion for Victoriana—a style she has been using in her costumes for some time—as well as the use of parachute silk—her favorite material—claims she is fed up with just being a fashion inspiration. So she has decided to do a special Christmas performance in the windows of New York's SoHo antique clothing shop Victoria Falls. Her title: "Ripping Myself Off."

The Tunisian-born artist, who has already done several flashy events in Fiorucci's shop windows, specializes in sleazy-glamorous environments, which include her impersonating dead or sleeping women or, as in her latest tableau, a "living doll."

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Hair Now

Holiday looks...

Pretty twists, fun ways of wearing P.M. hair now!



● Glamorous updater, '78 style: a narrow piece of *point d'esprit* veiling worn the way you see it, above—tied loosely across your face.

Here, it's pinned over shoulder-length hair that's been swept up into a chignon, wrapped at the front and off to one side.

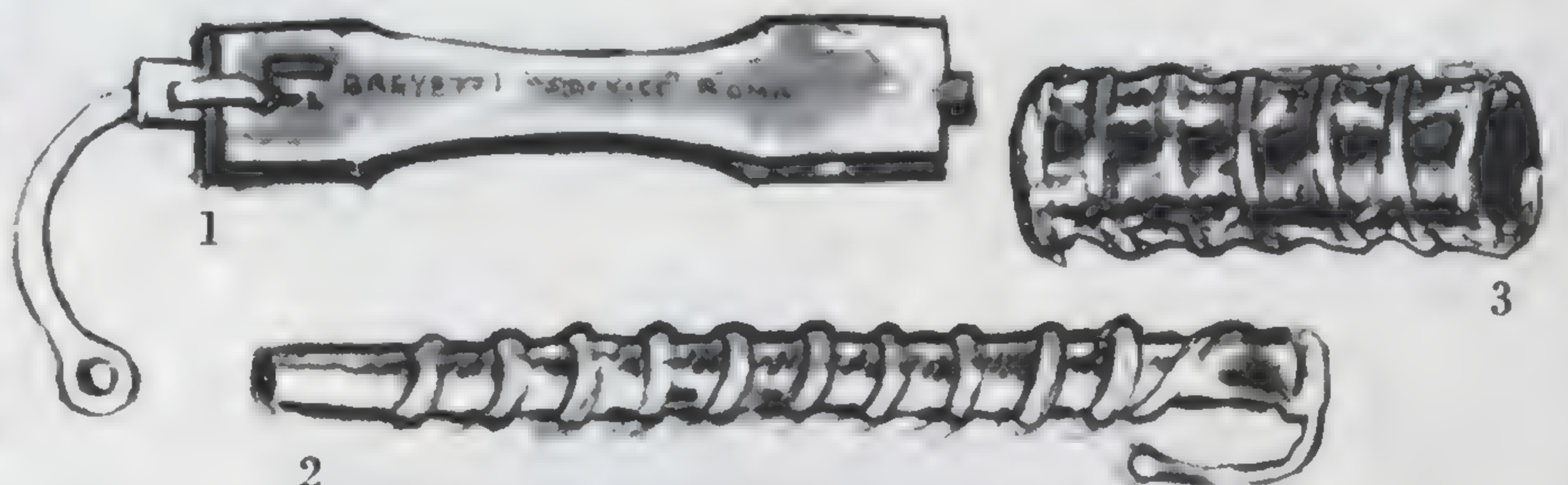
By Garren at The Plaza for Glemby International.



In New York, in Paris, in the evening . . . chignons! wraps! rolls! — are everywhere. Above, left to right: Patrick Ales' double chignons, one at the crown, another at the nape, each twisted with crêpe-paper streamers that are pulled into little fans at the ends. . . . The rolled head at Mod's Hair on the rue St. Denis, Paris — great for hair that's blunt, straight. Front hair is rolled over a strip of felt, secured; the rest is brushed straight, left loose. . . . Camille Albanne's take-off on the Grable Upsweep. . . . Freestyle version: John Sahag's rolled hair in the picture, above. Whiting & Davis "gold"-mesh scarf. Van Allen earrings. Store information, next to last pages.



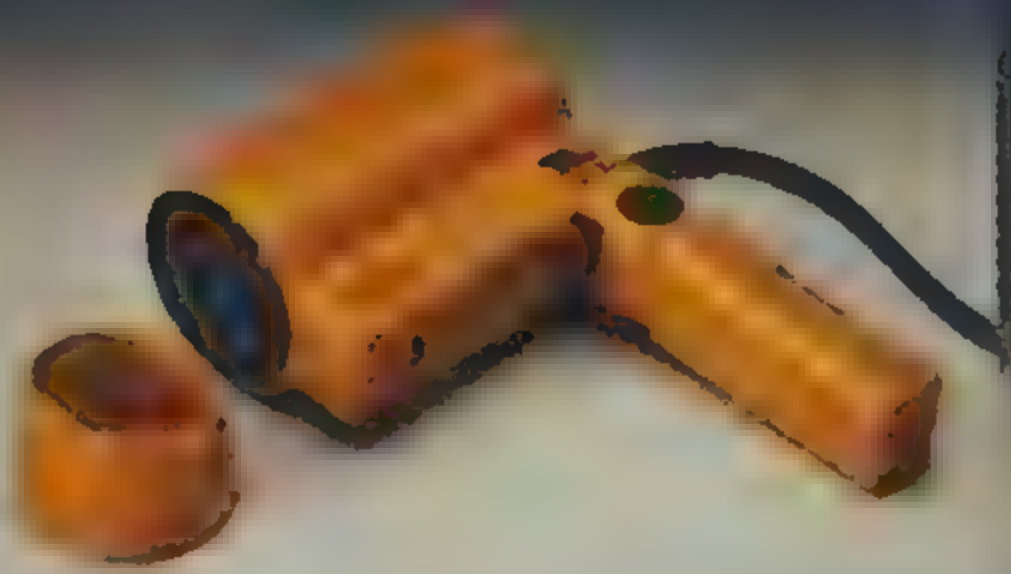
Everyone's finding new ways of rolling hair — for sheer fun, for soft curl. At Vidal Sassoon, NYC, Toby sets some perms on corks or cotton strips rather than on perming rods. Other rolling ideas, right: 1. Bernard Varano, of NYC's Varano-Francetic Salon, found these little wood slings in Rome, which finger-wave hair rather than frizz it. 2. Resca/Lintermans (21 E. 62 St., NYC) uses "pasta" rollers, "rotelle" for loose curl here. 3. Papillotte rollers give long hair curl — ends only. At Laurent Gaudetroy at 6 rue de la Paix in Paris; Davir, 789 Madison Ave., in NYC.



Pretty way to wear barrettes now — in twos, threes, fours, more! Tucked into hair at right: Carita's (in Paris) multiple rhinestone-studded and plume ornaments.



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Bright Christmas News! Hair Now

*Warmer color! Champagne
sparkle! Holiday lights!*

According to hair-whiz Leslie Blanchard (The Private World of Leslie Blanchard, 19 E. 62 St., NYC), hair coloring is becoming warmer, richer. A whole world of glowing warmth — from a subtle golden glimmer to copper, to an almost auburn tone, to dark burnished brilliance. And it's all part of the new interest in dressing up again, of being pretty, glamorous, provocative, sexy. If you don't want to commit yourself completely, there are ways you can subtly enhance your hair color — a rainbow of shimmery highlights. Or think shampoo-in color, comes right out a day or two later.

BEVERLY AND VIDAL SASSOON'S NEW CALENDAR OF BEAUTY AND HEALTH 1979 (SIMON AND SCHUSTER) IS PACKED WITH THE KINDS OF HINTS FOUND IN THEIR RECENT SMASH-SELLER. WE LOOKED UP THE MONTH OF DECEMBER AND THE FIRST TIP IS TO MAKE HAIR APPOINTMENTS, IN FACT ANY APPOINTMENTS, TWO WEEKS IN ADVANCE DURING THE HOLIDAYS. YOU CAN GET THE CALENDAR AT BOOKSTORES OR AT THE COUNTER WHEN YOU LAY IN YOUR HOLIDAY SUPPLY OF SASSOON PRODUCTS; AT MACY'S.

Hair that's colored needs superconditioning to look its bouncy holiday best. A quickie you can use at home: Wella Balsam Instant Conditioner. Work it into shampooed/rinsed hair, let it sit one minute, wash it out. It leaves hair shinier, suppler. . . . For do-it-yourself deep-conditioning, Glemby's Hair Conditioning System is just the thing. You plunk this silver-lined cap over hair plus penetrating conditioner, and it provides the necessary warmth—via your reflected body heat.

Instant glitter: shimmery Champagne Disco Dust to brush on hair, with a big makeup brush, below, sweep over shoulders and clearance, whoosh anywhere. It comes in a kit with three other shades, small brushes. And it's all Jerome Alexander's doing.



When colored hair's brittle/dry/dull, what's wanted is serious salon conditioning. Hair-coloring pro, Rose Reti (128 E. 56 St., NYC), swears by Fermodyl, says it "feeds the hair like fertilizer!" If hair's badly damaged, she'll use it pre- and post-coloring; if not, she applies it afterwards, just leaves it in. . . . A treat for holiday-healthing-up—Jhirmack's pHerb-N-Egg Non-Sudsing Hair and Scalp Cleanser. Good as eggnog! About as rich, too!

Earring, above:
Robert Lee Morris for
Artwear, NYC.

Because Black hair is particularly fragile and porous, it needs special care and handling. And it gets it with L'Oréal's new line of Radiance hair-care products. There are conditioners built into almost every product—including Shampoo-In Haircolor, a terrific one-step process that gives even, all-over coverage. For Christmas, what about soft, glowy Light Auburn?



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Photo: Ron Capobianco

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When you work, do you make money or lose it?

Your profit or loss depends on your expenses and taxes

By William Flanagan

For the young mother or stay-at-home newlywed, the challenge of running a household may not be satisfying enough; the thought of starting or resuming a career can be tantalizing. And, of course, especially with younger couples, there is often a very real need for the second income. One question is, does it make sense, economically? Or will the benefits be largely emotional?

The answer, of course, is one you will have to determine yourself. But, before you make any decision, consider carefully the additional expenses that going back to work entails and the tax impact of adding your own income to your spouse's. Remember, as far as Uncle Sam is concerned, your income is lumped in with your spouse's and you are taxed accordingly—even if the two of you file separate returns. And since the profitability of your after-taxes income depends not on the size of your salary but on how your job-related expenses compare with that salary, even if you have the skills to earn a top income, you may find yourself operating at a loss.

Take one example—admittedly, an extreme one—in which both husband and the wife earn very substantial incomes. It should illustrate why it is wise to sit down with a calculator before you start answering the want ads.

Mary Ann Liebert is a vice president of a small New York publishing company, Marcel Dekker, Inc., which produces books in the fields of science and the performing arts. She is married to an obstetrician; and they have one child, a boy of five. Ms. Liebert's income is about \$50,000 a year and her husband's income is somewhat higher.

Over Perrier and Irish Coffee recently—during which time her office beeper beeped thrice—Ms. Liebert articulated to me exactly what it costs her to go to work each year. Your situation may be entirely different, but many of the expenses she runs into, you may, too, even if not in the same amounts.

Expenses	Annually
Maid/Cleaning Person/Nanny	\$ 6,760
Weekend maid	3,640
Second car (including garage, etc.)	5,000
Telephone (non-reimbursed)	1,800
Work wardrobe, grooming, cosmetics	10,000
Office plants	400
At-home entertainment (non-reimbursed)	3,750
Messenger service	400
"Beeper"	200
School pick-up service	500
"Extra" food costs	600
Total	\$33,050

Thus, Ms. Liebert spends more than half of her gross income just on expenses related to going to work. And few of these expenses are tax deductible. Yet, she rationalizes each one convincingly. "The housekeeper I simply must have—I cannot clean and cook and hold my job. When I relax at our weekend retreat, we have someone in so I can spend more time with my son and husband; I don't have to devote most of my time there to household chores."

The car, she admits, is a bit of an extravagance. "I do drive a Jaguar, when a lesser car might do. But I am dealing with writers and artists and performers all the time, and it is important to impress them. A lesser car would not really cost me that much less after a couple of years, anyway," she maintains. "But if I were not working, I doubt that I would have any need for a second car." (The Lieberts live in a Manhattan co-op and have their second home in Westchester County.)

Similarly, Ms. Liebert readily confesses that she hardly scrimps when it comes to clothes. "I don't have time to comparison shop, and I need to be well-groomed. I also have to shop at better stores that can provide the extra service I need."

(Ms. Liebert admits to tipping sales people for mailing her clothes she tries on later at home, returning those that don't suit her.)

The messenger service, the beeper, the extra phone bills are, Ms. Liebert admits, easy enough to eliminate. "But sometimes I work at home rather than working late at the office, so I can pick up my son after school and be home when my husband comes home."

When you deduct all her expenses, Ms. Liebert's \$50,000 salary shrinks to about \$17,000. And here comes the killer. Since she and her husband are in the 50 percent income-tax bracket (*anything* she earns would be taxed at 50 percent of her net taxable income because of her husband's high income), her tax bill is about \$25,000. Thus, it actually *costs* the Lieberts at least \$8000 out of pocket for Mary Ann to go to work.

Ms. Liebert had sensed that she had been working at a deficit, but confesses to never adding it all up. "Our accountant doesn't even want to see me. He's afraid that, if I see the figures, I'll get depressed."

Still, she feels her going to work is definitely worthwhile. "I don't know if I can afford to work, but I can't afford not to. I feel vibrant, creative, responsible. I feel I'm contributing something important. And it makes me feel, well, glamorous."

Most mothers who work don't do it for the glamour, of course, they do it for the money. But before you rejoin the ranks of the employed, here are some things to consider:

● **Your income bracket.** Your spouse's income is the key here. If the net taxable income of your combined salaries is over \$50,000, half of what you earn will go straight to Uncle Sam. Add state and local taxes to that, and you wind up with less than half of what you earn.

● **Your expenses for going to work.** Like Ms. Liebert, you will have to figure in the transportation, housekeeping, baby-sitting, clothing, and perhaps, entertaining that goes with working. And most of those costs are not tax deductible. (Depending upon your income, some of the child-care cost may be, however.)

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● **The energy drain.** If you do try to maintain your household yourself, in order to curb job-related expenses, you still will have a stiff bill to pay—in lost energy and time. Something, like your own health, or someone, like your child, may suffer.

● **Your marriage.** Money problems are commonly cited as a major cause of marital discord. Your working to bring in some income may relieve some of that tension—or it may exacerbate it.

"Even if you earn
a top income, you
may find yourself
operating at a loss"

● **The kind of job.** If you have been trained as a teacher, a nurse, or have some other professional training, part-time work (which can eliminate child-care expenses) may be an ideal alternative to working full-time and to making compromises elsewhere, even if the income is less. Many women have found satisfaction—and decent incomes—working part time to sell real estate.

● **Education as an alternative.** If the numbers simply aren't right, you could begin by

returning to school to pick up your bachelor's or master's or doctoral degree. Returning to school will give you an opportunity to find out how well you and your family can juggle household responsibilities and other tasks. More than one spouse has acquired an advanced degree while the children were young, then has been able to step into a full-time career later. But be mindful of the job market early. Teaching, for example, is a profession in which full-time jobs are shrinking; while accounting is growing.

● **Working for your spouse.** If your spouse has his own business, and you can work well together—a big "if"—this can be a nice way to minimize the tax bite on two incomes. You can take a small salary and help to defer more of the profits of the enterprise until later years when you will both, presumably, be in lower income brackets. The small, part-family corporation has other advantages, too—better medical benefits, all kinds of perquisites that can be charged to the business (club memberships, cars, meals and entertainment, trips). And, of course, there is the increased value of the business. Your being a partner can also mean an easier transition of ownership should your spouse predecease you.

● **Divorce.** Almost half of all marriages fail, and in most cases the wife winds up with the child or children. Alimony and child support are usually not so substantial that the fatherless family can enjoy a comfortable standard of living. While you are married, developing a career—even if the proceeds are taxed to death—can assure you some security should the marriage fail. ▽

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By Melva Weber

■ GUARD GEAR FOR WOMEN

If you're involved in hazardous work or play, make very sure of your own head-to-toe safety. This means suiting up, where the activity calls for it, with protective headgear, gloves, body protectors, shoes.

For the growing numbers of women in construction, transportation, and other hard-hat occupations, the Mine Safety Appliances Company is now making hard hats for women, reported Deborah Sue Yaeger in "The Wall Street Journal." The new millinery line is designed to fit the proportions of the slenderer female skull.

If you drive or ride a motorcycle, heed the House of Delegates of the American Medical Association: Wear a properly fitted, full-facial-coverage helmet. Wear a helmet for riding on your moped, too; or even your bicycle. Since 1976, when Federal regulations requiring helmets on cycles were discontinued, many states have repealed their helmet laws. The result: a steep rise in head-injury deaths on bikes—now some four thousand each year. Your chance of being killed is two-thirds greater when you're not helmeted.

The National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health has been alarmed to find women's feet less protected than men's from crush injuries in factory conditions where safety-toe footgear is required. Women's safety-toe shoes generally didn't meet the standards of the Occupational Safety and Health Administration. NIOSH proposed tougher requirements, including specific sole materials and stitched welt construction, to insure a perfectly reasonable sexual equality: just-as-safe toes for men and women.

■ INFREQUENT SEX: BIRTH-DEFECT RISK?

Down's syndrome, the chromosome error that causes mental retardation and heart abnormalities in babies, has long been thought to be related to the age of the mother; incidence is considerably higher in children born to mothers older than thirty-five. Now a Brazilian medical research team has identified a different possible factor for increased risk of having a Down's syndrome baby—infrequent sexual intercourse.

In *The Lancet*, Dr. Iva Milstein Moscatti and Dr. Willy Becak of Sao Paulo's Instituto Butantan reported their study of a connection between human sexual behavior and genetic defects in the offspring. They found infrequent intercourse (less than once a week) during the conception period was more common among mothers of Down's babies. The low-frequency factor also was independent of the age of the mother—younger as well as older mothers were in the higher incidence group.

■ WHY A MEDICINE GAP?

Our government often is criticized for holding up the introduction of new and valuable drugs in the United States, sometimes when the same drugs have been used for some time in other countries.

Before approval by the Food and Drug Administration, each new drug first must be tested with animals and then with human volunteers to insure that it is safe and effective. This testing is required by law, said Commissioner Donald Kennedy of the FDA. But, he added, the government does not select new drugs for development and marketing, nor does it choose drugs for approval; only the private pharmaceutical in-

■ EASIER DIET SHOPPING

By July 1 of 1979, foods and beverages labeled "low calorie" or "reduced calories" will be exactly what they're claimed to be, under new rules of the Food and Drug Administration. Any product promoted as low-calorie must contain no more than forty calories per serving. Anything termed reduced-calorie must have at least one-third fewer calories than its counterpart that is not calorie-reduced. Both must carry complete nutrition labels.

■ WHEN HORMONES ARE DANGEROUS

When the female hormones estrogen and progesterone are taken during early pregnancy, there's increased risk that the baby will be born with birth defects, reported a University of Colorado medical team in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*.

Among ways you might become exposed to the hormones during the first trimester: mistakenly continuing oral contraceptives without realizing conception has taken place; using hormone-based pregnancy tests (opposed by the Food and Drug Administration); taking hormones prescribed by a doctor to stop a threatened miscarriage (also opposed by the FDA).

James J. Nora, M.D., and Audrey H. Nora, M.D., in studies of infants with birth defects, found evidence that exposure of pregnant mothers to female hormones was clearly associated with increased rates of congenital heart disease in their babies. Other defects, such as nerve abnormalities resulting in seizures, also were seen as possible hazards connected with taking hormones.

It may be impossible to prevent all accidental use of oral contraceptives in early pregnancy, but the doctors made some suggestions: Standard medical instructions call for continuing to take birth control pills through a missed period; instead, Drs. Nora think, women should stop taking the Pill immediately if pregnancy is suspected. The Colorado team also pointed out to other physicians that the Government's Food and Drug Administration says there is no justification for using progesterone and estrogen either for threatened miscarriage or as a pregnancy test.

dustry can do that. Therefore, if a medicine does not promise to be profitable, or is for an uncommon disease, drug firms are unlikely to pour research and marketing dollars into it, or to hurry a request for approval to the FDA. The result: a gap in availability of important but not widely applicable medicines.

Health organizations including the Epilepsy Foundation of America, which pushed hard for—and got—prompt approval of the anti-epilepsy drug Valproate Sodium, hope to get Congressional action on a plan for seeing that "orphan" medicines of special value will get the required testing promptly, instead of being placed on the back burner for lack of funds.

■ V.D. TESTING: NOT WORTH IT?

Yehudi M. Felman, M.D., of the New York City Health Department, say it's time for the required premarital syphilis test to be abolished. The test is still required by law in forty-four states, and it costs altar-bound Americans \$80 million a year—and is not worth it in terms of finding and treating the disease, in Dr. Felman's opinion. For example, he said, in New York City, the premarital tests uncovered so few cases of early-stage syphilis that the cost of finding each one amounted to almost \$60,000. Instead, Dr. Felman urges third-trimester screening of pregnant women and increased education and venereal disease testing for homosexual men, who represent as many as half of infectious-syphilis cases. Dr. Felman warns that if the premarital test were to be discontinued, this should not be interpreted as a signal that syphilis has been conquered. It definitely has not. But Felman wants, instead, to place anti-VD efforts where they will do most good.

■ LUMPS: THEY MAY BE WORMS!

More cases of human infection by filariasis, a coiled, threadlike roundworm, are cropping up in the United States and Canada, according to a Chicago research team. Lawrence J. Blecka, Ph.D., Alexander Miller, M.D., and Edwin C. Graf, M.D., alerted physicians that patients with unexplained lumps under the skin may have picked up *Dirofilaria*, which usually infest dogs, raccoons, rabbits, and bears and are carried by mosquitoes, flies, fleas, and ticks. The lump may appear anywhere on the body and may mimic cancer. Surgical removal of the lump solves the problem.

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Right out of your own kitchen: superb dishes from La Grenouille

Secret recipes from New York's four-star-plus restaurant, culled by Vogue's food experts: the cream of split-pea soups, the ziestiest of orange soufflés, other delights

**By Arthur Gold and
Robert Fizdale**

More about La Grenouille, photos, page 258

LITTLENECK CLAMS CORSINI (Les Littlenecks Corsini) *six to eight servings*

3-4 dozen littleneck clams (opened and packed on ice, refrigerate till ready to use)
1 ounce (2 cloves) garlic
1 ounce shallots
1 cup fresh parsley sprigs, tightly packed
8-10 ounces butter, at room temperature
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste
2 cups dry white wine

Keep clams on ice while preparing sauce. Chop garlic, shallots, and parsley very fine, and mix well, either by hand or by blending in a processor with knife attachment till very fine. Put mixture into cheesecloth and squeeze to remove as much moisture as possible. Add to butter, season to taste with salt and pepper, mix well. (If using a processor, return garlic-shallot-parsley mixture to work bowl, add butter, salt, pepper, and blend well.)

Place clams in one layer in baking dish. Spread some butter mixture on clams, then sprinkle with wine. Place under preheated broiler just till butter is sizzling. Do not overcook or clams will toughen. Serve.

MUSSEL SOUP (Billi-Bi) *four to six servings*

2 quarts mussels
2 cups dry white wine
1 tablespoon chopped shallots
1 tablespoon chopped onion
1 bay leaf
3 sprigs parsley
1 sprig fresh thyme (or ½ teaspoon dried)
4 mushroom caps, chopped
1 tablespoon sweet butter
2 cups heavy cream
4-6 egg yolks
Salt and freshly ground white pepper

Scrub mussels well under cold running water, pulling off and discarding "beards." Discard any mussels that remain open. Put mussels in heavy pot with cover along with remaining ingredients except cream, egg yolks, salt and pepper. Cover pot and cook over high heat about 6 to 8 minutes, till all shells open.

Remove mussels with slotted spoon. Discard any that remain closed. Remove mus-

sels from shells and reserve to garnish soup.

Line a sieve with triple layer of cheesecloth wrung out in cold water, then strain cooking liquid through into smaller heavy pot. Cook liquid over high heat till reduced to half volume. Add 1½ cups of the cream and cook, stirring occasionally, for 8 to 10 minutes. Remove from heat.

Beat egg yolks into remaining ½ cup of cream, using fork or wire whisk. While still beating, carefully add ½ cup hot soup, 1 tablespoon at a time. Then pour mixture back into soup. Place over low heat and cook, stirring constantly, for 3 to 4 minutes. Be very careful not to let soup boil as it will curdle. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Serve at once in individual consommé cups or in very small soup bowls with 2 or 3 reserved mussels in each. Delicious served cold.

BAY SCALLOPS À LA NAGE (Coquilles Saint-Jacques à la Nage) *five to six servings*

2 pounds bay scallops

Court-bouillon:

1 cup water
2 cups dry white wine
2 small carrots, sliced
2 small onions, sliced
½ cup sliced celery
4 sprigs parsley
1 bay leaf
6 whole peppercorns
1 sprig fresh thyme (or ½ teaspoon dried)
Salt

Beurre blanc:

2 tablespoons white wine
¼ cup white wine vinegar
2 shallots, finely chopped
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon freshly ground pepper,
or more to taste
12-16 tablespoons chilled butter (1½-2
sticks cut into slices)

Wash and drain scallops; keep in cool place. Combine all court-bouillon ingredients in saucepan large enough to hold scallops (to be added later). Bring to boil, then lower heat, and cook over low heat for 15 to 20 minutes.

Add scallops, cover pan, and cook for 3 to 5 minutes. Do not overcook as scallops will get tough. Taste one and remove from

(Continued on page 196)

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GRENOUILLE RECIPES

(Continued from page 195)

heat as soon as scallops are done.

While scallops are cooking, prepare *beurre blanc*, which must be used as soon as made. Place all ingredients except butter in small heavy-bottomed saucepan. Boil till reduced to very small amount, about 1½ to 2 tablespoons. Remove from heat. Add 2 slices cold butter, one slice at a time, whipping constantly with wire whisk. Place pan over lowest heat possible and whisking constantly, add remaining butter, one slice at a time, as soon as previous one is almost dissolved, removing from heat from time to time. When all butter is incorporated, pour sauce into slightly warm bowl. Taste and, if desired, whisk in additional seasoning. Sauce should be thick, the consistency of light hollandaise.

To serve: put scallops and some of the vegetables on each plate with just a bit of the cooking liquid. Pass *beurre blanc* sauce separately.

■ CREAM OF SPLIT-PEA SOUP

(Potage aux Pois Cassés)
twelve servings

1 pound dry split peas
1 quart chicken stock
¼ pound salt pork, cut into about 12 pieces
2 medium onions, chopped
3 leeks, white part with a bit of green, washed and coarsely chopped
3 medium-sized potatoes, sliced
Salt and freshly ground pepper

2 cups heavy cream
2 tablespoons butter

Soak split peas in cold water to cover for an hour. Drain and put into soup kettle with 1 quart water, chicken stock, salt pork, onions, leeks, and potatoes. Season very lightly with salt and pepper. Bring to boil, lower heat, and simmer gently for 1½ to 2 hours, till peas are well cooked.

To make a very fine purée, pass soup through a *chinois*, the French cone-shaped, fine-meshed strainer. Or, remove pieces of pork with slotted spoon, then purée soup in blender or processor fitted with a knife blade.

Return soup to pot, bring to boil, stir in cream, and boil for 3 to 5 minutes. Taste and correct seasoning, stir in butter, serve very hot.

■ GOURMET FILLETS OF SOLE

(Filets de Sole des Gourmets)
three servings as main course, six servings as appetizer

3 soles (1¼ pounds each), separated into 6 fillets, reserving heads, bones, and all trimmings
½ pound mushrooms, cleaned, then caps and stems separated
4-6 shallots, finely chopped
1 small onion, coarsely chopped
2 sprigs parsley
1 sprig thyme (or ½ teaspoon dried)
1 bay leaf
Salt and freshly ground white pepper
½ lemon
10 tablespoons sweet butter

1 cup plus 2 tablespoons *crème fraîche*
1 cup dry white wine
1 egg yolk

Wash fillets of sole and cut each in half lengthwise. Dry with paper towels, salt lightly. Set aside in cool place while you prepare *fumet* (poaching liquid) and *duxelles* (chopped mushroom filling).

Fumet: Put fish bones, heads, trimmings into a casserole with tight-fitting cover. Add mushroom stems, coarsely chopped, ⅓ of the chopped shallots, chopped onion, parsley, thyme, bay leaf, a bit of salt and pepper, lemon, and ½ cup water. Bring to boil, skim, then lower heat, cover, and simmer for 25 minutes. Strain through cheesecloth-lined sieve into smaller pot. Cook over high heat till reduced to two-thirds and slightly thickened to almost a glaze. Reserve in cool place.

Duxelles: Chop mushroom caps very fine. Twist them in cloth to wring out as much moisture as possible. Cook mushrooms in 3 tablespoons of butter over low heat for about 5 or 6 minutes or till liquid has evaporated. Add salt and pepper to taste, stir in 1 tablespoon of the *crème fraîche*. Reserve.

Fillets of sole: Using up to 4 tablespoons butter, generously grease a fireproof baking pan large enough to hold fillets in single layer. Sprinkle remaining shallots over bottom of pan. Arrange fillets of sole in the pan. Carefully pour in wine and reserved *fumet*. Place over heat and bring just to boil. Remove from heat, cover with buttered foil or parchment paper, and transfer immediately to preheated 350° oven. Poach in oven 3 to 4 minutes; fish should be slightly undercooked and still firm.

(Continued on page 198)

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Interior by Los Angeles designer Charles Burke

GRENOUILLE RECIPES

(Continued from page 196)

Using 2 spatulas, carefully remove fillets to ovenproof serving platter. Divide mushroom *duxelles* into 6 portions. Spread 6 of the fillets with the *duxelles*. Cover with remaining 6 fillets to make "sandwiches." Cover fillets with buttered foil or paper to prevent drying and keep in warm place (not the oven!) while you prepare sauce. Preheat oven to broil for finishing touch.

Sauce: Pour cooking liquid from baking pan into saucepan. Reduce over high heat. Add 1 cup *crème fraîche* and cook, stirring occasionally, till reduced to ½ volume. Reduce heat to low, add about 3 tablespoons of butter, whipping in with wire whisk.

Whisk together remaining tablespoon of *crème fraîche* and egg yolk, then add to sauce over low heat, whisking constantly for a minute or 2 without letting egg curdle. Remove buttered paper from fish. Pour sauce over fillets and place under broiler, as close to heat as possible, and, watching carefully to prevent burning, broil just till sauce is very lightly browned. Serve at once.

■ BERCY ROAST CHICKEN (Poulet Rôti Bercy) four to five servings

½ pound sweet butter
3½ pounds chicken (with innards: heart, liver, gizzard)
Salt and freshly ground pepper
1 bay leaf
1 sprig fresh thyme (or ½ teaspoon dried)
2 cups sliced mushrooms
1 tablespoon finely chopped shallots

1 cup dry white wine
½ cup chicken stock (made from heart, liver, gizzard, a few sprigs parsley, small onion)
1 tablespoon chopped fresh parsley

Clarify butter. (Can be done ahead of time and stored in refrigerator till ready to use.) Cut butter into pieces and put in heavy saucepan over moderate heat or in oven while preheating. When butter has melted, skim off foam, and pour liquid fat (now clarified) into bowl, leaving milky white liquid in saucepan.

Prepare chicken stock: put chicken heart, liver, gizzard, neck into small pot with few sprigs of parsley, small quartered onion, and a bit of salt and pepper. Cover and simmer while preparing and roasting chicken. Use ½ cup of this stock for the sauce.

Prepare chicken for roasting: pull out and discard any excess fat; sprinkle bird inside and out with salt and pepper; put bay leaf and thyme inside and brush skin with clarified butter. Roast in metal or flame-proof baking pan in preheated 375° oven for about 1 hour, turning chicken every 20 minutes, to insure even browning, and basting frequently with clarified butter. For last 20 minutes, roast breast side up. Test for doneness: prick second joint with sharp fork; any red juice that runs out indicates that more cooking is necessary. When chicken is ready, juices should be transparent.

Remove chicken to pan with cover to keep it warm and juicy while you prepare sauce (can also be kept warm by covering snugly with foil tucked tightly under platter).

Pour off excess fat from roasting pan. Add mushrooms and cook over medium heat for 5 to 8 minutes, stirring often. Add

shallots; cook 3 minutes, stirring often. Add white wine and chicken stock. Raise heat and reduce sauce for 5 minutes. Taste sauce and correct seasoning, adding more salt and pepper if desired. Pour sauce over chicken, sprinkle with parsley and serve, carving at table and spooning some sauce over each portion.

■ PHILIPPE MASSON'S ORANGE SOUFFLÉ (Philippe Masson's Soufflé à l'Orange) four servings

Soufflé mixture:

1 cup milk
5 tablespoons butter, softened at room temperature
6 tablespoons flour
6 tablespoons sugar
4 egg yolks
5 egg whites

Orange mixture:

1 orange
2 cups freshly squeezed orange juice
½ cup sugar
¼ cup Cointreau

Orange-cream sauce:

½ cup orange mixture
5 tablespoons *crème fraîche*
10 tablespoons heavy cream, whipped

In heavy saucepan, heat milk and 3 tablespoons of butter together over low heat till butter melts. Mix flour and 3 tablespoons of sugar together in bowl. As soon as butter has melted, add flour-sugar mixture. Raise heat to medium. Stir constantly with wire whisk till mixture is thick and creamy. Remove from heat and let cool for 10 minutes, stirring a couple of times. Once cool, beat in egg yolks, one at a time, till well mixed. Reserve.

With remaining 2 tablespoons of butter, grease generously 6-cup soufflé dish or Charlotte mold. Coat bottom and sides of soufflé dish with remaining 3 tablespoons of sugar. Shake out any excess.

Grate orange rind and reserve. Peel orange, removing all traces of white pith. Discard peel and pith. With very sharp knife, cut between membranes of peeled orange to obtain orange sections. Place orange juice, sugar, grated rind, and orange sections in heavy saucepan and bring to boil over low heat, stirring carefully from time to time to dissolve the sugar without breaking orange sections. Remove from heat when liquid has consistency of light syrup. Carefully remove orange sections with slotted spoon and reserve. Measure 1 cup orange syrup. Add it to soufflé mixture along with Cointreau. Mix well. Beat remaining orange mixture (about ½ cup) into *crème fraîche* and whipped cream, using whisk. Put into sauce boat. Add orange sections and put aside to pass separately with cooked soufflé.

Whip egg whites till stiff. Add ¼ of whipped egg whites to soufflé mixture, mixing well. Carefully fold in remaining egg whites (with a large wooden spoon) till combined. Do not fold in excessively, or soufflé will not rise to full height. Spoon into prepared soufflé dish. Bake in preheated 475° oven for 30–35 minutes and serve immediately with sauce. ▽

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Men's Looks

A Choice of Fragrance

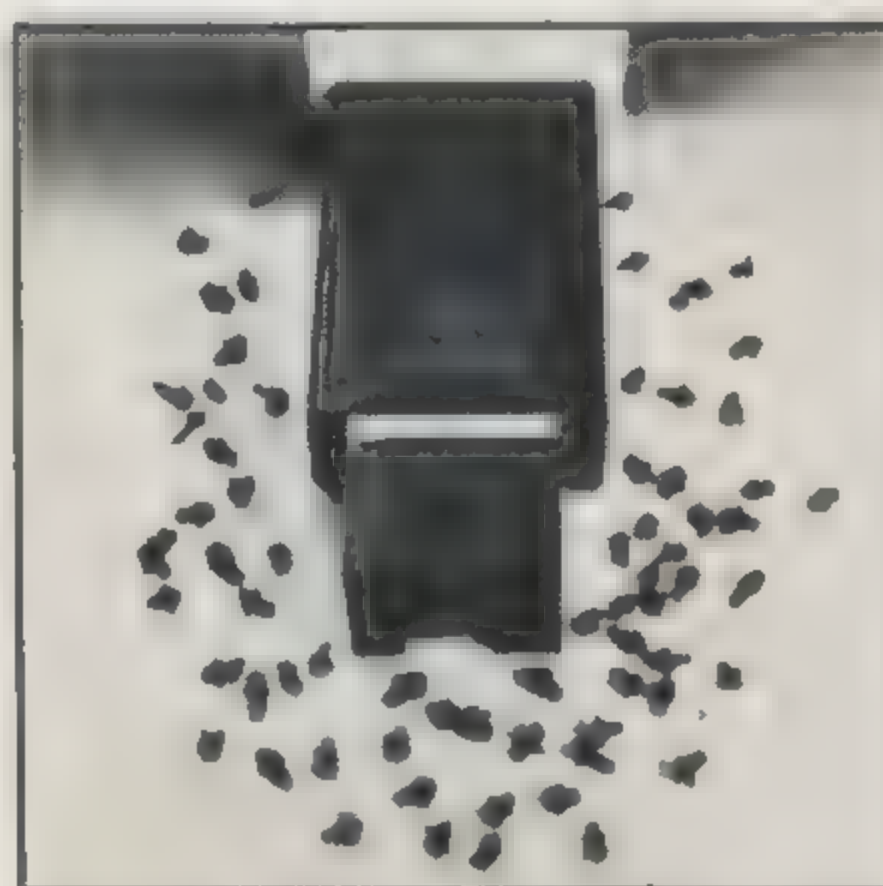
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A roundup of wonderful men's scents. What's new is how complex and interesting so many of them have become . . . because men today are much more knowledgeable about fragrance, much more receptive to wearing it (you'll see!) in all its forms. Here, nine superscents photographed with the one ingredient that makes each so intriguing. Herbs, petals, leaves, woods: all from Caswell-Massey. For a catalogue, send \$1 plus your name and address to: Caswell-Massey, 320 W. 13 St., NYC 10014.



Paco Pour Homme by Paco Rabanne is all cool polish until it's had a chance to warm up to your skin. Then get a whiff of — among other aromatic things — *vetiver*. .8 oz. Cologne Concentrate, \$22.



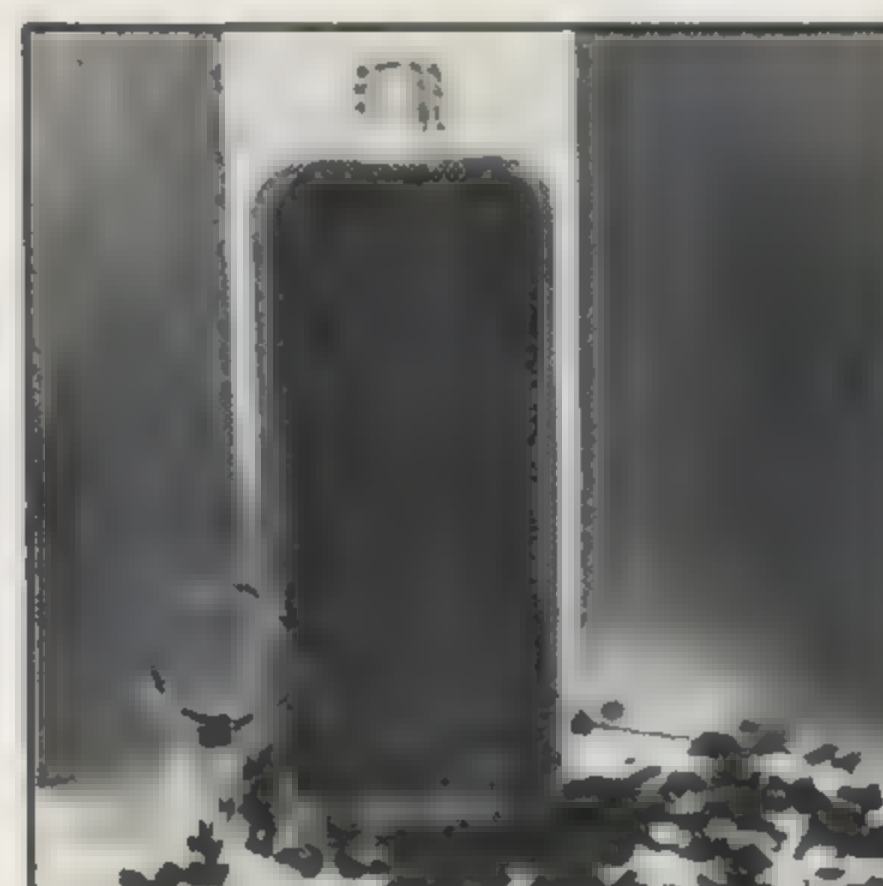
Just out: Van Cleef & Arpels Pour Homme. A really concentrated Eau de Toilette — full of *jasmine*, *ylang-ylang*, *tobacco*, and a crush of *cloves*. 3.3 oz. Natural Spray, \$18.50.



Imagine oranges, nutmeg, sandalwood, and *lavender* — and you've got it. The thing that makes Yves Saint Laurent's YSL Pour Homme so attractive. Especially to the opposite sex! 4 oz. Cologne, \$11.



Polo, Ralph Lauren's now-classic scent has to be outdoorsy — and it is. What makes it so refreshing? Herbs such as *basil* and *camomile flowers*. 4 oz. Cologne, \$15.



One very worldly new man's scent: Lagerfeld. It goes on clean — with woodnotes, then a suggestion of *spices*, *tabac*, and just a twist of *tonka bean*. Terrific! 4 oz. Cologne, \$17.50.



Derrick comes on so masculine—in a terrifically underplayed way. The knack is in the mix of *patchouli*, *nutmeg*, *sandalwood*, and — a jolt of *coriander*. 3.4 oz. Eau de Toilette, \$16.50.



There is grey flannel. And there is Grey Flannel, Geoffrey Beene's urbane mix of *amber*, *lime*, and *woody scents* — with a pinch of *patchouli* thrown in. 4 oz. Cologne, \$16.50.



Givenchy Gentleman is the all-time great! Good all day and all evening, too. How come? Because it's so *couth*, with just a hint of something wild — *thyme*. 3 3/4 oz. Eau de Toilette, \$12.



A classic, the good clean smell of Chanel For Men. As it wears down, the citrusy scent of *oil of orange* picks up warmth, body, zing. To try, 4 oz. Cologne, \$9.50.

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YOUR LETTERS

(Continued from page 26)

she was a woman] had had. . . . I told her that . . . President Jimmy Carter, who so strongly stands for Equal Rights in public, was asked to resign from his position as Honorary President of the Circumnavigator's Club. And that he had done so. . . .

The reaction I had from Mrs. James was vastly different from that reported in your magazine [quoting a press account] and that of either biased or misinformed reporters. . . . Mrs. James told me that she had never, she thought, said she thought it was some kind of squabble among men among themselves . . . but that since meeting me and hearing my side of things she realized that it was a case of one lone man (initially) standing up against bigotry and biased discrimination. . . .

Tristan Jones
New York, NY

Re: Inside (medical) information

I shared your section on "Inner Info: Your Lungs" (September Vogue) with our pulmonary services staff, and would like to share with you their commendation. Our director of clinical services said that the information presented was not only well-written, but also totally accurate—and too often general interest magazines err in their presentation of medical information. She rated the whole section "excellent," and gave a special "A+" to the "Home-Grown Lung Disease" article. Also impressive to our medical professionals was the fact that your writer cited some very recent developments that many medical people aren't even aware of yet.

While we can teach and assist the persons who come into a hospital, magazines such as Vogue can reach and inform the many, many people that we can't get to—until they are already suffering from lung disease.


Kathleen L. Lewton
Director of Public Relations
Flower Hospital, Sylvania, OH

While I very much enjoy your health features and most especially those dealing with allergy and asthma, I must take exception to some material that was published in your September issue regarding hyposensitization therapy in the treatment of bronchial asthma ("Inner Info: Your Lungs"). There is significant evidence, in the medical literature and clinically, that in allergic bronchial asthma hyposensitization injections are quite useful in controlling the allergy symptoms and ameliorating the bronchial asthma. While I would be the first to agree that not every patient with asthma would benefit from this type of therapy, nevertheless, not only in my office but at Beth Israel Medical Center, where I am the chief of immunology and allergy, this therapy has been extremely successful in adults as well as in children. Naturally, if a person can avoid the substance to which he is allergic, this type of therapy is not necessary. However in today's world, it is frequently impossible for extrinsic inhalant allergens to be totally avoided and therefore hyposensitization therapy is extremely useful.

I think that these remarks are important so that your readers do not get the wrong impression, namely that given by a pulmonary physician, not an allergist.

James M. Rubin, M.D., Chief,
Division Clinical Immunology and Allergy,
Beth Israel Medical Center, New York, NY

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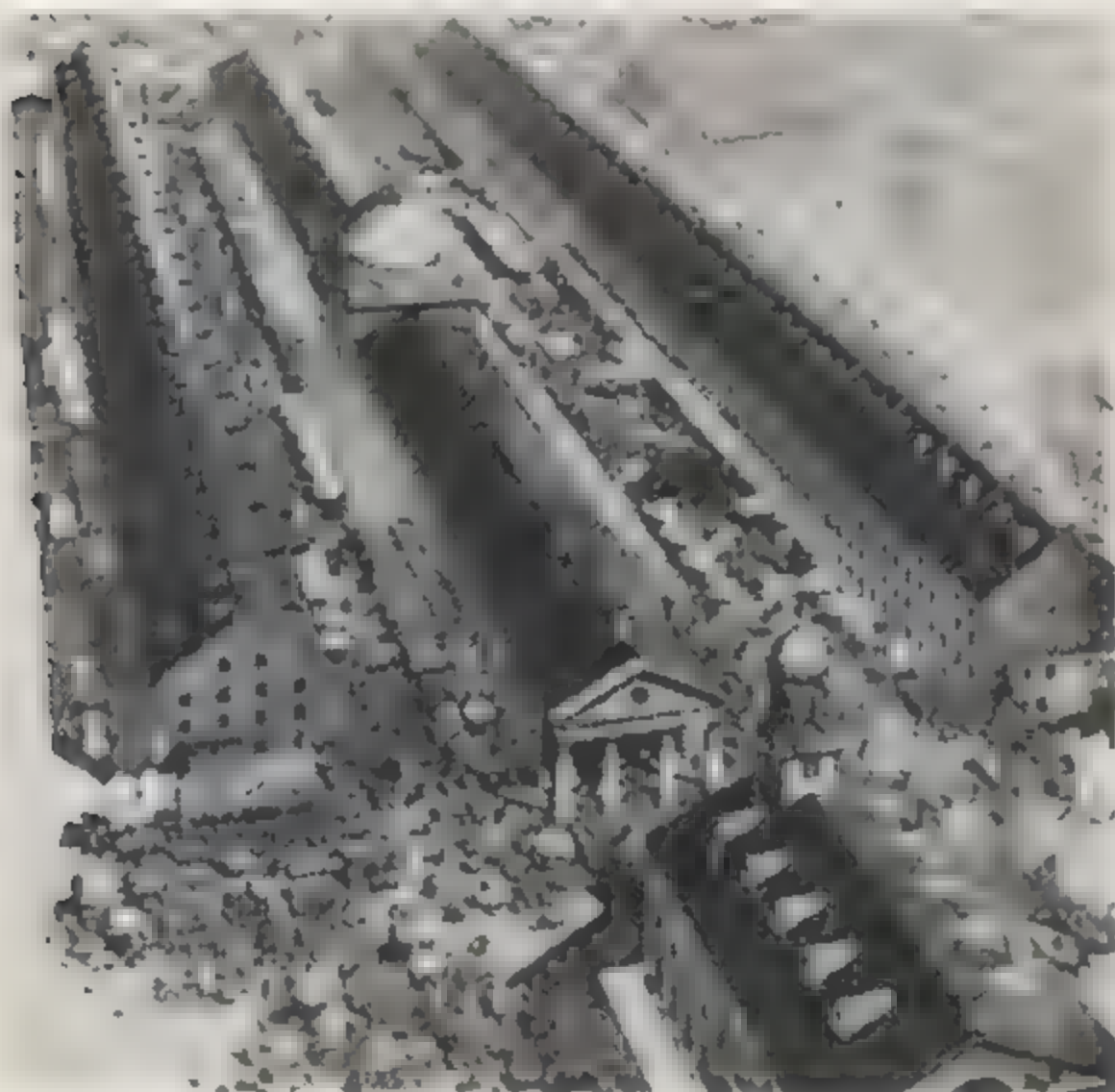
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The Himalayan kingdom of Bhutan—off limits to travelers until recently—is the star stop of a very special “Faraway Places” tour that’s been put together by Joseph Edmund, whose specialty is tailoring deluxe trips for small groups. To see in Bhutan: giant fortress lamaseries called “dzongs” . . . tribal dances done by men in animal masks (pictured above). Leaving New York September 21; the 24-day tour—for 14 people—also visits India and Nepal. The India segment zeroes in on Bombay, Calcutta, Delhi, and Kashmir (where the staying’s on a luxe houseboat). In Nepal, three memorable days are spent at the famed Tiger Tops Lodge in the wildlife preserve of the Royal Chitwan National Park where you scout the animals riding an elephant. Cost of this highly personal tour: about \$4000. Detailed information: Allied Travel, 530 Fifth Avenue, NY, NY 10036.



A dream of Christmas shopping: Boston’s Faneuil Hall Marketplace. Children, especially, will love browsing in the newly opened North Market building where there’s a gallery of shops just for them. And everyone should catch the holiday spirit as carolers stroll the three restored 1826 market buildings of Faneuil Hall. Merry Christmas!

Newest route to JFK Airport in New York: the JFK Express—a gleaming subway that makes seven quick stops on its run from the Avenue of the Americas and 57th Street in Manhattan to Howard Beach in Brooklyn. At Howard Beach, buses continue into the Airport, stopping at all terminals. Cost of this no-traffic-jam subway/bus shuttle: \$3.50 one way. Average time: one hour. Information: write MTA Marketing Dept., 1700 Broadway, NY, NY 10019.



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— RICHARD ALLEMAN

Christmas-shop Boston...
Brazil for \$499...new
glamour on Guadeloupe



From Robert Meyer of Los Angeles comes an enthusiastic report on The Hamak (meaning hammock), the new resort on Guadeloupe in the French West Indies.

The setting is idyllic—a lush, 250-acre estate edging a white-sand beach protected by a coral reef that divides the deep blue of the Caribbean from the emerald water near the shore. Guests live beachside in air-conditioned cottages, each with an oversized hammock (pictured above). Patios at the rear of cottages have six-foot walls for privacy, outdoor showers to wash off sand before you go inside. Smaller apartments are clustered in buildings overlooking a marina.

For guests on self-improvement kicks, The Hamak’s Physetical Center offers programs that range from weight reduction and skin rejuvenation to cures for smoking, insomnia, and stress.

The Hamak’s other lures include European boutiques, a casino, a “nouvelle cuisine” French restaurant, a 6755-yard Robert Trent Jones-designed golf course, and the world’s tiniest international airport, complete with its own customs.

When you rent a villa at The Hamak, one price includes almost everything—American breakfasts, choice of lunch or dinner (with French wine) at the open-air Beach Restaurant, tips—plus golf, tennis, sailing, snorkeling, wind surfing. Deep-sea fishing, flying lessons, and drinks at bar and disco are extra—but to make paying easy, The Hamak issues red credit cards. No fumbling for francs or digging for dollars.

Outside The Hamak, the butterfly-shaped island of Guadeloupe has its own attractions: friendly people, good Creole and French restaurants, strong rum, and magnificent sights such as the 4800-foot La Soufrière volcano and the Natural Park with giant ferns and waterfalls.

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2. VIRGIN ISLANDS SUN'N SPIRITS. \$164-\$374* PLUS AIRFARE. Raise your spirits for 8 days/7 nights at a selected hotel in either St. Thomas or St. Croix, and enjoy the great shopping bargains and crystal-

clear waters. Included are round-trip airport transfers and five fifths of popular brands of duty-free liquor (adults only). Price will vary by destination. (IT8EA1GOAB;AC)

3. HAITI. \$96-\$323* PLUS AIRFARE. Take in the vibrancy of Haiti as you spend 8 days/7 nights at your choice of selected hotels. There's great shopping for colorful paintings that have made Haitian artists famous far beyond their borders. Round-trip transfers are included. (IT8EA1FIAO)

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HAITI

By Despina Messinesi

The unexpected sound you hear in Haiti is laughter. It blends with the smells of spices and of heady exotic flowers. During the day, it's a sound you see—a glorious grin, a flash of white teeth. In the brooding blackness of the night, laughter echoes across valleys, rises like the haze from the island's hundreds of charcoal cooking burners.

The colors of this small, mountainous, green country assault the senses. The island's wildly painted buses make New York's graffiti subway trains seem tame. Dressed in brilliant mixed patterns, barefoot women balancing tin cans or huge baskets of flowers or fruit on their heads have the dignity of ancient Greek caryatids. Men in lavender shirts are a stunning contrast to the magenta bougainvillea and eight-foot-tall poinsettias growing along the roadside.

Haiti is a special place, perhaps not everybody's cup of tea. Port-au-Prince, the capital port city, bears little resemblance to stereotyped Caribbean resorts that tout miles of beaches, eighteen-hole golf courses, race-tracks, and elegant restaurants. In Port-au-Prince, it's the sights and sounds, the people, the architecture, the dancing, the friendly feeling of the city that grab you. Anyhow, they did me.

Hotels around Port-au-Prince make up for the city's lack of beaches by providing enormous pools for their guests. Along the shoreline of the bay at Port-au-Prince, the Royal Haitian Hotel with its casino, tennis court, and pool standing in gardens has the feeling of an American hotel that's been transplanted in Haiti.

At Habitation Leclerc, so sophisticated it stuns, every two villas share a pool. In addition, there is a huge pool with a one-hundred-foot waterfall where guests may cool off, sun, and lunch. Walled by trees, all of the forty-four villas at Habitation Leclerc are wide open, yet have absolute privacy. Spread around a fifteen-acre forest of breadfruit, magnolias, palms, and seagrasses, there are tennis courts, beauty salon, barber shop, and, of course, a disco. In the daytime, guests roam around the woodsy estate barefoot, in a bikini—with or without a sarong. But for dinner, the look is all-out seduction.

Driving into town to sightsee, the formula is pants, skirts, and shirt. Dining at the



In Haiti's capital, Port-au-Prince: thatched roofs, high-Victorian cupolas

other hotels in Port-au-Prince, men need ties and jackets.

In Port-au-Prince, the fantasy of gingerbread houses—peaked turrets, spindly columns, jigsaw cornices, baroque scrolls smothered in dense flowering shrubs—reminded me of the castles built by Ludwig II, the mad Bavarian king.

The city's Iron Market is another delight—a blend of flea market and Moroccan souk—noisy with hawkers, crammed with wicker hampers (which make wonderful air-light suitcases) and mounds of pots and pans mirroring sunshine.

Before investing in Haitian Art, visit the exhibitions at the Centre d'Art and at the Museum of Haitian Art. Also worth a visit, Le Manoir, a lovely shop in a pale-green turreted house with forest-green trim that sells just about everything Haitian—mahogany bowls, pendants made of hardened nuts embossed with gold, dresses, shirts, even paintings.

At the Villa Quisqueya, a small peaked Haitian house, lunch is served in the courtyard under the filtered light of a mango tree. For Creole cuisine and delicious Caribbean lobsters, La Lanterne and Chez Gérard are stylish restaurants where most visitors go. Both have candlelight, pools, gardens.

Until a year ago, the charming seaside city of Jacmel was almost inaccessible—a ten-hour trek from Port-au-Prince over rough, unpaved roads. Now, on the new highway, it's a smooth ninety-minute jaunt. Jacmel's *fin-de-siècle* houses—looking like Victorian valentines with painted trim and white lacy balconies—are only some of the city's charms; the others are its long, coconut-palm-fringed beaches of white sand and volcanic black sand. For a one-day outing to Jacmel from Port-au-Prince, hotels prepare hearty, delicious, picnic lunches.

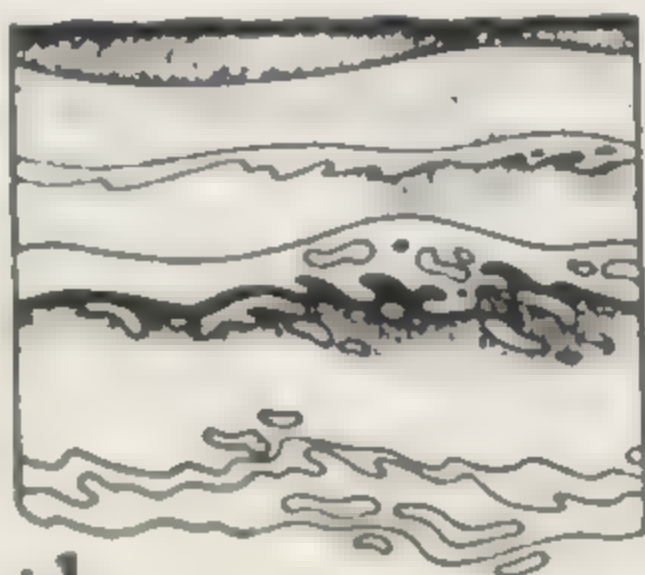
Kenscoff, Haiti's colorful fruit and vegetable market, sells delicious *fraises de bois*, oranges, lima beans—at six thousand feet above sea level. Driving there, on a steep

(Continued on page 212)



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CARIBBEAN ISLANDS

(Continued from page 211)

winding road edged with poinsettias, I saw how much of Haiti's life is in the hills. Outside low village houses, men pedaled Singer sewing machines; along the road, grinning young boys peddled bouquets of flowers that I couldn't resist buying. The beauty and tenderness of Haiti trapped me.

MARTINIQUE

By Despina Messinesi

Martinique is indelibly French. Indeed, the island is a *département* of France which happens to be 4300 miles from the French mainland. Islanders speak of *la métropole*, their mother country, as if it were at the other end of the island. All over Martinique, people stop dead in their tracks, just as they do in France, to greet one another by shaking hands—in the jammed sidewalks of Fort-de-France, the island's capital city; in restaurants, offices, anywhere. Towns, rivers, and mountains all have French names. You see *gendarmes* directing traffic.

There is more to Martinique than the easygoing, languorous sun/sea life. The come-ons at Fort-de-France are, of course, the shops and especially the excellent buys in perfumes which cost about one-half less than they do in the U.S.

Like a moth drawn to light, I headed for Roger Albert, famous for its vast stocks of perfumes, colognes, and soaps. A huge billboard guided me to this enormous emporium on rue Victor Hugo, Fort-de-France's main shopping street. The array of French perfumes was staggering, so were the showcases of watches. Prices are conveniently marked both in French francs and U.S. dollars; and visitors paying with travelers' checks and major credit cards receive an additional 20 percent discount. Truly, rock-bottom prices.

Along the three-block span of rue Victor Hugo, the boutiques Chantilly, Folie Foloi, La Chamade, and The French Connection—even though closet-size—look like transplants from France. I couldn't tear myself away from the mouth-watering display in the shop window of Madinina (a few doors away from Roger Albert) with crystal dishes piled high with chestnut glacées. The tinned delicacies—pâtés, quail—at Cordon Bleu were another eye-feast.

Right in the center of things, La Grand'Voile restaurant serves excellent cuisine prepared by its Lyonnais owner/chef, Raymond Benoit. In the French tradition, his wife, Madame Benoit, sits on a high stool and minds the cash register. Expensive.

Four miles up in the hills that spread like green wings behind the city, Le Bitaco restaurant specializes in Creole dishes. Small, rustic, charming.

About one mile north of the city, the one-year-old resort Hotel La Batelière sits atop a rocky cliff, as if on a pedestal. This luxe resort overlooks a huge oval swimming pool and a white sandy beach with its own restaurant. Anything you want is at La Batelière: day/night tennis, sailing, snorkeling, deep-sea fishing, marina, and a casino. The hotel's disco, Club 21, throbs with the hottest beat on the island—and has a romantic view of the sea.

Pointe-du-Bout, the resort area across the bay from Fort-de-France is rimmed with glorious beaches and five hotels within

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walking distance of one another: the tall, balconied Meridien Hotel; the low-slung Bakoua Beach; the small Madinina; and—overlooking the marina—the Frantel and the PLM La Marina.

Special resort lures in the Pointe-du-Bout area of Martinique: the nearby eighteen-hole Robert Trent Jones golf course, the Casino at the Meridien Hotel, the open-to-the-stars nightclub at the Bakoua Beach, Le Vesou disco at the Frantel, and Chez Sidonie, the restaurant at the Hotel Madinina that serves the best Creole food on the island.

A short drive through brilliant, tropical countryside—passing lemon groves, hibiscus, frangipani, and crumbled sugar mills—leads to Martinique's fascinating Musée de la Pagerie. This small, eighteenth-century stone building is actually the kitchen—and only remnant—of the sugar plantation where Empress Josephine, the wife of Napoleon I, was born. The museum's two unpretentious rooms are filled with touching and tender memorabilia: love letters written in an elaborate swirled penmanship addressed to *la Citoyenne Bonaparte* and signed by Napoleon; dance invitations; and a yellowed white-silk handkerchief that belonged to the Empress.

Buccaneer's Creek, a Club Mediterranée village of deliciously colored houses with peacock-blue shutters and wooden balconies, spreads along a prize stretch of beach on the dry southern end of Martinique.

On a gentle rise of land further south stands Manoir de Beauregard, a small inn in an eighteenth-century manor house. With the exception of air conditioning and plumbing, the Inn is a period piece with high ceilings, marble floors, cane rocking chairs, and heavy carved four-poster beds.

Leyritz Plantation Inn, where former President Ford and President Giscard d'Estaing summit-met in 1974, is on the northern tip of Martinique. Standing atop a hill above a tremendous working sugar plantation, the Inn is a thoroughly restored eighteenth-century French château with twentieth-century comforts that include a superb pool and a helicopter landing pad.

Heading north from the capital city along the island's western coast of coves and lively fishing villages draped with fishnets, most visitors stop at St. Pierre, the island's former capital city that was totally destroyed in 1902 by the eruption of the Mount Pelée volcano. A jungle of flowering bougainvillea now hides the ruins, but among the tragic artifacts preserved in the Volcanic Museum is a collection of eerie Dalíesque-shaped clocks, all stopped at eight o'clock—the hour of the city's destruction. Another road running north passes through a spooky, dark-green rain forest. Whichever route you take, the going is good.

BARBADOS

By Richard Alleman

Arriving on Barbados for the first time, I was instantly struck—and delighted—by the bumper sticker on the taxi that took me from the airport to my hotel. It read, "Put the brakes on foul speech!" and somehow the innocence, the gentility, and the good intentions of that little bumper sticker said much about the island I was about to visit. For, ultimately, I found Barbados to be an unusually civilized island—in a charmingly uncomplicated way.

Barbados is also a beautiful island—not

overwhelmingly beautiful, but gently beautiful, quietly beautiful. Graceful green hills, fields of tree-tall sugarcane, villages with wooden houses painted mustard, ochre, salmon shades and looking like oversized doll houses. Then, too, there are the beaches. Glorious beaches! Craggy and dramatic on the Atlantic east coast; calm and clear and classically Caribbean on the west side of this twenty-one-mile-long land.



Bright-white beach suites in palm-studded gardens of Barbados' Colony Club Hotel

Edging one of the broadest, whitest beaches of Barbados' west coast, the island's star hotel, The Sandy Lane, looks like a Palladian fantasy of columns, archways, and patios built of coral stone. Each room of this 115-room resort has a balcony—great for breakfast—that overlooks green, jungly gardens standing between the beach and sea. At night, dinner is formal, on a large pink-and-white awning terrace with marble floors. Across the road, the Sandy Lane's eighteen-hole golf course, on the

site of an old sugar plantation, is not only challenging, it offers superb views of the lush Barbadian countryside.

The staying's a little less formal—but just as civilized—along Barbados' Caribbean coast in the huge wood-beamed rooms of the Colony Club. Other Colony Club amenities: a fresh-water pool set in tropical gardens, an indoor/outdoor restaurant converted from a former stable, shuffleboard, and tennis nearby at the hotel's sister resort, The Discovery Bay Inn.

Greensleeves, a cluster of one- and two-bedroom apartments hidden in the woods off the west-coast highway, is a small, intimate, family-run resort. The hotel's main house—once a private villa—now serves as reception area/sitting room and leads to a charming white-columned dining terrace that edges the swimming pool. People from all over the island turn up to dine there—or to lunch on Bajan flying fish and dolphin on the large, open-air patio of the hotel's beach restaurant that stands on a sweep of white sand across the highway.

Perhaps there is nothing so dramatic—or romantic—as nightfall in the Caribbean. The sun seems literally to drop off the edge of the horizon into the sea—and darkness instantly annihilates the afternoon. At the same time, tree frogs and crickets make sounds that, at first, seem to be the distant clangings of sleigh bells—but soon these noises crescendo and become an intense and relentless reminder that you are in a faraway, exotic place—the tropics.

On Barbados, no better spot to enjoy the tropical night than at Bagatelle, a beautiful, white, great house of a restaurant with columns, louvered shutters, wrought-iron win-

(Continued on page 214)

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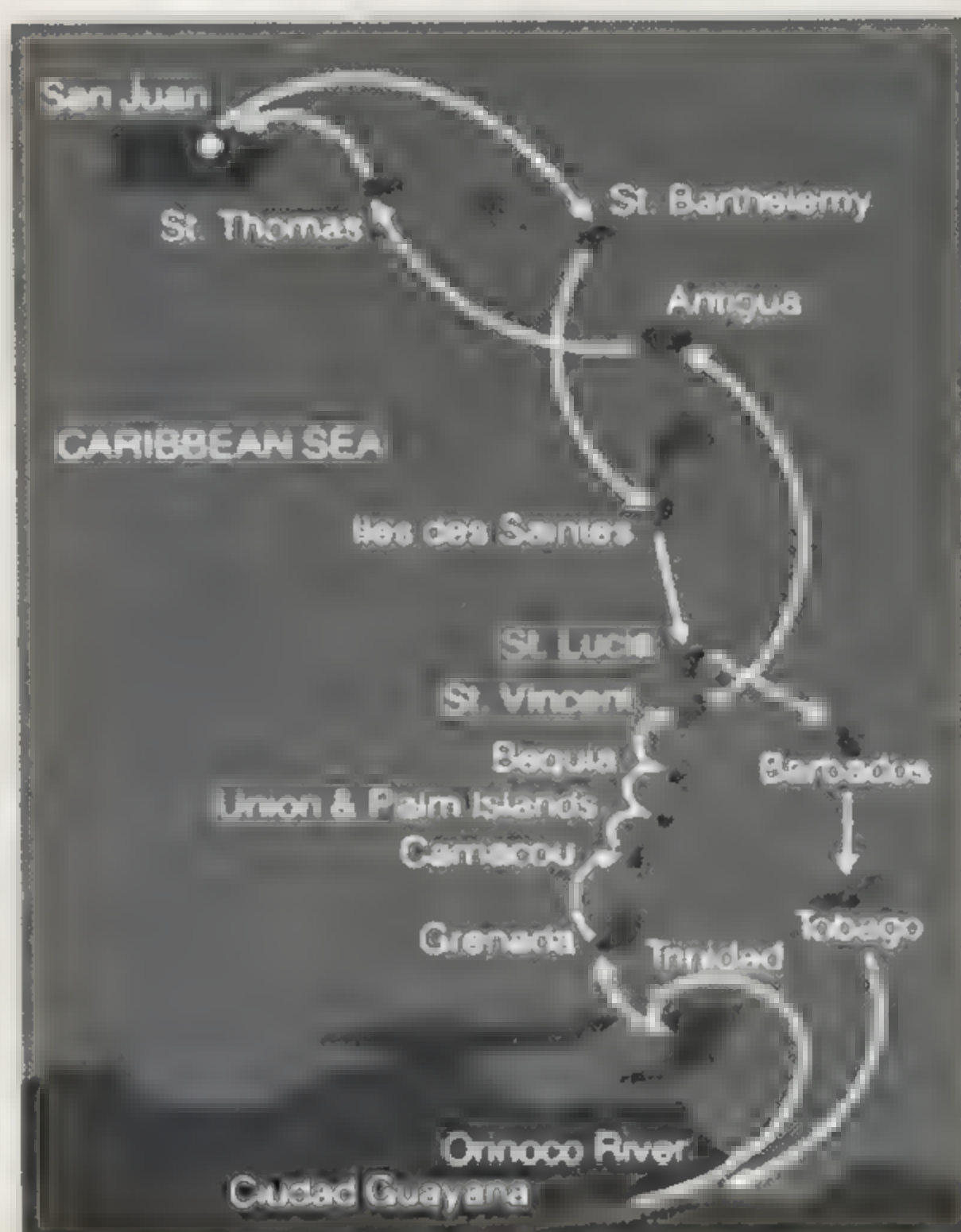
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CARIBBEAN ISLANDS

(Continued from page 213)

dow grates. Built in the hills of St. Thomas' Parish in 1645, this former governor's mansion now serves the best rack of lamb in the Caribbean. After dinner, a mysterious stairway leads to Mr. Nick's Smoochery, a candlelit discothèque with white, catacomb-like walls.

Just south of Barbados' capital, Bridgetown, one of the island's newest restaurants, Brown Sugar, takes over a wonderfully restored Victorian house. Caribbean delights star the menu: hot Jamaican pâtés, Trinidadian codfish, fried Bajan flying fish—all served by attractive Barbadian women in calico turbans and long skirts. Best place to dine is on the trellised porch.

For French high dining, the place to head for in Barbados is La Bonne Auberge in St. George's Parish. Another plantation house-turned-restaurant, even today La Bonne Auberge stands surrounded by sugarcane fields. Order seafood specialties such as Crab Quiche and Bourride de Fruits de Mer (a casserole with wine and cream). Excellent wine list, service, ambience.

At Alexandra's, a plantation house near Bridgetown, the pulse of disco music vies with the crickets and tree frogs outside. This Victorian-decorated, hottest-boîte-in-town (Mick Jagger goes when he's on island) stays open until 4:00 A.M., serves breakfast from midnight until three.

Typically Bajan, the Caribbean Peppercot is a huge outdoor danceplace south of Bridgetown where live groups entertain—steel bands, Calypso, rock. Most popular group right now: The Merry-men who come across with an electric Calypso-rock sound.

Barbados is an island where there's pleasure—and charm—to be found just driving around the countryside. Don't miss the trip from the west coast of the island to the east coast across Cherry Tree Hill. En route you pass through a dense forest of huge mahogany trees hung with tropical vines and inhabited by tiny wild monkeys. Coming out of the forest, you're at 850-feet above sea level and the panorama of green hills tumbling down to the sea looks deceptively like the British Isles. (No wonder this area of St. Andrew's Parish is called the "Scotland District.") The only giveaways that you aren't in Britain are the palm trees. Then, swinging south onto the East Coast Road that skirts Barbados' rugged Bathsheba Coast, the scene changes and you glimpse surfers dotting the blue waters beyond beaches studded with massive free-standing coral rocks.

Further south, another intriguing Barbados sight: Sam Lord's Castle. With thick white walls and crenellated battlements, this island landmark was built in 1820 by a clever pirate/entrepreneur who supposedly hung lamps in the trees of his property to trick ships captains into thinking they had reached the Bridgetown harbor. Instead, the ships would crash against the rocks and Sam Lord and his slaves would sack them. Today the castle, filled with Sheraton and Regency furniture and eighteenth-century paintings, can be visited by tourists. The castle is also a luxurious Marriott resort where guests stay in ten of the original rooms upstairs—or in modern units that spread across seventy-two green acres of the Lord estate. Other Lord-ly pleasures: two

swimming pools, seven night-lighted tennis courts, a disco, slot machines, a mile-long beach, and a popular Barbadian sport: goat races! How's that for civilized?

TRINIDAD

By Richard Alleman

Trinidad is different. You feel it as soon as you step off the plane at Port of Spain, capital city of this southernmost Caribbean island that practically touches South America. Unlike many sleepy island airports, Port of Spain's Piarco terminal hums with energy: it's noisy, the cab drivers hustle you; flight-information boards list exotic destinations such as Karachi and Kuala Lumpur. Women wear saris. A man walks by carrying a long stick of burning incense. There's something Oriental in the air. No wonder: Trinidad is one of the most cosmopolitan lands in the world, its population an intriguing mix from Africa, India, China, Spain, Portugal, Lebanon, France, England.

Port of Spain's Hilton Hotel is the kind of place that would be a joy to stay in anywhere in the world. Sprawling across a lush green mountainside overlooking the city, this architectural wonder of glassed-in walkways and tropical gardens is literally built upside-down. On the top floor are lobbies, restaurants, shops; guests' rooms are on the lower floors. It's a little disconcerting to enter an elevator in the lobby, press nine, and go *down*! It's not at all disconcerting, however, to look out of the balcony of your room and see tropical birds, mountains, the blue Bay of Port of Spain, and the city's two-hundred-acre "Savannah" park with a racetrack in the middle. It's a pleasure!

The Queen's Park Savannah—Port of

Spain's centerpiece—spreads out like a gigantic lawn in front of the Hilton. Surrounding the park: a zoo, botanical gardens, and a group of fantastic turn-of-the-century mansions and government buildings resembling Moorish palaces, Bavarian castles, baroque villas. Also edging the Savannah is Mangal's Indian Restaurant, a white-col-



Architectural eye-dazzler: French baroque palace in downtown Port of Spain, Trinidad

umned Victorian house at 13 Queen's Park East, serving spicy curries in two wood-paneled rooms. Try the lobster curry; it's worth the wait.

On Monday nights, the best show in town takes place alongside of the Hilton's swimming pool, shaped like the island of Trinidad. There, entertainers from all over the island perform an extravaganza of local dance and song. Highlights of the show: the two art forms that Trinidad invented—steel-band music and Calypso singing.

The same throbbing of steel bands and
(Continued on page 216)

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CARIBBEAN ISLANDS

(Continued from page 215)

lilt of Calypso take over the whole island every winter during Carnival. Rivaling Brazil's Carnival in Rio for color, costumes, frenzy, Port of Spain's pre-Lenten revel turns the Savannah—and the city—into a vast parade ground where Caribbean bands and singers wage musical warfare on one another for two days straight. P.S.: To see this spectacle, book your hotel well in advance.

TOBAGO

By Richard Alleman

Trinidad excites with its intensity. But the little island of Tobago—lying eighteen miles to the northeast of Trinidad and rounding out the two-island nation known as "Trinidad and Tobago"—lures Caribbean travelers in search of serenity and total escape.

The escaping's especially luxe on Tobago at the Mount Irvine Bay Hotel. One hundred and eleven rooms and suites—each with a terrace—blend so gracefully into the rolling green landscape that the resort seems deceptively smaller than it is. Set in a grove of tall coconut palms, Mount Irvine's eighteen-hole golf course ranks as one of the Caribbean's most beautiful—and most challenging. Also at Mount Irvine: two tennis courts, a swimming pool, private beach, and excellent dining in a terrace restaurant built around the ruins of a two-hundred-year-old stone windmill.



Tobago's Mount Irvine Bay Hotel: open-air dining around a two-century-old mill

Tobago is an island of lush green mountains with smooth conical peaks. Steep corkscrew roads wind round these jungly mountains and pass isolated villages where schoolgirls with scarlet ribbons in their hair and wearing starched Burgundy smocks over neat khaki blouses look surprisingly out of place. Their warm smiles fit the scene perfectly, however.

A private mountain road leads to the Arnos Vale Hotel. This tree-top hideaway of twenty-eight cozy rooms and suites looks down on a desert island of a beach so glorious that Robinson Crusoe could have landed there. (Tobago, by the way, is also known as Robinson Crusoe's isle.) Lunch at Arnos Vale is thoughtfully served in a charming South Seas restaurant on the beach—since it's quite a walk back up to the main house.

Two miles off the southwestern shores of the island, Tobago's famous Buccoo Reef is a mysteriously beautiful sight: an endless underwater garden of coral canyons and tropical fish. Glass-bottom excursion boats sail to the Reef from Store Bay. Once at the Reef, swimmers don masks and snorkels to explore the underseascapes even closer-up. It's like visiting another world—called Tobago!

THE GRENADINES

By Jill Bobrow

The Grenadines are a smattering of islands, cays, and rocks that span the fifty miles between St. Vincent and Grenada. Inaccessible to jet traffic and large cruise ships, these islands are special spots for special people. Their very names smack of the exotic: Bequia, Baliceau, Battowia, Mustique, Cannouan, Union, Petit St. Vincent, Palm Island, Carriacou. . . . The Grenadines are best visited by yacht—but a few are resorts in their own right.

Mustique is really an island kingdom, owned and developed by the Honourable Colin Tenant as a playground for his friends. It's scandalously touted as the hideaway of such notable Englishpersons as Princess Margaret and Mick Jagger. Oliver Messel designed most of the private houses on Mustique as well as the tiny, elegant Cotton House hotel that puts up just twenty-eight guests in assorted whimsical cottages.

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(Continued on page 220)

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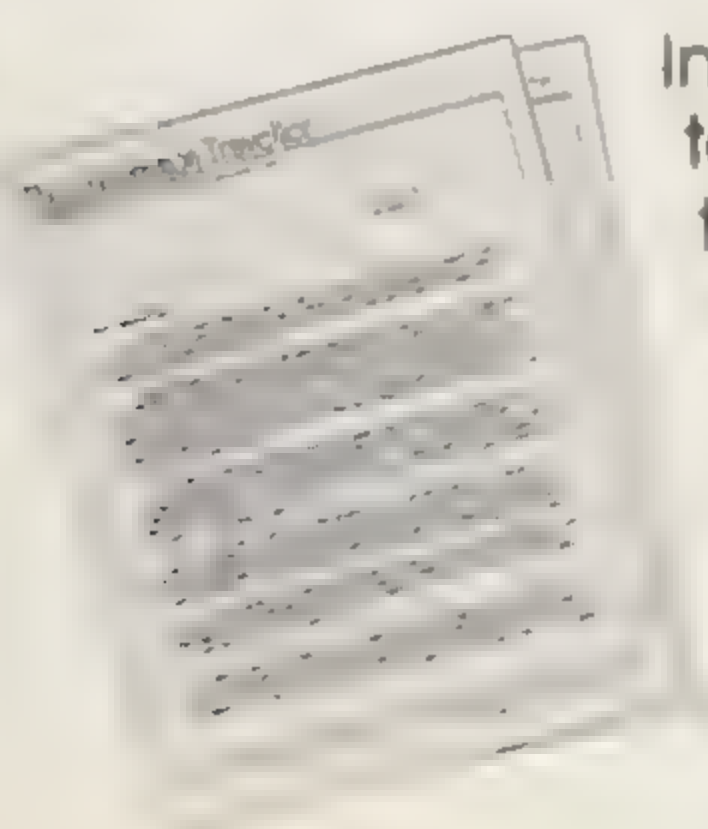


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CARIBBEAN ISLANDS

(Continued from page 216)

Twenty-two cottages are scattered along a hillside and around the waterfront. Built of island stone, each cottage has a large bedroom, separate living room, indoor patio, and outside deck.

I remember my first morning on PSV. My cottage faced east. I was awakened by an intrusive, determined sunrise. I slipped out of bed, tied a knot in my pareo (sarong-type wrap, *de rigueur* in the Islands), and headed to the beach for a stroll and a leap into that irresistible water. *Au naturel*—of course.

My body still tingling, I rushed back to my cottage to see whether or not the PSV room-service system really worked. The night before I had left my breakfast order in a mailbox and raised a small yellow pennant to the top of a bamboo flagpole. Sure enough, at the hour I had specified, a Mini-moke arrived with a waiter bearing covered dishes—paw paw, perfect poached eggs, homemade bread, steaming coffee. I chose to dine on my patio and watched the activity in the harbor: a few charter boats weighing anchor, setting off for the next port. Next time I'll bring binoculars, I thought.

PSV has as much or as little as you want: tennis, sailing, waterskiing, fishing . . . even a boutique to browse in. The resort's Pavilion Terrace is delightful for both lounging and dining. The tables have umbrellas of thatch, and a "hand" of bananas is always there for the picking. In addition to PSV's

own guests, yachtsmen usually lurk close to the bar. Often charter-boat parties come ashore for dinner. No wonder: manager Haze Richardson flies regularly to Martinique to insure an ample supply of Camembert, Brie, Gruyère, *pâté de foie gras*, French wines, as well as the fresh, rose-colored antheriums that always sit on the corner of the bar, looking oddly pleased with themselves.

ANTIGUA

By Jill Bobrow

Antigua's historic English Harbour is the hub of "big-boat" charter business in the Caribbean. More than just a pick-up and drop-off place for charter guests, English Harbour is a community for innumerable expatriots who have based in the Caribbean. In English Harbour, the most impressive landmark is Nelson's Dockyard—the chief bastion for the British against the Dutch, Spanish, and French war fleets during Colonial days. In fact, this was the base from which Admiral Nelson began his pursuit of Napoleon's navy that culminated in the Battle of Trafalgar.

Today's English Harbour is rife with early-morning hubbub—women selling jewelry, belts, and purses, cleverly handcrafted from shells, seeds, pods, and pips. Other women sell fruits. My favorite is the persistent Mrs. Phillips, who sits on the courtyard wall alongside the cannons hawking "so nice tings"—green figs, ripe bananas, mangoes, tannias, eddoes.

Tucked in the corner of this busy Dockyard compound is The Admiral's Inn. It's a cozy, social place with hand-hewn ceiling

beams carved with names of ships and sailors from the eighteenth century. The Inn's musty red bricks originally came to the West Indies as ships' ballast.

Guests stay at the Admiral's Inn in five new bungalows that are across a pillared courtyard from the main building—or in cheery upstairs rooms of the Inn itself with white sloping ceilings, white bedspreads, and white curtains. Mornings, it's a joy to open your shutters and see black frigate birds outside.

Across from English Harbour on Freeman's Bay, The Inn (not to be confused with Ad's Inn) has a lovely dining room and terrace strategically located on a hill so guests can watch all the passings of yachts into English Harbour. Some of the hotel's cottages are on the hill—others edge the beach below.

The intrinsic beauty of Antigua's interior is subtle, since the island is one of the more arid in the Caribbean—particularly during the "height of the season," December to April. There is absolutely nothing subtle about how magnificent Antigua's coastline is. The island has as many beaches as there are days in the year! Needless to say, fine resorts capitalize on their glorious beachfront settings.

Curtain Bluff Hotel on Curtain Bluff Peninsula is a first-class establishment with two beaches, one providing surf, the other calm sea bathing. Sunfish sailboats, snorkeling equipment, as well as a guided trip to an enchanting coral reef are all available here—plus tennis courts and a pro shop. Dinner at Curtain Bluff is rather formal (jacket-and-tie for men)—and the food is as exquisite to look at as it is to eat. Platters of kingfish or dolphin steaks are garnished with fresh herbs and bright vegetables.

Half Moon Bay is a large hotel offering "everything"—ocean-front rooms, enormous freshwater pool, five all-weather Plexiparc tennis courts (two are lighted for night play), and a nine-hole golf course. If you are tired of relaxing on the mile-long crescent of beach, Half Moon Bay also arranges deep-sea fishing excursions or evenings at the Castle Harbor Club Casino.

Two miles outside St. John's, Antigua's capital, the Anchorage Hotel edges the shores of tranquil Dickenson Bay. The hotel offers a choice of air-conditioned rooms or round cottages with corniced roofs. Prime nighttime activity at the Anchorage: dancing under the stars to Calypso rhythms.

Also on Dickenson Bay, Hyatt's one-hundred-room Halcyon Cove Hotel straddles a mountainside. Some rooms are built right into the mountain, others surround the swimming pool or edge the beach. Guests shuttle from beach-level up the mountain on a funicular or in a brightly painted open-air bus. A boardwalk leads across the water to the Hotel's romantic Warri Pier Restaurant. There, surrounded by water, you dine on fish, lobsters, or steak.

The various roads to and from St. John's wind through small villages with names such as Sweets and All Saints. Prim little churches stand out in these villages. A few years ago, some friends of mine who were skipper and cook on a charter vessel chose to get married in a village church during Antigua's annual spring Sailing Week, figuring it was the most likely time to get all of their seafaring friends congregated in one port. It was a charming ceremony. The wedding march had a faint Calypso beat to

(Continued on page 223)

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Nouveau Hobo from Hartmann. The only casual luggage that's serious about what you put in it.



Hartmann

CARIBBEAN ISLANDS

(Continued from page 220)

it and the Minister's blessings were punctuated with donkeys braying, pigs squealing, and roosters crowing. Casual? That's the key to Antigua's charm.

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

By Jill Bobrow

The British Virgin Islands offer no golf, no gambling. They are simply a group of quiet white beaches fringed with seagrape trees and sloping palms. There are translucent sapphire waters, sailboats, coral reefs, parades of tropical fish, and a few positively exquisite resorts.

An increasingly popular plan in the British Virgins is to combine a charter-yacht vacation with a hotel stay. The Moorings in Tortola, a charter organization with a fleet of over seventy yachts, has recently built an eight-acre resort with lanai-style hotel rooms, dockside restaurant, bar, swimming pool, tennis court, and dive shop—all managed by Ginny and Charles Cary, a spry, island-wise couple from New Orleans.

A short sail from Road Town harbor in Tortola, another marina resort, the Peter Island Yacht Club, is a thousand acres of privacy and luxurious accommodations. At Peter Island, there's everything from galloping on horseback down a private beach to tennis (three courts) and professional instruction in snorkeling, scuba, and underwater photography. At lunch, tasty Norwegian open-face sandwiches are served at Deadman Bay's Beach Bar. The hotel itself has crisp ultramodern feel, its A-frame chalets offering a cool retreat from tropical sun. Special for families: the three-bedroom Sprat Bay House built right on the beach.

Little Dix on Virgin Gorda is the next best thing to designing your dream house in the Caribbean. With only sixty-four rooms, Little Dix is tiny compared to its other Rockresorts cousins. Exquisitely designed hexagonal cottages of stone and wood are set back from the heart-shaped beach. Only the cone-shaped roof of the pavilion peeks out over the trees. Little Dix has all the ingredients for a perfect holiday—even a forty-nine-foot Hinckley ketch.

Winging to the Caribbean is a snap. BWIA (pronounced "bee-wee") International covers the Caribbean front in bright gold-white-and-blue Sunjets that fly nonstop from New York to Barbados, Trinidad, and Antigua. BWIA also flies out of Miami and Toronto.

Eastern Airlines heads to the Caribbean, too—with more flights from the U.S. to San Juan, Puerto Rico, than any other airline. From San Juan, there are easy connections and through flights to other islands on Eastern.

If you choose to see a number of islands on the same trip, no better way to go than by cruise ship. This winter, Chandris Cruise Lines' *Britanis* sails out of San Juan, Puerto Rico, on super eight-day cruises that offer a choice of two itineraries, each including five ports. Sun Lines' *Stella Solaris* makes Galveston, Texas, its home port for cruises that range from seven to sixteen days. And Paquet French Cruise Lines' luxurious white *Mermoz* sails the Caribbean out of Miami. No matter how you choose to see the Caribbean, the point is to go! ▽

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Because now there are Pocket Hartmanns.

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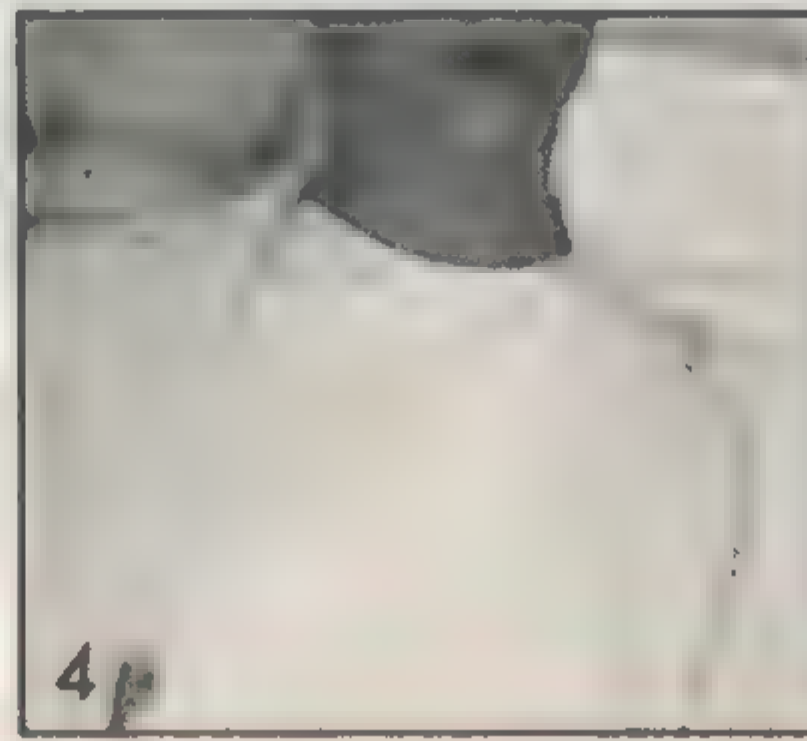
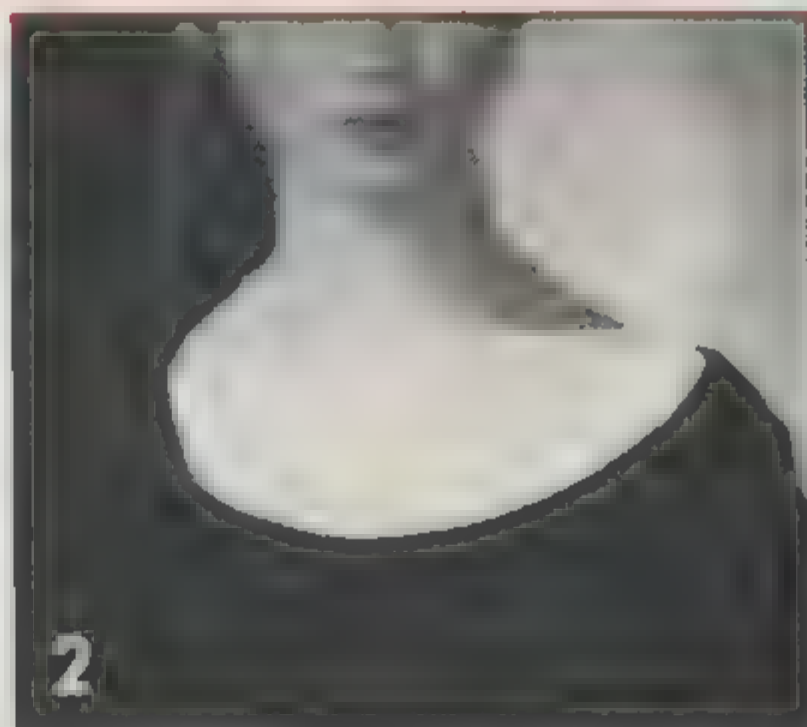
Seagram's Extra Dry. The Perfect Martini Gin. Perfect all ways.

VOGUE'S **eye** **view**

Not "big headline" changes... but small, subtle differences... that turn the look!

Necklines now: spare, uncluttered

● Part of the move to "pared-down" . . . the bare, clean look of necklines now. After all the muffling and layering . . . there's something irresistibly attractive about bareness, a show of slender throat, collar-bones. And it isn't just a resort or warm-weather number. It works as well with a Shetland sweater in the daytime, a V-necked silk shirt at night; on its own, or under a jacket. And when you put on a jacket . . . that's all you put on! 1. The unbroken line of a bateau neck on a black angora sweater by Joan Vass. 2. Mollie Parnis does a black jersey dress with a scoop-neck T-shirt top. . . . From Halston who has always known that restraint has impact! . . . 3. The simplest blouse . . . a black silk crêpe de Chine scarf wrapped as a strapless top. Smashing under a white shawl-collared jacket. 4. Another sleek under-jacket look . . . the unadorned crew neck. 5. The bateau neck again . . . this time in a blouse. 6. A V-necked black pyjama under a white jacket.

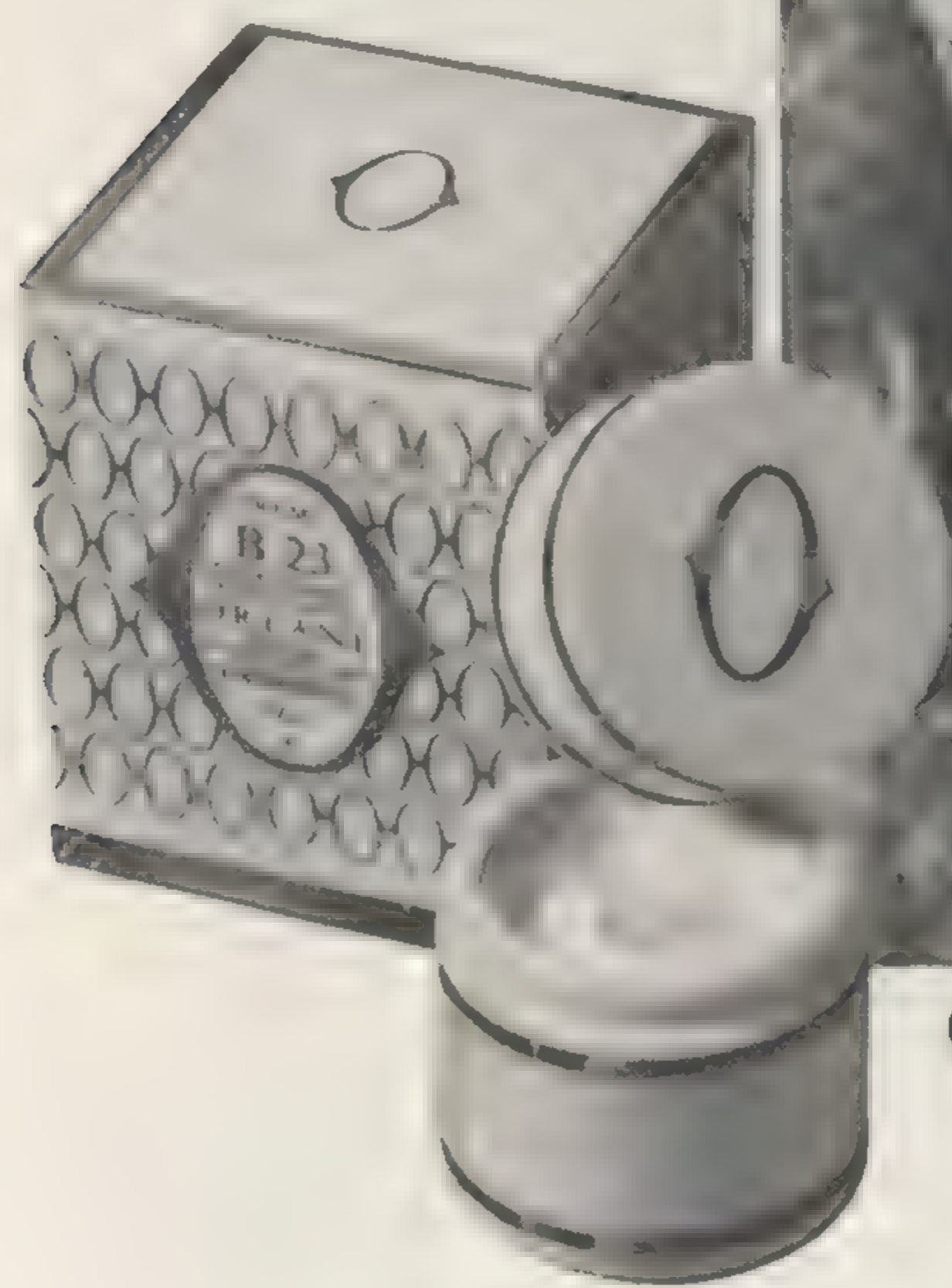


Skirts with a new appeal... new shape... individuality

Something special is happening to skirts. It's not just that they're shorter, narrower, slit. They have more shape, more dash . . . real personality! For instance, 7, the skirt that's the answer to what you do with last year's shawl. Wrap it around you and wear it as a skirt! Just take a square shawl, any fabric . . . wool, cashmere, crêpe de Chine . . . fold at the length you want . . . belt (preferably with gutsy leather) . . . presto! a new skirt, a different look! The shawl here is a fifty-six-inch square. . . . All through Valentino's collection . . . petal skirts, guaranteed to give you a long-stemmed leg look . . . 8, in velvet for evening; 9, plaid for day. 10. Oscar de la Renta's red cloqué dinner suit . . . the front-wrap skirt opens all the way. 11. Or go for the snap of Julio's side-slit white silk crêpe de Chine skirt.



Orlane.
Born October 26, 1946.
Paris, France.



Countess Elenore de la Rochefoucauld. Born July 29, 19...

While her beauty is clearly defined, her age is not.

And that is what Orlane skincare treatments are all about.

B23 night cream: There are three distinct signs of aging skin: fine lines, loss of radiance, loss of resiliency. After extensive research into these three important areas, Orlane formulated the B23 night cream complex. Remarkably light-textured and easy to absorb, B23 helps skin look smoother, brighter, and younger that much longer.

ORLANE
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An advantage shared by the world's
most beautiful women.

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...Behold, the angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt...for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him.

Matthew 2:13

S life-saving journey for the Christ Child, that flight into an exotic land, a country which has caught the imagination of the world through five millennia, so mysterious that its very name makes us dream. Now, with Tutankhamun madness again raging our country and Americans by the plane full storming Cheops' pyramid anew, we should remember, too, modern Egypt's pivotal role in our world, most evident in that moment when television screens blazed with three men of faith—Begin, Carter, Sadat—celebrating their historic accord. Whether God's peace actually can be secured within a matter of months is not sure. What is important: the infusion to our spirits of strength from that healing instant of hope.

SEEK PEACE, AND PURSUE IT



Psalms 34:14

UPI





EGYPT: THE SPLENDID OBSESSION

TO SEIZE THE EYE, EXALT THE SPIRIT,
GLORIES OF EGYPT'S SUBTLE ART
—VAST AND AGELESS MONUMENTS ON THE NILE
AND, ON OUR OWN SHORES, THE GLEAMING
RICHES OF TUTANKHAMUN

Duane Michals



Since earliest history, our gaze has been dazzled by the richness of Egypt's ancient and paradoxical civilization. Here, the evocative personal record by photographer Duane Michals of his Egyptian experience with, *left*, a mysteriously veiled view of the Great Pyramids and Sphinx at Giza. Travelers still flock to trace the secrets in this blaze and shadow, putting their own lives, like that of the tiny figure overwhelmed by the Sphinx's paw, in the perspective of a history measured in not hundreds but thousands of years.

At home, Americans are swarming to glimpse the seductive funerary wealth of a land where death is a respected presence in *Treasures of Tutankhamun*, a hit museum show touring next to New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. The face of this benign crowned lion, an alabaster unguent vase, *right*, that is one of the exhibition's sly surprises, echoes the Sphinx's enigmatic calm.

"EGYPT! FROM WHOSE ALL DATELESS TOMBS AROSE
FORGOTTEN PHARAOHS FROM THEIR LONG REPOSE.
AND SHOWN WITHIN THEIR PYRAMIDS TO HEAR
A NEW CAMBYSES THUNDERING IN THEIR EAR;
WHILE THE DARK SHADES OF FORTY AGES STOOD
LIKE STARTLED GIANTS BY NILE'S FAMOUS FLOOD?"

Byron, "The Age of Bronze"





Near Luxor, around the corner from the Valley of the Kings, in the sharp-shadowed sunlight stands the tomb, *left*, of regal Hatshepsut—beautiful, shrewd, the only woman to rule Egypt. Sister and queen of Pharaoh Thutmose II, she won out at his death in a royal power struggle with her half-brother Thutmose III. On monuments, this remarkable woman is shown dressed as a man—and a king. The ancient Egyptian kings were identified with the sun god, who brought light to the underworld by passing through it each night. This brilliantly gold statue of Tutankhamun, *right*, riding a panther as black as the netherworld, may depict that somber journey.



EGYPT
THE SPLENDID
OBSESSION
continued

EGYPT, THOU KNEW'ST TOO WELL
MY HEART WAS TO THY RUDDER TIED BY THE STRINGS,
AND THOU SHOULDST TOW ME AFTER; O'ER MY SPIRIT
THY FULL SUPREMACY THOU KNEW'ST, AND THAT
THY BECK MIGHT FROM THE BIDDING OF THE GODS
COMMAND ME." *Shakespeare, "Antony and Cleopatra"*





Egypt for the modern wanderer is still a place of mystery, where every fiery colored door seems to shield dark secrets and every black veiled woman in a Nubian village today, *left*, looks as she might have looked two thousand years ago, daughter to the golden prototype, *right*, from Tutankhamun's tomb. One of four goddesses who stood outside the gilded wooden shrine that housed the chest filled with king's mummified internal organs, she is Selket, a subtly voluptuous figure associated with childbirth, nursing, and magic.

Egypt on

Egyptomania is an ancient and, on the whole, an honorable passion which has been among us for at least two thousand five hundred years and shows no signs of pe-

**"Find out about
Egypt—and fast!"**

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

tering out. That broken-nosed inquisitor the Sphinx has lost none of its thrall-dom. The Valley of the Kings at Luxor is the place of mystery that it always was. As for the veiled women who flit from one painted doorway to another, they are much as they were in 1850, when Gustave Flaubert took note of them in his diaries.

our minds

By John Russell

A reunion of the Founding Fathers of Egyptomania would be well worth seeing. There would be Homer, who first told us of many-gated Thebes. Herodotus, the pioneer historian, would keep the minutes. Alexander of Macedon would rank as high as any for having founded, in the fourth century B.C., the great gleaming city by the sea that still bears his name. There would be rulers and leaders of men from all over: Persia, ancient Athens, Imperial Rome, the Ottoman Empire of the sixteenth century. There would be the men of religion: Muslims, Christians, Copts. The Holy Family would be accorded honorary membership in memory of the peaceful weeks that they are said to have spent beneath the Church of Saint Sergius in Cairo. There would be Napoleon, who in 1798 said to his savants, "Find out about Egypt—and fast!" There would be a tiny boy, Jean-François Champollion, who in 1802, at the age of eleven, vowed to crack the ciphers of ancient Egypt. (He did.) And from nineteenth-century Berlin, there would be Karl Richard Lepsius, who set himself to survey the monuments of ancient Egypt in their totality and just about brought it off.

No such reunion would be complete without Mark Antony, who may be said to have died of Egyptomania, or without two men of genius who never went to Egypt, yet captured the quintessence of it in ways never rivaled by those of us who are fresh from the felucca: William Shakespeare never went to Egypt, for instance, but no one could better him when it comes to describing the look of a royal barge on the Nile. Giuseppe Verdi never went there, either, and indeed he was rather dubious of what he called "the Egypt business," but anyone who wants to know how the night air blows through the temple of Karnak has only to drop in on Act III of *Aïda* and shut his eyes.

Heady company, that. And even if we cannot hope to encounter the Founding Fathers in plenary session, there is still Egypt itself: the landscape, the people, the stupendous monuments.

Not to have been to Egypt was ridiculous, everyone said. Not only was it ridiculous, but it was an abdication of responsibility: what kind of behavior was that, anyway—to write about art every day of one's life and yet never to have been up the Nile?

There were social pressures, too. The stout ship *Memphis* had been chartered to take us from Luxor to Aswan. Twenty-five friends or friends of friends had been convened from Paris, Geneva, and New York. Masters of organization had put forth all their skills. Our guide was to be not only a learned she-doctor but one of the most beautiful women in Egypt. The trip would fit into the Christmas and New Year vacations as a contact lens fits over an eyeball. The password was "Yes," and it was very soon said.

And there was, finally, that enigmatic but overwhelming collective curiosity which, at the moment, attaches itself to everything Egyptian. This has as its most lunatic manifestation, the almost universal craving to see the Tutankhamun exhibition, at no matter what cost in time and trouble. But it also

embraces the newly inaugurated Temple of Dendur at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in Manhattan and the noble survey of Nubian art at the Brooklyn Museum. Egyptomania is with us on a pandemic scale, and very few people seek immunization.

Egypt is not an adventure to be undertaken lightly. Preparation is paramount, and always was. What did Sir Gardner Wilkinson, F.R.S., recommend in his guide to Egypt, published by John Murray in 1847? Twenty-three indispensable books, to begin with: every one of them to be taken in one's baggage. Next, and among much else, "a waterbottle of Russian leather, an iron rat trap, a pair of red Turkish slippers, drawing paper, pencils and colors from Winsor & Newton in London, some portable soups and a supply of Venetian sequins, Hungarian ducats and Spanish doubloons" (all of them "acceptable gold currency"). Sir Gardner Wilkinson was pessimistic in certain areas—one of his conclusions was that "the establishment of a museum in Egypt is purely Utopian"—but, on the great immovable monuments, he wrote with an enthusiasm, and accuracy, and a profusion of detail that have still to be surpassed in any English-language guidebook.

On every page of Sir Gardner's book, and on every page of a Baedeker of comparable date, we sense the veritable frenzy of expectation with which people have always addressed themselves to the prospect of Egypt. The riddle of the Sphinx had been taxing enough, but the riddle of Egypt itself! To that, everyone must find his own answer. Ideally it calls for the individual enterprise, and for the individual endurance, in which the Victorian traveler was a model to us all; but in the late 1970s a certain simplified and homogeneous quality is the mark of almost every Egyptian journey. What should be a quintessentially timeless experience has taken on quite another character since Gustave Flaubert wrote his travel notes; and sometimes, as the well-marshalled parties wheel this way and that across the limited terrain, we end up thinking that the tourist's Egypt is hardly wider than New York's Central Park is long—just a strip of land on either side of the Nile—and beyond that a wasteland which few today have the time or the energy to traverse.

This said, we have advantages that our forbears had not. We have the poems of C.P. Cavafy if we happen to go to Alexandria, even though Alexandria itself is sadly run down. We have Lawrence Durrell's *The Alexandria Quartet*, even if that now reads like a historical romance. We have the novels of Naguib Mahfouz, of which two at least—*Miramar* and *Midaq Alley*—have been translated into (Continued on page 302)

"The riddle of the Sphinx had been taxing enough, but the riddle of Egypt itself! To that, everyone must find his own answer"

EGYPT'S
THE SPLENDOR
OF EGYPTIAN
ART

OUR TEMPLE FOR EGYPT'S GODS

IN NEW YORK, A WIDE NEW SOUL-EXPANDING
GLASS TEMPLE HOUSES
THE ANCIENT NUBIAN TEMPLE OF DENDUR.
A KEY TO THE MYSTICAL EGYPTIAN UNDERSTANDING
OF LIFE'S TRANSITIONAL NATURE



Americans can contemplate Egypt's mysterious and complex religion at the fragile sand-tone Temple of Dendur (built 22-10 B.C.), now rescued from the Aswan High Dam flooded Nile and presented to the United States by Egypt in appreciation for American money raised to save other Nubian monuments. The extraordinary generosity of three doctor brothers, the Sacklers, helped to place the small, intimate temple at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, within the protection of the new Sackler Wing (designed by the architectural firm of Kevin Roche/John Dinkeloo and Associates), where it rests behind a river-bright reflecting pool built to recreate the watery setting on the Nile, under a two-level glass ceiling to filter a counterpart for relentless Egyptian sunshine.

Norman McGrath







THE NEW FERRIÈRES

*Weekend house near Paris of
Baron Guy and Marie-Hélène de Rothschild:
a new triumph, abundantly filled
with those delights for the eye
that represent the true Rothschild style*

Wherever Marie-Hélène de Rothschild lives—in splendor at l'Hôtel Lambert in Paris or in grand ease at Ferrières, the new weekend house just outside of Paris that replaces the famous nineteenth-century Rothschild Château de Ferrières now donated to the French government—she creates a feeling of warmth, charm, comfort—and style that is indisputably “Marie-Hélène.” The new Ferrières design is the work of her husband, Baron Guy de Rothschild, and architect Augustin Julia; the interior, a triumph achieved by Marie-Hélène and designer François Catroux, working together to incorporate much of the Château’s former glory into twentieth-century living.

The Ferrières living room, left, is an opulent, restful mix of textures, precious objects, plants, flowers. The soft voluptuous sofas (covered in antique Indonesian shawls collected by Marie-Hélène) are grand-scale in a cozy way. Stenciled straw-cloth-covered walls provide a warm

background for the portrait of Sarah Spencer Churchill by Reynolds, hunting scene by Desportes. Center-of-room “jewel”: pouf covered with Louis XIII Savonnerie tapestry. Above: Marie Hélène in an Yves Saint Laurent cape, with her dog, “Monkey,” and sheep sculptures by François Lalanne.





After smaller luncheons, dinners, the Winter Garden, *left*, is a favorite gathering place for family, friends. Here are many reminders of old Ferrières: the astonishing seventeenth-century Venetian blackamoor busts, nineteenth-century English black leather couches, chairs, the seventeenth-century German cast-iron chest lavished with gold, the seventeenth-century German mirror. Teak floors and ceilings bring a natural, outdoor look inside: the walls are tooled Russian leather. In the foreground: a brace of Lalanne sheep. *Above*: Details of Rothschild splendors from the Château, now in the new living room: large eighteenth-century Chinese bronze elephant bearing a gilded pagoda-shaped howdah, Louis XVI photophore (hurricane lamp) of gilded bronze. *Right*: Shingled exterior of the new Ferrières, facing the pond, sun. Large teak terraces slope down to the lawn without steps. The park surrounding the new Ferrières was designed by Paxton when the Château was built. Baron Guy and Russell Page—world-renowned landscape artist—redesigned house site, added a three-hole golf course.

THE NEW FERRIÈRES

Horst

*In a pond-mirrored,
tree lavished
French parkland—
a house of
ancient splendors,
modern comforts*







Intimate or on a grand-scale, luncheons and dinners Marie-Hélène-style are always feasts for the eye, starting with the room in which they are served. At Ferrières, the dining room, *left*, is treated like another living room, with banquettes in the corner, leather armchairs placed near the window. The lighting is soft, indirect; batik-clothed tables bear groupings of flowers, candles, Compagnie des Indes (eighteenth-century porcelain) elephants (Baron Guy has a passion for collecting elephants, and Marie-Hélène likes to indulge him). The wood paneling was transported from the children's dining room at Sans Souci, the Château in Chantilly belonging to Marie-Hélène's mother-in-law. Over all, a pyramid-shaped ceiling. In the television room, *above*, seventeenth-century "Verdure" tapestry covers the floors as well as the room-filling sectional sofa. The same colors, feeling echo in the wall-covering paintings of a wild boar hunt by Desportes taken from a hall in Château Ferrières and mounted here. *Right*: Entrance to new Ferrières, with stone dogs wearing large ivy collars.

*Magnificence
in a television room,
relaxation
in a dining room:
pleasures of the
Rothschild spirit*



THE NEW FERRIÈRES

Horst



THE NEW STYLE ROTHSCHILD

By John Richardson

The new house that Baron Guy and his wife Marie-Hélène de Rothschild had Augustin Julia build for them in the park at Ferrières is relatively modest. As the Baron Guy says, "I wanted to abandon the *dix-neuvième* way of life that the huge château entailed and think in terms of the twenty-first century." Julia has designed a house that is enchanting, shingled, that looks somewhat Japanese in style. Baron Guy supervised every phase of its planning and construction and gave special attention to the sheltered site—on a small pond—that has been enlarged and beautifully landscaped by Russell Page. There is even an ingeniously designed golf course, and it is impossible to believe that this ravishing retreat is a mere twenty minutes from the center of Paris.

Like the Hôtel Lambert, the Rothschild's great Parisian house, the interior of this country house reflects the unique personality of Marie-Hélène. Helped by François Catroux, she has created an ambience that is French in luxuriousness, but English in atmosphere. At the same time she has been at pains to reconstitute in miniature something of the Second Empire style of the great château which Paxton—architect of the Crystal Palace—built for Baron James in 1836 and which Baron Guy has recently given to the University of Paris. The result is a magical ensemble that triumphantly combines such disparate elements as seventeenth-century (Continued on page 302)

Marie-Hélène's bedroom/sitting room/bathroom, *left*, is a ravishingly pretty pink retreat—sun-flooded by day, softly, romantically luminated at sundown, the time that Marie-Hélène likes to return to this room to catch the evening light. Antique Indonesian shawls cover the walls (outlined with green-stained bamboo), chairs, sleigh bed and are gathered into curtains. The bathroom (far left corner), partially hidden behind curtains, opens directly onto the bedroom. The window-height lead tub (taken from Château Ferrières) allows views of trees, pond, while bathing. Two paintings are eighteenth-century Chinese: one, the portrait of an Empress, the other, a landscape painted by a French missionary to China. Next to one window, a Louis XV bureau. The Brazilian night table is made of palm wood—the top inlaid with butterflies (Marie-Hélène adores butterflies, collects them in any form). *Above right:* Marie-Hélène in the library, wearing an Ungaro mousseline dress, standing next to a nineteenth-century table, inlaid with ebony, mother-of-pearl, ivory, that holds three Persian vases, two photophores. *Right:* the "Persian" bedroom. Persian shawls cover walls, beds, chairs.

THE NEW FERRIÈRES

Horst



*Marie-Hélène's
romantic touch
...especially
in her ravishing
bath/bedroom
retreat*



NIGHT BEAUTY

GO

FUN

Go all out
disco-beat,
speed-on-wheels,
go glitter,
shimmer,
glamour,
flirt...

that's where
it's at for
these twelve
pages...and
all the
holiday
nights ahead

GO

FANTASY

FLIRT OF FUCHSIA. Night's hottest color, right, veils the eyes and shimmers the lips—all the flirter for the dazzle of gold. This fantasy look, one of four by Way Bandy, gleams with Estée Lauder's gold-sparked Late-Late Colors, Night-gold Creme Highlighter (below) skims the cheekbones; Goldgleamer Automatic Lipshine and Polished Gold Fresh-Air Lip Polisher light up Winelit Plum Lipstick on the lips. It's all part of the dazzly new adornment, at night—the fun of David Webb's diamond arrow earrings, the glistening scarf. More flirt, more fuchsia, left: vivid tights worn with silver disco rollers. Sant' Angelo's skating suit. Hair, Suga at Bergdorf's. Fashion and accessory information, next to last pages.







For evenings now—big, gala evenings—a new feeling for color and dazzle and delight...for dressing with a lot more daring—and a lot more bareness...dressing in the kinds of clothes on these pages. All of them here playing out a high-stakes adventure-in-glamour at the Resorts International Hotel Casino, in Atlantic City....The jackpot! *left*—gold, gold, gold—an all-dazzle wrap evening dress in brocade lamé, with big dolman sleeves, a good show of leg. By Stavropoulos. Of silk/polyester (Sormani). About \$1,250. Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Martha; Palm Beach and Bal Harbour. For the most impact, *right*, put your money on red. And on the new bareness—a silk clequé camisole-top dress with a deeply slit skirt, extra small jacket in red and gold silk/metallic. By Oscar de la Renta (the fragrance is Oscar de la Renta, too). About \$780. Jan Saks Fifth Avenue; Wanamaker's; Lillie Rubin-South & West; Jacobson's Hair; Christiaan; makeup, Ariella. For accessories, see next to last pages.

Arthur Elgort

GO
FUN.
GO
FANTASY

Big-time
evening
splendors—
the clothes
and the
excitement
you don't
see every
night

FOR BROKE GLAMOUR!



● The fantasy of color on the body—that's *the thing!*" says Jacques Clemente, Elizabeth Arden's Paris makeup artist. "I particularly like skin to have a moonlight shimmer... the lights pick up the *nacré* effect so beautifully."

"Use it to hit the high spots," says Estée Lauder of her Nightgold Creme Highlighter you saw on page 247. One dazzy way she loves it: on the back of the hand—straight down the finger from base to nail.

THE RED MOUTH, *left*—shouting color! That, says Way Bandy, is the whole idea. Red that's all the noisier for the rhinestoned dark glasses from Private Eyes and the red mink. What you'd call real retro glamour—an Ava Gardner on-the-town kind of look. The lipstick that does it? Le Red, Lancôme's new Maquiglacé Emollient-Rich Lip-Colour. Hair by H.V.W. Fashion and accessory information, next to last pages.

IF YOUR SKIRT'S SLIT, SAYS JACQUES CLEMENTE, SHIMMER YOUR LEG WITH GOLD. DAZZLE IT DOWN ONE SIDE.

One must: a Mono Magic Crayon! It's Madeleine's way of switching from day to night. Just crayon over the makeup you have on—the colors turn pale, shimmery, iridescent. Instantly!

DIAMANTÉ SHIMMER, *right*: a yard or so of the real thing tossed over a *diamanté* shoulder—sparkling with Halston's new Body Sparkle and a touch of his Mauve Eye Shadow Sparkle...more of which Way Bandy uses as the high point of makeup for the face. In doing this fantasy look, he focuses beneath—not above—the eye: rimming the lower lid in Grey-2 eye pencil and smudging it after applying Black mascara on the lower lashes; dusting Mauve Powder Rouge over the Mauve Eye Shadow Sparkle...and extending a blush of it down over the cheekbone. The lips are brilliant: Wine Lipstick glossed with Natural. The skin is pale blanché with a bare tint of Mauve Face Sparkle beneath Transparent Light face powder. More shimmer, Halston's haltered peach lamé evening dress Diamonds by the Yard, Elsa Peretti of Tiffany. Hair, Suga at Bergdorf's.

GO

FUN, GO FANTASY

Here's what goes in Paris... London... Rome... New York. Just to give you lots of ideas—and lots of ways you can go.





GO

FOR BROKE GLAMOUR!

The play continues...
and
the new
beat of
evening—
festive,
dressed,
daring

GO
FUN.
GO
FANTASY

The skys the limit! Opposite, champagne, diamonds, and jacket-dressing to beat the band—a confection of ruffled white point d'esprit over a black bare camisole top, narrow pants. From Bill Blass Ltd. (whose new Bill Blass fragrance is a winner on its own). Fabrics: jacket, Whelan; top and pants, Lafitte silk satin. About \$1,990. To order at Saks Fifth Avenue. At Cathryn Young; Memphis: Neiman-Marcus; Frost Bros. High-voltage impact, *this page*—the ornamented jacket at night: black Ultrasuede stitched and beaded in white. With more play in the white-stitched black matte jersey pants, black-stitched white top. Zandra Rhodes. Jacket, of Ultrasuede Fabric by Springs Mills. About \$1,600. At Sakowitz. Hair: Christian; makeup, Ariella. For accessories, see next to last pages.

Arthur Elgort

The evening box: little tasseled bamboo box rimmed in gold. Elsa Peretti of Tiffany.

GO FUN,

SPRAY
SNEAKERS
SILVER
—DISCO
ALL
NIGHT

Try a tiny gold lace eye veil. Or a star-studded one. Or gold-flecked tulle — buy a narrow piece of tulle about a yard long, put some paste on it, sprinkle with gold sparkles.

● Flirty little *mouches* for cheeks: a fuchsia sequin

...a rhinestone... Jacques Clemente's *Pierre de Lune* (see page 255)...a tiny gold or silver beauty mark.

From England comes this heady note: *diamanté* hair. Coifs designed around tiaras — real or fake. Diamond-paved combs holding up Rita Hayworth hairdos. —The glitter of it, the glamour and film stars are glamour!

AND GLITTER ON LEGS: A BLACK STOCKING WITH A GOLD SEAM... GIVENCHY'S GOLD-SPANGLED STOCKINGS... RHINESTONE ANKLE BRACELETSANOTHER IDEA — BLACK VELVET BOWS STUCK WITH A DIAMANTÉ PIN.

On in Paris: shockingly — pink lips! On in U.S.A: the same — your

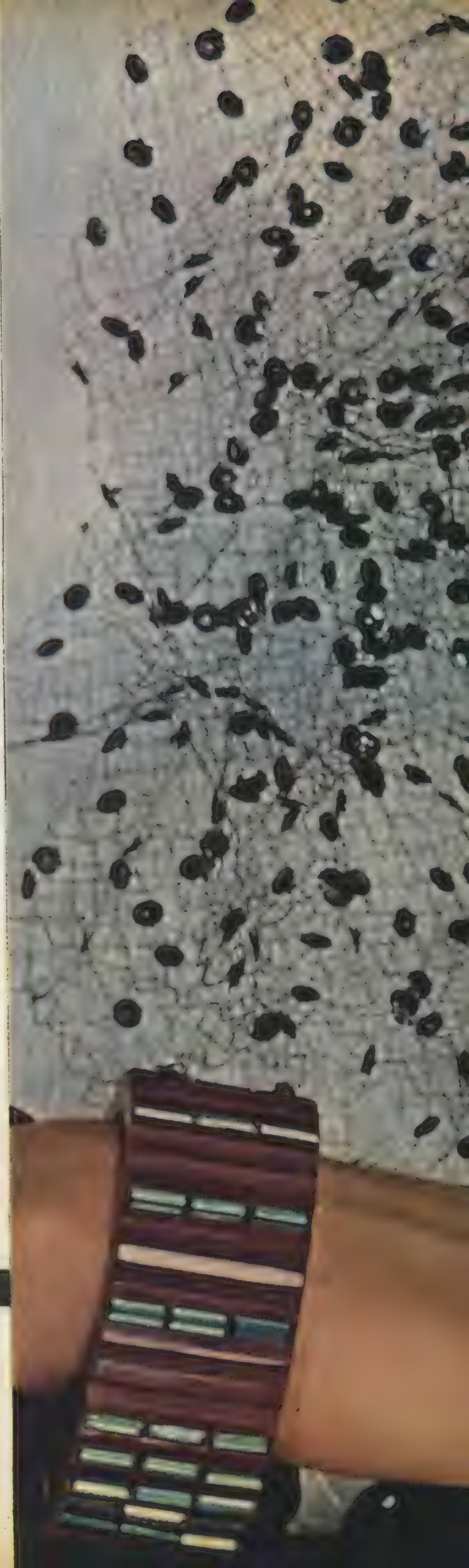
own mix! Done with Max Factor's brand-new Jubilee Shimmers. The recipe: Spread a little Shimmering Pink Cream Blush in the palm of your hand. Add some Iced Watermelon Lipstick. Blend well. Apply.

The pink-to-purple category is very big these nights, especially if you've got on black. Try Madeleine Mono's new Disco Lip Glosses—Pulsating Pink or Video Violet....Or the latest color-take on her Twinkling, Glimmering, Shimmering, Blinking Body Glitter—Wicked Fuchsia (you see the Silver Body Glitter doing its thing on page 262).

THE FANTASY EYE, right — full of fun and flirt. To go with the flirtation of the veil. What Way's done is extend the eye with color, and give it a piquant tilt—the tiny blue sequin placed off at the side carries out the effect. Roseberry Tinta Cheek Colour and Plum Brillante Eyeshadow, from Princess Marcella Borghese's new holiday makeup, shade the upper lid. Silver Grappa Eyeshadow is smudged among the lashes of the lower one. And, in contrast to the eyes, the lips are paled, very subtly: Moonshell Lip Glossa with Raspberry Cordial Principessa Lipstick.

The excitement of dressing up and going all out for evening—that's what this look is about. You see it in Ann Peerce's baguette cuff, Joseph Mazer's splashy "diamond" and "sapphire" drop earrings, and Oscar de la Renta's jewel-dazzled dinner dress Hair by H.V.W. For accessory information, see next to last pages of this issue.

GO FANTASY

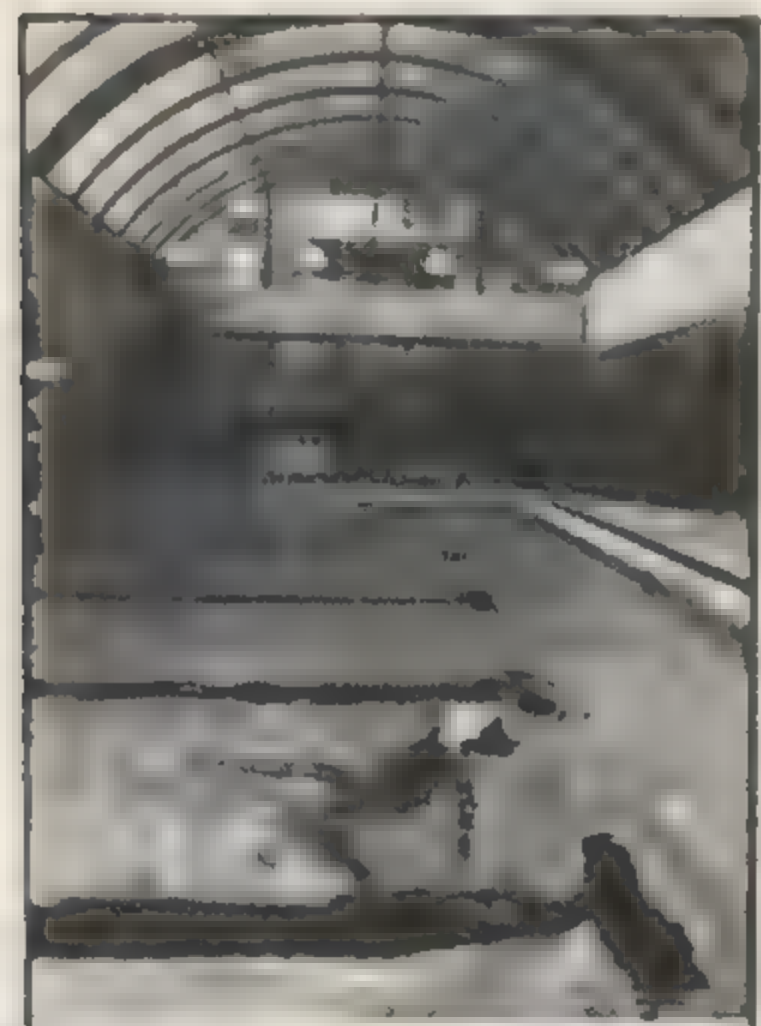




You're running on holiday time now—and every split second counts. So think shape-up time, dress-up time. Synchronize your internal clock with the digital read-out on your bedside table and take it from there. Two minutes saved here, three saved there can add up to a whole pedicure by 4:30 P.M. But don't get ticked off if you do run behind time—that's bound to happen in pre-Christmas crowds. Just remember the why of shaping up and dressing up—so you can have the time of your life!



DISCO EXERCISES — "WE ALWAYS HAVE ABOUT FIVE MINUTES OF DISCO DANCING AS EXERCISE IN EACH HOUR CLASS," SAYS LYDIA BACH OF THE LOTTE BERK METHOD STUDIO. AND, LIKE ELEANOR REVSON — SHOWN WITH TEACHER MARTHA AMPER, ABOVE — YOU CAN COME SIX DAYS A WEEK IF YOU HAVE THE TIME...FOR ONE OF THE TOUGHEST, SEXIEST WORKOUTS IN NYC....WEST COAST DISCO EXERCISE: RUFFAGE & THE ANATOMY ASYLUM, BEVERLY HILLS.



45 MINUTES

Lunch - hour — time for a swim! It's so great for all-over fitness. And a good pool is not that hard to find. Two in NYC: The Manhattan Plaza Swim and Health Club, below left (212) 947-9046, and The Turtle Bay Tennis and Swim Club in the United Nations Plaza Hotel (212) 355-3400, ext. 1064. Great swim teacher: Jim Macaaron at NYC's Hudson Health Club East (212) 832-1130....Another city, above left — London's Sanctuary.



20 MINUTES

Pierre de Lune: The "Moonstone Look," left, that Jacques Clemente, Elizabeth Arden's Paris makeup artist designed for Christmas parties. The skin is very pale — the foundation, a *Super Blanc de Lune*. The eyes are done with violet and rose shadow, and an iridescent sequin *mouche* is pasted on just beneath. The lips are scarlet. And silver glitter sparkles in the cleavage, on the shoulder, down the leg.

3 SECONDS

Instant fragrance: Madeleine Mono's new *Perfume Pencil*. An indelible marker you can use anywhere anytime to scribble scent all over you. Madeleine is the name and it's at Bloomingdale's.

20 MINUTES

Stress-acne Rx: A visit to the dermatologist can often clear up outbreaks fast! According to Albert Lefkovits, M.D., a well-known New York dermatologist connected with the Mount Sinai School of Medicine, your skin can be affected by your emotional state—and if you are getting too little sleep, that can have an effect on your skin, too. If you are in a panic about the state of your skin, there are some fairly quick remedies that a dermatologist can provide. "Judicious use of antibiotics can generate a fast response," says Dr. Lefkovits. And twenty minutes (excluding waiting-room time) is all it should take to get your doctor's good advice.

5 MINUTES

Fast Relaxer: "A fetal position is the most relaxing one for most people," says Mary Ellen Hecht, M.D., a New York orthopedist at the Mount Sinai School of Medicine. "Lie on your side on the bed or on the floor. Curl your knees to your chest and embrace them lightly with both arms, keeping your body loose. Tuck your head down on your chest. Breathe lightly in and out for five minutes."

1 SECOND

FAST TIP: "THE BEST SHOE TO DISCO IN," SAYS DR. HECHT, "IS A BOWLING SHOE!"

ALEXANDRE'S FLIRT DE NOËL, RIGHT: HAIR IS SWEEPED INTO A CHIGNON ON THE NAPE, JUST A LOCK LEFT OUT AND ROLLED. A TINY SPANGLED VEIL IS CAUGHT AROUND THE ROLLED LOCK. A BIT OF BRIGHT SATIN RIBBON TIES IT ALL TOGETHER.

TIME TO GO ALL



1 MINUTE PHONE CALL

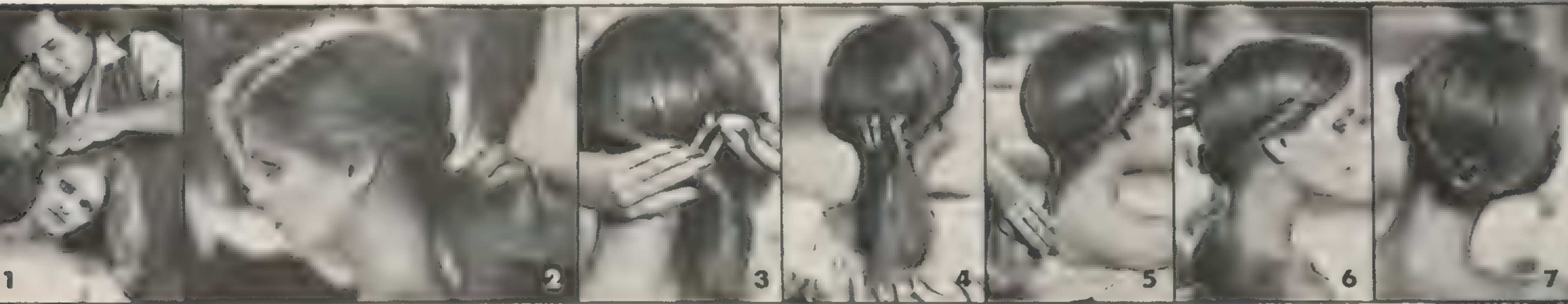
Flowers for fitness: great way to get vitamins, skip calories. Try David McCorkle's *Chrysanthemum Chicken* (he uses "football mums"). If you live in NYC, he will come to your house and cater fabulous flower feasts for you. Call David McCorkle / Frank Davis Caterers (212) 925-5074.



8 OR 9 MINUTES

3 MINUTES

Instant evening looks—put hair up in three fast minutes, seven easy steps. It goes even *faster* if hair's *slightly* damp. Begin by parting hair in center, as Michael Mazzei of Nubest & Co., Manhasset, NY, is doing in picture 1. Then 2, twist hair along the hairline and, 3, secure with clips. 4, Do the same along the other side. 5. Twist both strands together until they curl into a small, neat chignon, and, 6, pin in place, 7, at the nape. To do top knot, *right*: Brush hair smooth. Then bend forward, and catch hair in front. Roll tail, curl, and pin. Another twist—roll and pin hair off to one side. Joseph Mazer earrings.



Nobu

HAT JEWEL, *RIGHT*: NIGHT'S NEWEST ADORNMENT IS ON EVERYWHERE (STARTING WITH THE COVER OF THIS ISSUE)—A TINY FLIRT OF RED VELVET LEAVES, RED SEQUINS AND RUBIES" TO WEAR WITH YOUR HAIR PULLED UP, AS HERE, OR WITH YOUR HAIR DOWN. HAT, DON KLINE. HAIR, HARRY KING. MAKEUP, SANDRA LINTER

By Alexandra Penney

OUT



30 MINUTES
AND UP



5 MINUTES

2 MINUTES

Crown jewel, *below*: these "diamond" flowers are perfect for catching up long hair in seconds—so you have a flirtatious evening pouf. *Diamanté* pin by Ken Goldstein for LaCrasia. Hair, Suga at Bergdorf's.



3 MINUTES

Fantasy hair ornament, *left*—a spray of black coq feathers mounted on a *diamanté* pin: pretty way to hold your hair back and show off a jeweled ear, Ken Goldstein for LaCrasia. Kenneth Jay Lane earring. Hair, Bob Fink; makeup, Joey Mills.



30 MINUTES
AND UP

NAILS ARE NEWS—MANICURES AND PEDICURES AT A SPECIAL NAIL SALON: NAILS BY NENA IN BEVERLY HILLS HAS AN "EXPRESS SPECIAL" WHICH DOES BOTH AT THE SAME TIME—SIXTY MINUTES (213) 276-3020. SHOES BY GEOFFREY BEENE

60 MINUTES

Fantasy makeup adds to the excitement of dressing up at night now. The look, *right*, was done by Wendy Whitelaw for Helena Roux, a leading ballerina in *Dancers....The Make-Up Center* at 150 West 55 St., NYC, also does fantasy looks: a sixty-minute session is \$15.



Beautyscape: A new kind of adornment done with makeup, *left*, by Kimiko Oshiro, beauty designer for Shiseido Cosmetics in Japan. A single flower on one shoulder could take as little as thirty minutes. Here is the technique: (1) Apply foundation on skin; powder lightly with a puff. (2) Draw outline of motif. (3) Roll gauze around small sponge and use to remove excess powder. (4) Fill in design with brushes dipped in cream makeup. (5) Apply translucent powder over design. (6) Pat design with moist towel. Hairsticks, Robert Lee Morris for Artwear, NYC.



Philippe Masson with his orange soufflé





Mme. Masson, her sons, with La Grenouille's staff—a team of fifty-five

THE GLORIOUS GRENOUILLE: A PERFECT RESTAURANT

The best French restaurant this side of Paris? Indisputably, right in New York. Stars-plus for style, luxe, comfort, exquisite food you can always count on—and a seasonal tide of magnificent flowers, always at their peak. Pictured here and on the following pages, a sampling of La Grenouille's superb dishes. A special gift to Vogue readers: chef Joanlanne's secret recipes. (See contents page.)

Coquille Saint-Jacques à la Nage

Susan Wood

GLORIOUS GRENOUILLE

By Arthur Gold
and Robert Fizdale

What makes La Grenouille unique? The answer lies in a mysterious combination of things. Lutèce has dignity; La Caravelle—great refinements; Le Veau d'Or—a down-to-earth goodness; Le Chantilly and Restaurant Raphaël—a fresh novelty. But La Grenouille has it all: a union of stylishness and *joie de vivre* that makes one feel all's right with the world. At one time, Henri Soulé's Le Pavillon reigned over a whole generation of restaurants. New York's La Grenouille is the Pavillon of today.

Once a restaurant has achieved perfection, how is it maintained? La Grenouille has the answer. In the noble great French tradition, La Grenouille takes its perfection to heart, reevaluating it, polishing it, refreshing it, and bringing it to life each day as it welcomes its guests to a celebration. A celebration that runs as smoothly as great theater.

"Tall branches of quince, lilac, and forsythia are mixed with roses, delphiniums, stock to make towering multicolored bouquets that define the room...the tables are enlivened with tulips, violets, anemones. It is a festival of flowers and food, all reflected in the mirrors surrounding you."

For La Grenouille is a gala performance, not just a great restaurant. In the Restaurant Star Wars, it is, for us, *hors de combat*; and, for its special qualities, it deserves not just four stars but a glittering galaxy. As at all successful galas, there is a certain magic, a happy excitement in the air. Is it the superb food, the magnificently extravagant flowers, the discreetly handsome decor, the warmly attentive service, the air of expensive simplicity, the smart people? It is all these things. But we have left the best for the last: above all, it is *la patronne*, Madame Gisèle Masson, the guiding spirit of this delicious little corner of France, and *le chef*, the inspired, endlessly inventive André Joanlanne, a great virtuoso of the kitchen with the dedicated humility of the true artist. Plus, dining-room diplomats, maître d'hôtel Jean Benjamin and his assistant Marcel Eusebi: they know who should sit where—they never make a mistake. Together, they all make La Grenouille a happy place.

A great restaurant also is the result of team spirit. Fifty-five people staff La Grenouille—and many come from the little village of Gourin, in Brittany. Truly, this is more than a staff; it is an international family.

La Grenouille was born to perfection. Not surprising, as Charles Masson, who in 1962 was inspired to create it, had eleven years of preparation as maître d'hôtel to the legendary Henri Soulé at Le Pavillon, where chef Joanlanne also spent his formative years. When Monsieur Masson died in 1975, Madame, following another great French tradition, that of the family restaurant, took over with the help of her older son, Charles, a soft-spoken, gifted painter and sculptor. Madame Masson, who looks like a (Continued on page 302)



Baked striped bass



Little Neck clams, Corsini



Limata'sufflé

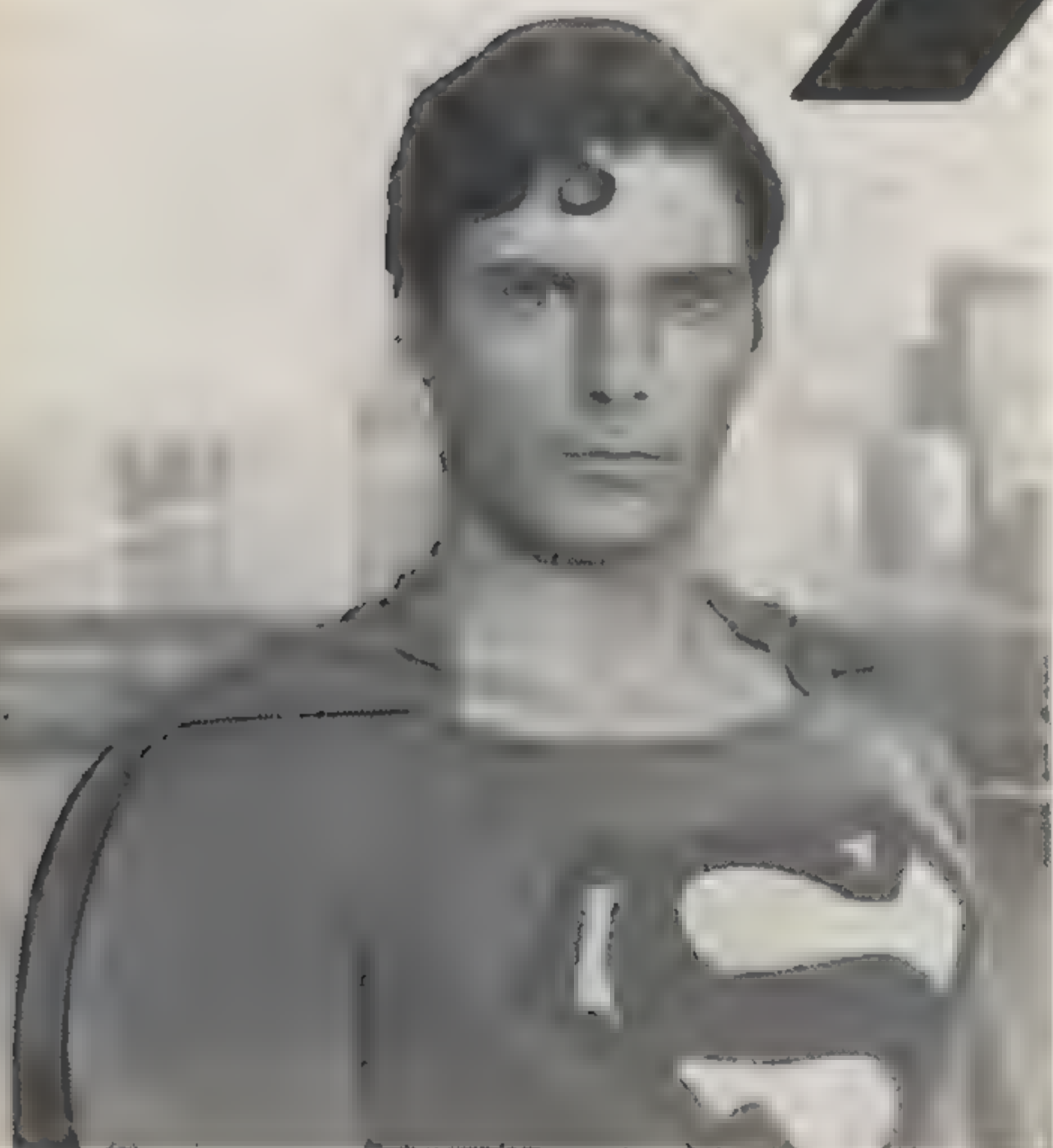


Poached lobster with lemon and basil sauce



Red snapper mousse

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... **P**eople



SUPERMAN REEVE

Bird! Plane! Instant superstar!

Assurances of peace, international camaraderie, inflation coping, from great mediator **Carter**, Nobel Peace Prizers **Sadat** and **Begin**, open-door **Hua Kuo-feng**. And that happiest assurance of all, from **Pope John Paul II**, the "détente Pope" who years ago wrote, "Love carries people away like an absolute . . . Sometimes human existence seems too short for love. At other times it is, however, the other way round: human love seems too short in relation to existence, or rather too shallow." . . . **Superman/Clark Kent** up and away in a forty-million-dollar film epic centered on come-to-movies-lately **Christopher Reeve**, a now chesty and raven-haired good-looker who—surprise!—is a very good actor. However, says Chris, "Any time you try to play someone who's not only the ultimate hero but also an American ideal, you can be setting yourself up for an amazing and painful pratfall . . ." Some Broadway seasons ago, **Katharine Hepburn** told young Christopher, "Be fascinating . . . always be fascinating." He took her advice. Coming up in '79, "Superman II"—Reeve's already made it. . . . Harvard's **Edward O. Wilson**, a quiet-voiced prof. who in his book, *On Human Nature*, makes a big noise, coolly cudgeling for sociobiology, the latest twist in the heredity versus environment controversy. Zoologist Wilson maintains: our genes ultimately determine our behavior, influence our sex roles. "The danger of sociobiology," rebuts

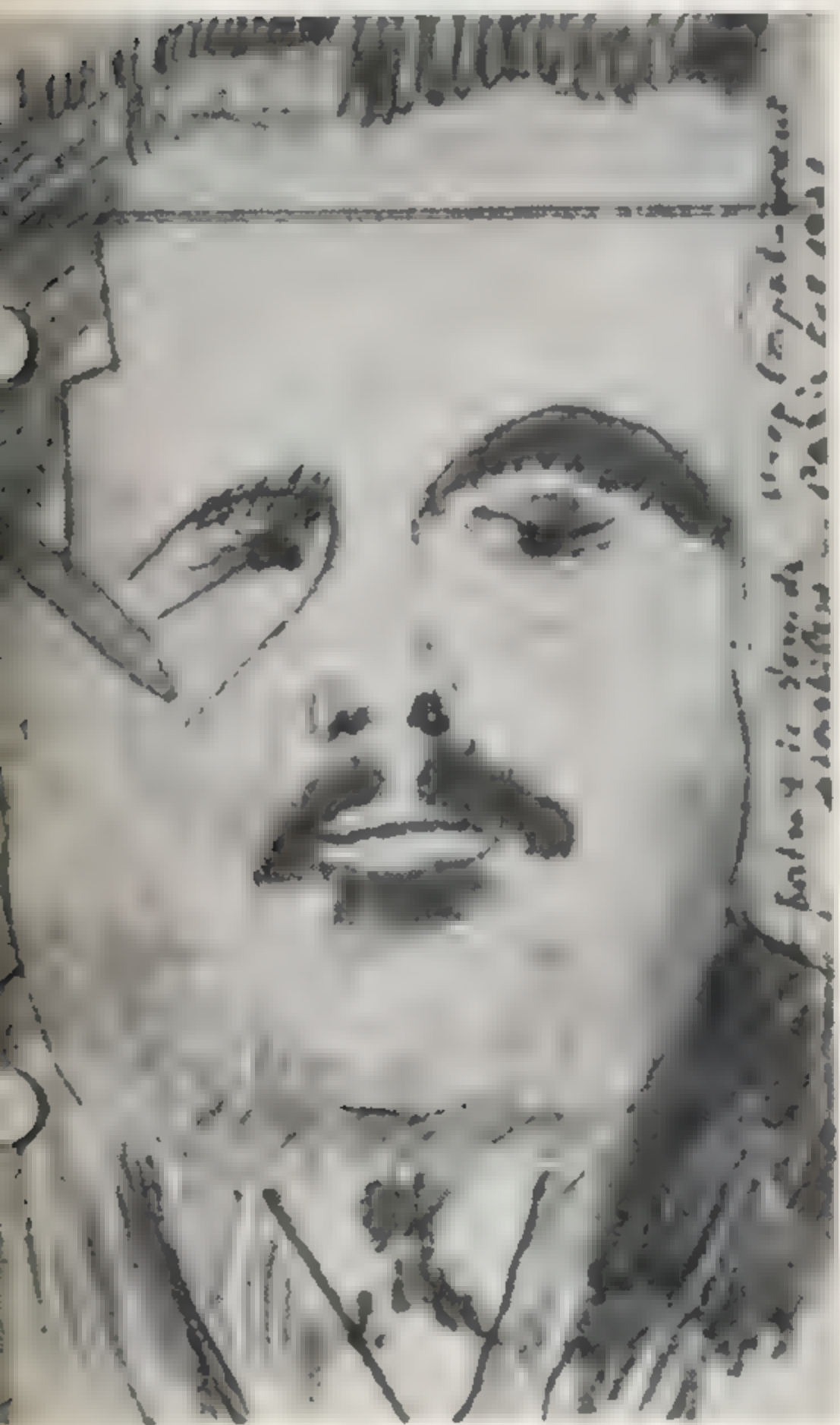
Betty Friedan (articulating a Feminist point of view), "is that it can be used in a reactionary way—that scientific half-truths can be used to bring back long-disputed prejudices about human beings in the same way that the Nazis used scientific half-truths to cement prejudices about the superiority of the Aryan race." . . . **Chester Greenwood** who's been honored with his own Day by the Maine Legislature! C.G. Day: December 21, first of winter. Reason: Greenwood invented ear muffs in Farmington, Maine, now the Ear Muff Capital of the World. Local clothier **Norman Ferrari** gets requests: "A pair of sensual, black furies to wear while venturing forth on the town on cold nights in New York." . . . **Betty Ford**, not because of her face-lift but for the front-porch candor of her Betty-breezy book, *The Times of My Life*. Mrs. F. obviously had the time of her life writing this honest, talk-out book with **Chris Chase**. "I had thought I would hate being First Lady. Wrong. . . . I loved it. I loved it when we'd ride down the streets in a motorcade and people would yell, 'Hi, Betty' or 'Hi, First Momma . . .'" . . . Yale's **Robert J. Lifton**, research professor of psychiatry, and his solid, significant anti-Nukes cautionary. Lifton warns of "psychic numbing," the psychological state that overtook Hiroshima survivors. "I want to stress . . . the way in which psychic numbing is called into play in relationship to the making, testing, and anticipated use of nuclear weapons. Indeed, so pervasive has psychic numbing become . . . that, rather than the age of anxiety we could well speak of the Age of Numbing . . ." . . . The Wine Bar, a high-ceilinged, whitewashed brick and gleaming tile heart-of-SoHo (NYC) linger-awhile frequented by such winemakers as **Leo Castelli**, **O.K. Harris**, **Bianca Jagger**, **Ben Gazzara**—some ninety wines to *schmeck*. . . . **Loleatta Hollaway** whose LP *Queen of the Night* wipes out the cliché refinements of **Diana Ross**, **Donna Summer** with her gospel-shout, bullwhip voice, a **Mae West** attitude. For the one who has everything, sessions with a Leisure Consultant (they're multiplying). Says U.S.C. economist **James O'Toole** sarcastically, "Everybody has been to a psychiatrist, but when you can say, 'I've just been to my Leisure Counselor,' now that's really worth some points."—LEO LERMAN

Tomlin/Travolta A DIFFERENT PASSION

A love story for the late 'seventies: an older woman and a young man, enjoying passion rather than suffering it; all leading up to the new happy ending. The lovers are Lily Tomlin and John Travolta, the most unlikely, and incendiary, couple of the year. The film is "Moment by Moment." Written and directed by Tomlin's long-time collaborator Jane Wagner, it circles a California housewife and a kid who hangs out on L.A.'s Sunset Strip. She has authority, identity. He's beguiling, the new gentle man. Tomlin on Travolta: "John is always surprising me. He seems to contain every dichotomy. Masculine-feminine, refinement-crudity, it's all there. He is everything." Tomlin cultists would argue that she's no slouch herself; in "Moment by Moment," she emerges as warmly attractive, sexually unabashed, glamorous as well as wise. She is a great screen actress. If the movie is about how we live, and asks what is possible now between a man and a woman, and what should be possible, Tomlin's character suggests that the secret to loving, as to living, is to take it moment by moment—the new happy ending.



DIAGHILEV



He revolutionized ballet — made it a twentieth-century high art, a joy

By Gennady Smakov

Serge Diaghilev—sketched here by one of his discoveries, the composer Igor Stravinsky.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Gennady Smakov, a Russian critic living in New York City, has written on ballet and literature for "The New York Review of Books," "Dance News," "Horizon." He is currently working on a book about Baryshnikov for Farrar, Straus and Giroux and on another about the choreographer Petipa for Alfred A. Knopf.

Today, when ballet in America finds itself at the peak of fashion; when The Costume Institute of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art has just mounted its major exhibit *Diaghilev: Costumes and Designs of the Ballets Russes*; when several film directors are planning to portray for the screen the blurry and tragic image of Vaslav Nijinsky, Diaghilev's most illustrious companion-in-dance; when Chicago celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of George

Balanchine's ballet *Apollo*—at whose birth Diaghilev was a midwife—the Diaghilev heritage (that is, his cultural influence) is most clearly evident.

Diaghilev was the first Russian of the twentieth century whose cultural background fully corresponded to the century's European standard. He was a man whose sensitivity reveled in the most exquisite fruits of European culture, whereas his infatuation with the arts was almost in direct proportion to his own lack of creativity. Instead of suffering from such a contradiction, Diaghilev exploited it in order to satisfy his immense ambition and his innate flair for fashion. A composer *manqué* and a mediocre art critic, Diaghilev became a remarkable impresario—remarkable for the almost clairvoyant foresight with which he ran his gigantic artistic guild and (in a somewhat medieval fashion) groomed future masters of twentieth-century ballet; George Balanchine, Leonide Massine, Bronislava Nijinska, Marie Rambert, and Serge Lifar. Diaghilev ruled over his estate and effects like an enlightened monarch and balletic Svengali, harshly manipulating both the works of art and personal lives of his artists. Had his conduct not been that Machiavellian,

Diaghilev might not have been able to amass around himself the best that Russian arts had to offer. Pavlova, Nijinsky, Benois, Bakst, Stravinsky, Fokine, Roerich, and others created magnificent accompaniment and background and set the stage for Diaghilev's *Saisons Russes*.

With unique intuition, Diaghilev realized that the history of progress in the arts is essentially the history of their rivalry. Throughout the centuries, each of the arts has been incessantly involved in the absorption of the others' features so as to finally realize the uniqueness of each one's concrete artistic sphere. Diaghilev helped cure ballet of the rivalry disease and performed a kind of self-comprehending operation which revealed that ballet's true and only domain was plotless dance as a *plastique* parallel to music.

Essentially, Diaghilev was following in the steps of the great choreographer Marius Petipa: that is, taking up the art of ballet where Petipa's death had left it. While Petipa had developed in choreography an extremely polyphonic structure equivalent to that of music (in his ballet to Tchaikovsky's *The Sleeping Beauty*), as a visual art, ballet was still

(Continued on page 305)

Baryshnikov as Petrouchka

DIAGHILEV, NEW YORK '78

In 1909, a Russian revolution broke out—in Paris. With its first performance, Serge Diaghilev's *Ballets Russes* transformed the art of ballet, flooding it with the light of the twentieth century. Now, Diana Vreeland—an impresario and spectacularist in her own right—has revitalized the Diaghilev legend with her latest exhibition for The Costume Institute of The Metropolitan Museum of Art: "Diaghilev: Costumes and Designs of the Ballets Russes." More than a show, it is a Vreeland life-long dream: an evocation of an era when the mysteries of the East stirred the imagination of Europe: when, as Osbert Sitwell wrote, "Every chair-cover, every lampshade, every cushion reflected the Russian Ballet, the Grecian or Oriental visions of Bakst and Benois. . . ." The exhibition is glorious with Diaghilev-commissioned music by Stravinsky, Prokofiev, Satie. Among the more than one hundred costumes and designs: Nijinsky's puppet-suit for "Petrouchka," worn (right) by Mikhail Baryshnikov in a photograph spanning the entire history of modern ballet. Said Romola Nijinsky, wife of the Ballets Russes' premier danseur, "The greatest of them all was my husband. Then after him comes Baryshnikov—he is the same dough as my husband and he is the only one who is." On the way: a Nijinsky movie starring Baryshnikov, another from Herbert Ross and Nora Kaye ("The Turning Point"). Diaghilev's and Vreeland's *Ballets Russes* are triumphantly here.

Photograph by Richard Avedon; Diaghilev sketch from the collection of M. Boris Kochno; Petrouchka costume, from the collection of Nadia Nerina; costume accessories, courtesy of The Joffrey Ballet.



By
Joan Juliet Buck

To her wedding reception, she wore a red dress that couturiers in three countries hastened to copy. Her every esthetic choice is closely followed, her appearance documented and imitated. In Paris, people seek out her company as much for the way she fills a room with confidence, charm, and beauty as for her last name, which is a famous one. And yet she leads a quiet life, works extremely hard, just married the man she had been living with for five years; and most of her evenings out are spent at the movies. She is the daughter of an artist, and yet she draws. She is an heiress, but she neither dresses in couture nor belongs to the jet set, though the jet set claim her as a name to know. Her name is Paloma Picasso.

A famous family name is either something one grows into or grows out of. In Paris, where the name is only half the calling card, fashion has, until recently, ignored the appeal of tradition; unless a name is carried with wit and grace and worn with character, it means little. Seventy years after Proust, there are De Brantes and Gramonts; but they are not at the center of social life.

(Continued on next page)

Paloma Picasso and newly wed husband, young Argentinian playwright and director Rafael Lopez Sanchez: They share the same "grave, polite" good looks, love of absurdity, and sense of Event. Here, they're the elegant Latin lovers—both topped in Spanish hats.



**PALOMA
PICASSO**

Individual, independent, she's an heiress —



and the most exciting young woman in Europe today

Helmut Newton

PALOMA PICASSO

(Continued) A name such as Picasso, which instantly spells Art to even the most ignorant, could be a burden: a monolithic, crushing billboard of a name. One of the things that has helped Paloma overcome any reticence about her identity is also a legacy from her father: a sense of humor. A man who dressed up in funny hats and cavorted on his terrace every morning pulling faces, Picasso enjoyed playing with the greed and sycophancy he engendered and turned potentially exploitative situations into jokes.

"He knew the value of what he did," Paloma says. "He was Midas in a way. He was perverse, but it was a child's perversity, not an adult one." She tells this story: "One day, the art historian Douglas Cooper came to the house. He had a black Citroën DS car with the sides covered in matte red anti-rust paint. He hadn't had time to repaint the car yet. My father saw it and said, 'How wonderful! I'll draw on it' and got a piece of chalk and started doing these sublime drawings all over the red patches. Then he said, 'Let's go to the beach!'"

"Cooper, who must have been planning how to get the drawings off the car and exhibit them, sell them, went green. My father led in his car; I was in Cooper's car. You could feel the

white chalk fly off the sides as we drove. When we got to the beach, we were hardly out of the car when Douglas Cooper started checking out what was left on the red patches. My father got out of his car, took a discreet peek as well, thought there was too much left, and announced: 'Why are we here? Let's go to Saint Tropez.'

"So off we went, all the way to Saint Tropez, on the auto route to increase the speed and the wind. Douglas Cooper kept trying to slow down, but he couldn't because we were following my father, who had told his driver to step on the gas. By the time we got there, Douglas was completely in shock, and there was nothing left of the drawings on his car."

Paloma knows how to deal with a city where the most refined form of social intercourse consists of tricks: tricks to find out what your interlocutor really wants; tricks to unmask ignorants, embarrass innocents, deflate confidence, crush the will and reveal the tin core of the victim. Since her accession to the position of Picasso's most visible heir, she has

(Continued on page 299)

"Theater," says Rafael Lopez Sanchez, "should dizzy . . . with characters, events, and surprises." What's dazzled Paris this fall is Rafael and Javier Arroyuelo's "Succès," a play that looks at—and laughs at—glamour and fame. For her husband's "Succès," Paloma designed costumes (pictured right) and sets—to surprise, joke, twirl an audience around. Paris adores them.



D

aring, provocative, she makes wild — and witty — the



ater costumes, heads a museum...and her name spells "Art"

Helmut Newton



TALKING TO

By John Leonard

"Born" (as William H. Gass once put it) "as if between syllables in Argentina" in 1899; raised on Emerson (!) and Schopenhauer and Wittgenstein and Scheherazade; suspected by the Right (Perón was afraid of him) and by the Left (he didn't *do* anything about Perón); godfather to such unlikely talents as Julio Cortázar and John Barth and Donald Barthelme; cohort of the recently deceased Vladimir Nabokov; poet, parodist, parabolist, philosopher-fictioneer; blind and wise and whimsical in his li-

EXORCISING THE

brary or his labyrinth—Jorge Luis Borges is a creature of pure literature, almost as if he were one of his own imaginary beasts, a hydra or a griffin.

Borges is also the caboose on the fierce, derailed train of modernist literature, hauled along by the locomotives of Baudelaire, Dostoyevsky, Kafka, Proust, Joyce, Eliot, Faulkner and Beckett. Nabokov made fun of him, as "Osberg" in *Adâ*; but Borges has had more fun than Nabokov had. In everything he writes, he is playing games with knowledge, with "time and infinity." His point is the difficulty of knowing. Language is treacherous; history is myth, or metaphor; memory may be imagination, and consciousness a dream. He fabricates alternative realities, for which we are also responsible. The mind itself is a library; we are locked inside. A book, after all—especially if it's by Borges—is as much of a trip as a visit to London or falling in love. Yet there is no despair in his gnomic art. Thinking, analyzing, extrapolating, Borges once reminded us, "are not anomalous acts; they are the normal respiration of intelligence."

We let Nabokov die without a Nobel Prize for Literature. If Borges doesn't get one soon, the Swedish Academy ought to be defenestrated.

Borges, left, photographed in 1977 in a favorite Buenos Aires park.

John Mason

Borges

By Hector Bianciotti and Jean-Paul Enthoven

Fragile, tremulous, as solemn as a Chinese sage of old, Jorge Luis Borges turns to us gravely: "Well, do you want me to say just anything? Since I adore stupid questions, it's entirely up to you. So ask me, then, how it is that I, Borges, who am blind, see the future of the world or the fate of man. Ask me if audio-visual gadgetry augurs the death of literature—or, better yet, if a young poet should believe in God. On such topics, I am capable of scaling the peaks of the

cane strikes unfamiliar walls, furniture, mazes. When he moves about, Borges has the parchment-like elegance of an aristocrat in exile. A sort of Proustian phantom setting out from the pampas. Of course, one instantly wants to tell him that one is moved, but Borges forestalls that with a weary "Qué tal?"—"How are you?" His voice is remote, breathless; his French skitters between an English accent and the inimitable accent of Buenos Aires.

mandar, which in Spanish means to order, to request. And then "mandarin," the name for the spiritual leaders of the Celestial Empire. By what miracle has Spain managed to cohabit throughout eternity with the Sons of Heaven in the imperious name of so small a fruit? For the moment, Borges is eating rice, the only nourishment he takes. He has asked for a spoon and is eating with pleasure; but the grains accumulate on the edge of the plate, which is too flat, and they threaten to fall on his impeccable, double-breasted jacket. So, while asking him questions to distract him from a solicitude that makes his flesh creep, one fills his spoon and guides his hand. A kind of tacit game is set in motion that could have offended him, but that he accepts.

JLB: Do you know that in the United States there is no rice? Those people appreciate only onions and garlic. Terrifying. . . .

There ensues a vast digression that sweeps pall-mall before it Cervantes, Celtic legends, Nietzsche, Stevenson, and the history of wine. The moment Borges encounters an unusual word, he comes to life. The rest bores him.

B&E: It entertains you to juggle with etymologies like that? After awhile, doesn't it become tiresome?

JLB: On the contrary, I believe it is the only thing on this earth that truly engages me. When the old Saxons used the word, "Thor," they weren't too sure whether the word denoted the god of thunder or the noise that follows on lightning; thus, they were at the heart of this ancient ambiguity that poetry strives to find and deepen. The catastrophe is that words are forgetful and that it has come to be considered pedantic to revive their memory. But that I find mysterious as the universe. That is what I hitch my dreams to.

B&E: Your dreams . . . are they filled,
(Continued on page 308)

COMMONPLACE

inept with no effort at all."

Borges is superstitious. It seems that before speaking he always begins by exorcising commonplaces the way other people ward off the evil eye. Mischievously, he explains that this idiosyncrasy comes to him from Flaubert.

Jorge Luis Borges: Ah, yes, Flaubert, my accomplice. . . . Would you like me to talk about Flaubert?

Hector Bianciotti and Jean-Paul Enthoven: We could also talk about Borges. . . .

JLB: That's a painful subject. . . . And then, Borges himself is so tired of being Borges.

B&E: Why?

JLB: Because it's been going on for seventy-eight years. Today, being blind, I am condemned to the darkness of my own company. And in the dark, promiscuity with oneself is more palpable than it is in full light. So, given the slightest chance, I escape myself, I travel, I abandon Borges the way a serpent sloughs its skin. By talking about myself, I shan't escape very far. In any event, it's time to go to lunch.

Slowly, with infinite precautions, Borges gets up from the velvet-covered divan in which he had buried himself. His

Here, then, is one of the greatest writers of the century holed up in a room in a hotel where, it seems, Oscar Wilde came to die. Naturally, one would like to say very intelligent things, relate anecdotes that would make Borges smile; but no, that's trite. Some television people are on hand, adjusting their lights. Microphones are clamped to a table, and a volume of Swedenborg is lying on it. Borges offers no resistance, docile among the hurly-burly of a technological world to which he courteously submits.

JLB: Happily, I am not deaf. . . . The deaf are always ridiculous, always the butt of jokes. Poor Beethoven. . . . But the blind, oddly, are credited with great insight. . . .

It takes us a good quarter of an hour to cross the rue des Beaux-Arts. Irony is transformed into distress, although Borges tries as best he can to lessen the strain his blindness causes. It is impossible not to think of Oedipus on the road to Thebes. An Argentine Oedipus with eyes blinded by culture. The restaurant we enter has a name that intrigues him: La Route Mandarine.

JLB: Strange, isn't it, that word "mandarin"? One hears the idea of command in it twice. First, there is the verb

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

At a time when the accent in fashion show is clearly on the "show," Black models are the superstars. From New York to Paris to Milan, they bring down the house, bring on the applause for the exuberance and delight they give to clothes, for the fast-paced beat they set for the way those clothes are shown. Here, a look at what fashion audiences see: six runway stars winning raves for a typical all-stops-out performance. And the clothes are in the same mood — bare body-dressing with razzle-dazzle of its own. It's a hard act to follow. (Continued on the next page)

RENÉE KING
Halsdon's gold lame (shiny bias-cut) jewelry. Elsa Peretti of Tiffany

BILLIE BLAIR
Stephen Burrows' gold bandeau, black jersey, skinny pants

TOUKIE SMITH
Norma Kamali's black tuxedo, marlot, glitter legs. (What does it?)
Madeleine Mono's new, twinkling, shimmering, shimmering, Binking Body Glitter!

b BLACK MODELS

DANA DIXON
Stephen Burrows' one-shoulder
sleeper of red silk

IMAN
Mary McFadden's all-pleated,
all-narrow halter dress

ALVA CHINN
Halston's gold bare-midriff pyjama,
bias tape jewelry, Elsa Peretti of Tiffany

Photographed at
the New York Shakespeare Festival
Public Theater
Fashion information stores:
1171 1st Ave.
Hair: Harry King, makeup:
Joey Mills, George Newell

the showstoppers!

A new

FASHION

By Clive Barnes

EDITOR'S NOTE: *New York's most ubiquitous dance and drama critic, Clive Barnes, takes a look at the fashion show as entertainment—and at its newest stars: the Black runway models.*

We all knew that Black was beautiful, but it took fashion to show us how beautiful. The phenomenon—and no other than this oft misused word will do—of the Black model is something basic to the fashion scene today. When? How? And why?

You will see Black models making heads turn and clothes sell in New York, in Paris, in Milan. In a typical Seventh Avenue fashion show, for instance, five or six out of the fifteen runway models are Black. Their combination of American confidence and African awareness seems irresistible.

When did it all happen? You can hardly remember. Certainly, in November 1973 at Versailles, there were five American collections shown and it became apparent to all that the Black model had become paramount. However, the concept of Black women as quintessentially chic is certainly as old as the 'twenties. Josephine Baker, Florence Mills, any number of other entertainers of that day set a kind of pattern of dress and beauty, both exotic and erotic, that swam into the consciousness of a white generation. But in those days, whites called them Negro, or more delicately, colored—and no one dreamed of calling whites Caucasians.

Show business, like sports, was an acceptable way for the Black to find him- or herself upwardly mobile in white society. Just as long as he or she did not try to become too mobile or too upward. Jazz players were perfectly splendid people. So were boxers. Society could invite a Joe Louis or a Duke Ellington home to dinner anytime it wanted to. And they would adorn parties, like glamorous black orchids in a sea of white magnolias.

Achievement and beauty. Conceivably, Paul Robeson, all-American quar-

terback, singer, actor, and—whisper the words softly—political activist, was the first Black model. He was striding along different runways and strutting different wares, but he knew what he was doing. And he knew that the whites knew what he was doing. He was saying two simple things by his very presence. Yes, he was saying, Black is beautiful. Just as importantly, he was saying Black is ordinary. It was the beginning of awareness.

So, when were the first Black models? They started in Paris soon after World War II as a novelty, a *frisson*, an exclamation point at the end of a dress.

They were different. They were unusual. They suggested odd Rousseau-like (both Rousseaux) fantasies to male buyers and female customers alike. Well, probably not quite alike.

They became fashionable in fashion, which in fashion is the only way to go. By 1962, they were fashionable enough for a Black Paris model to be the heroine of a Richard Rodgers musical, *No Strings*, starring Diahann Carroll and Richard Kiley, but not quite fashionable enough for Miss Carroll's Blackness, around which the plot turned, to be actually mentioned in the script. They were colder days. Things are cooler now.

The demand for Black models continues to increase. The Black magazine *Ebony* sponsors special Black fashion shows; and, naturally, the Black model has been in the forefront of the rapidly growing awareness of high fashion in the contemporary American Black woman.

While it is easy to see why more and more Black women are going into modeling, it's not so easy to see why they are at present comparatively so much more successful than their white sisters. Admittedly, like most trends in the fashion industry, there is doubtless some element of a cult about it. But no mere cult could explain their growing success.

One observer was ready to ascribe it very much to showmanship. More and more, a fashion show has become a theatrical entertainment—indeed, a show in the full sense of the word. Tradi-

tionally, white models have been trained, or if not trained at least conditioned, to project an anonymous, and often almost androgynous, personality. The girl was meant to be a nonexistent coat hanger for what she was wearing. Of course, it had to be a decorative coat hanger, and certainly it had to know how to hang; but the dress was the thing, not the girl.

Black women are different. They have a triumphant assurance, a sense of bravado, of panache, or, if they are anywhere near New York's garment district, *chutzpah*.

The Black model is first and foremost a woman. She is sensuously aware of her body. Her wish to be anonymous is less than minimal. She is the product of many new crosscurrents in our culture. She is both the result of Black Liberation and Women's Liberation. She is also part of the disco civilization. She is the epitome of New York's Studio 54 on the one hand, and a new sense of freedom on the other.

The new theatrical-style fashion show finds this new kind of Black woman in an element she has actually helped to create. The woman has no inhibitions about outstarring the dress she happens to be wearing. She knows, in a way that few white models understand, that a fashion show is a place of fantasy, a world of image and impression.

A designer's collection should be something like a volume of poetry. The tone of it, the use of words, the expression of sentiment, must be personal. This should emerge in any great fashion show. But the model is the speaker. The fashion show has joined the performing arts—whether designers want this or not—and Black models have latched onto this quicker than the whites.

See them walk on like the great Black dancer Judith Jamison in her African Queen mood. They don't just hear the music, they react to it. Their whole spirit is bent on being gorgeous. What they are wearing is secondary to what they are. And, as a result, what they are wearing is apt to look simply wonderful.

“Triumphant assurance

Andrea Blanch

ENERGY



PEGGY DILLARD

Courrèges bared-down white sweater,
black jacket, red silk ankle pants

Hair: John Sahag
makeup: Sandra Linter
Fashion information
stores, next to last pages

... a sense of bravado... panache..."

ACCESSORIES MAKE THE BEST PRESENTS... THE MOST NEWS



1



2

Strong shapes,
bold colors, and every one
a surefire gift



3

Next to a partridge in a pear tree ... the most pleasure to give or get ... these accessories! Any one bold enough, bright enough to turn a whole look. 1. Double delight ... double 18k-gold hoop earrings by Jean Dinh Van (\$120). For a color change, substitute jade (\$100) or lapis (\$120) hoops. 2. Night mufflers in white or cream silk, always short, always fringed: left, Gucci (\$60); center, Sonia Rykiel (\$110); right, Scarf by Yves Saint Laurent (\$175). 3. Symbol of all the news: a shocking blue tassel earring! The sensuous, flirty way it moves! With a baroque pearl (\$350). By Elsa Peretti of Tiffany. The blue silk jacquard turnout by Halston. 4. More structure, more shape in evening bags. Hand-woven leather, in gunmetal or bronze (\$160). From Maud Frizon. 5. Conversation-piece sunglasses, one-of-a-kind antique "retrospects" (\$28 each). Private Eye Sunglasses. 6. For warmth, for fun ... cashmere mufflers ... cropped short, fringed (each \$50). By Echo Scarfs. 7. Finds from Fendi where they always find a different way ... Eskimo designs on satin evening bags. Shoulder-bag in cognac (\$120); wine clutch (\$125). At Bergdorf Goodman. All prices approximate. 8. From Elsa Peretti of Tiffany ... always unexpected, beautiful shapes ... now, the added bite of blazing color ... Teardrop earrings in jade, lapis, tiger's eye. ... The drama of silk tassel necklaces in emerald green, scarlet, blue. ... A bean-shaped evening bag of 24k-gold-lacquered magnolia wood. ... A 20k-gold mesh tasseled evening bag. ... And delicate gold mesh necklaces in varied lengths. ... Peretti-pure sculptured rectangles make double belt buckles. Slide a strip of leather, a length of ribbon through ... enough accessory for any look! In tiger iron, green jade. ... Another sculptured shape; free-form pendants, red jasper or black jade on 18k-gold chains.



4



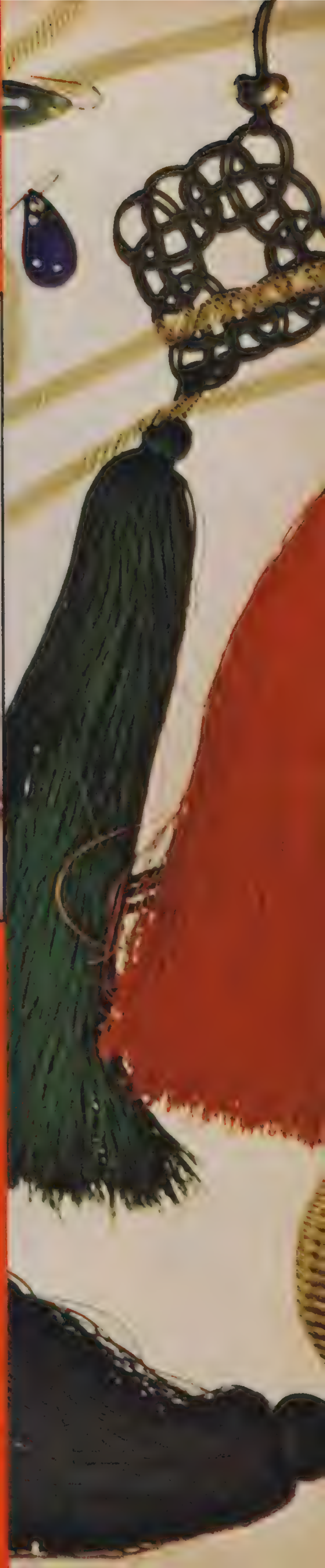
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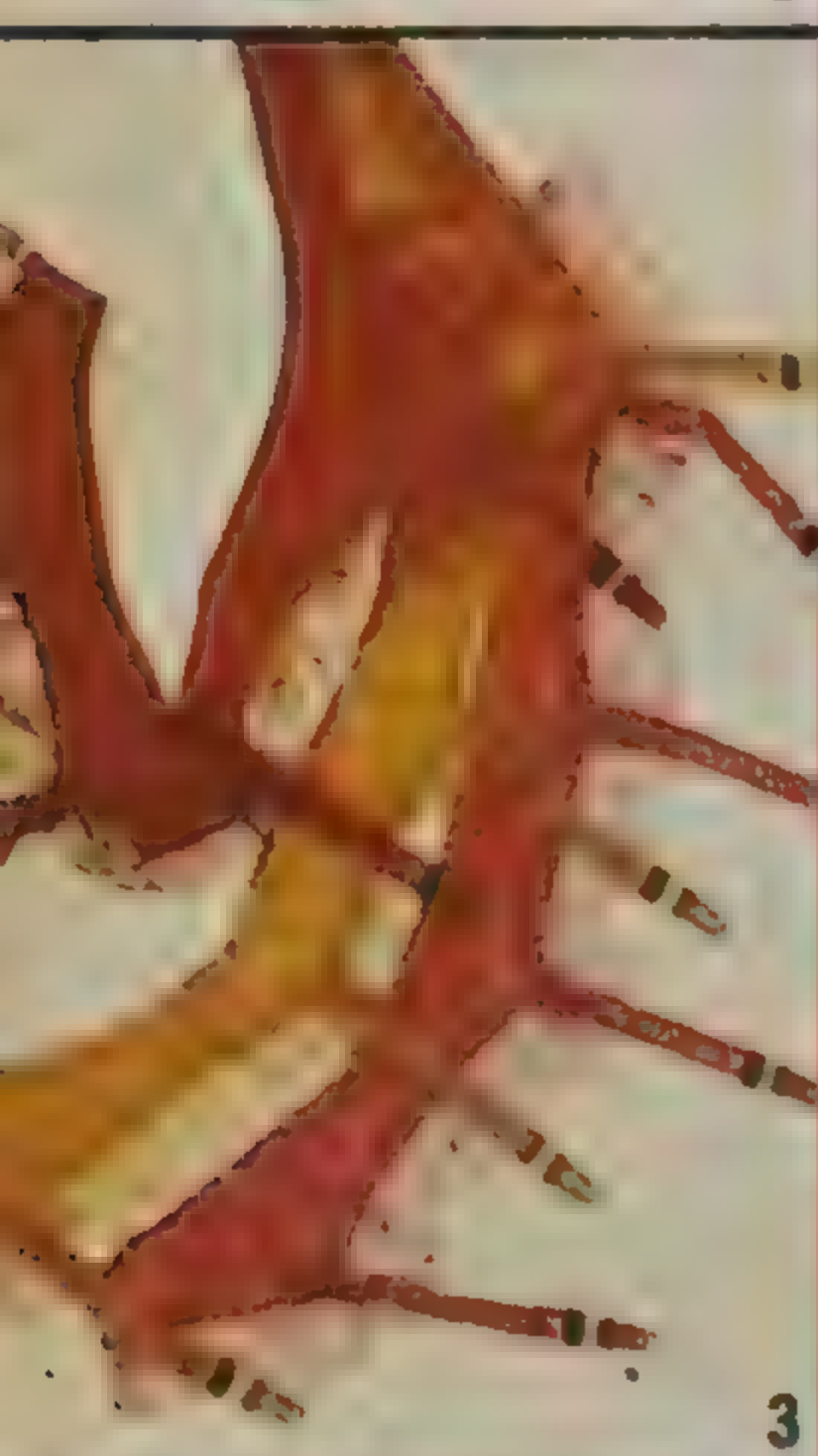


Prices and details on Elsa Peretti of Tiffany jewelry stores, other presents, next to last pages of this issue. These six pages: Hair, Bob Fink of Pipino-Buccheri Salon. Makeup here, Joey Mills.

Still lifes: Nobu
Other photographs: Andrea Blanch



2



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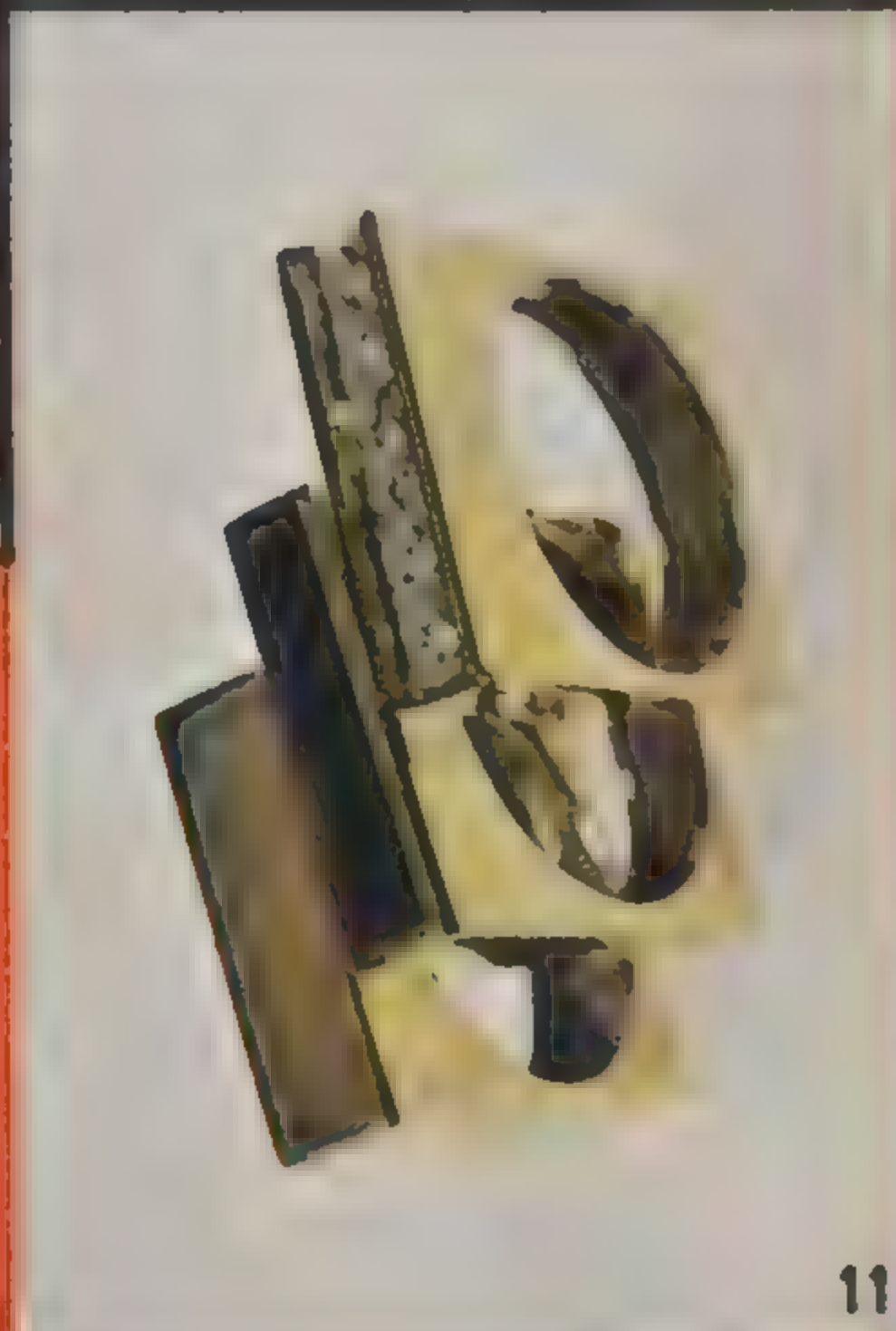
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9



10



11



12



13



14

The new dazzle in shoes. 1: Geoffrey Beene's low purple satin wedge, ankle-wrapped with gold (\$75). Delights for someone "with everything" — Celia Sebiri's jewels: The hammered brass clutch (\$135). Tasseled and jeweled hairsticks (each \$28). The single belt buckle to add to leather or charmeuse (\$105). 2. For the "collector": Angela Cummings' cuffs (\$135 and up); butterfly hairsticks (\$110). Of Tiffany. 3. The fun of giving garter belts in hot colors. Hues by Kathy & Sandy (each \$12). 4. Knotted ropes of Mikimoto's fresh-water pearls (\$3,300). Rhinestone flash — Eisenberg Ice's headlight earrings (\$6). 5. An armload of 14k-gold/stone "tube" bracelets, Marsha Breslow. (Each \$295.) 6. Someone — anyone! — on your list would love: A silver bangle set with crystal stones, Joanne Cooper & Peter M. (\$95). Kenneth Jay Lane's rhinestone earrings (\$15). A sleek gold pen from Tiffany (\$220). 7. Most precious: lapis heart earrings set with diamonds, Bulgari-Danaos, Ltd. 8. In small packages: Kenneth Jay Lane's rhinestone earrings in three different cuts (\$8-\$23). 9. Soft leathers with shape (clockwise): Wine/brown woven envelope, Bottega Veneta (\$205). Bobby Breslau's big shoulderbag (\$300). Redwall's leather-tied folio (\$95). Scored leather pouch, Fendi at Bergdorf Goodman (\$215). Classic tan clutch, Coach Leatherware (\$85). ... Rings! 10. Les Bernard "gold"-studded cloisonne bands (\$10 each). 11. Square 18k-gold rings — plain (\$300), enamel (\$365), pave diamonds (\$975). Madeleine van Eerde. 12. Everyone wants Cartier's "liquid" 18k-gold cuffs (each \$900). 13. M. & J. Savitt's gold vermeil combs set with stones (\$225-\$260). Kenneth Jay Lane's bar pin (\$20). 14. The Fendi inventiveness in a pull-over of bronze-dyed rabbit that reverses to leather lacework, Fendi Furs at Bergdorf Goodman (\$1,800). Barry Kieselstein-Cord's 14k-gold "chicklette" on a rawhide cord (\$900). The gift of time — a tiger's eye watch from Bulgari-Danaos, Ltd. Makeup, 4 and 14, George Newell; 6, Joey Mills. All prices approximate. Information and stores, next to last pages of this issue.

The dazzle of
gold-plus-color to give,
to wear now

THE BEST PRESENTS/THE MOST NEWS





3



7



5



8



10



6



9




11

1. Glitter goes! ... and gold! Down to the seams of the black panty stockings by Electric Sok (\$7). The gold-and-black slit robe by Fernando Sanchez; Geoffrey Beene's gold sliver-sandals; antique "gold"-leaf wooden handbag, Zushi (\$200); M.&J. Savitt vermeil bangles (\$560 each). 2. With the new focus on waistlines: bold, sculptured buckles on straightforward belts. By Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Left, 14k-gold buckle, tip, loops, on a brown lizard belt (\$2,850); center, 14k-gold buckle on brown cobra (\$825); right, sterling-silver buckle on black lizard (\$455). 3. High-voltage colors everywhere! Rafael Sanchez's satin bags with tassels (\$85 each). Multi-strand bugle-bead necklaces from Van Allen; golden (\$12), multi-colored (\$13). Sparkled scarves of sheer cotton muslin (\$16 each). By Paritosh. 4. "Go West!" ... in snake-and-leather hand-tooled belts with sterling-silver buckles, loops, tips. By Gail Wiley for Henri Bendel (\$185 each). 5. And ... the fastest cowboy boots! By Tony Lama (\$105). Their new, shorter length shows off the ribbed Orlon/cotton socks by Beautiful Bryan, layered over cozy cashmere tights, Christian Dior Legwear (\$20). For the ultimate in totes, leather from Fendi (\$265). 6. More beautiful buckles. Every one a jewel ... in 18k gold. Top, Cindy Royce Creations (\$1,000); center left, with green enamel; center right, with blue enamel (\$900 each). Both by Marsha Breslow. Bottom, by Bulgari-Danaos, Ltd. 7. Now, the "scarlet letter" in sequins! Peter Catalano for P.C. Designs (\$4). Put it on (it sticks) black leather Moon Jeans (\$165). Add a Joan Vass black angora T-shirt (\$210). The perfect handbag with all these disco delights ... red bugle beads! By Halston for H.B. Accessories (\$365). Cuff bracelet by Terry Thunder for La Crasia (\$60). 8. Red keeps coming up! Gucci combines it with wine in boots the new mid-calf length (\$179). 9. Just for the fun ... glitter socks! Electric Sok (\$4 per pair). 10. More entertainment: the fluffiest fox cuffs on black leather gloves. Lee Menichetti (\$80). 11. On the other hand ... classic gloves. The softest leather, the richest colors: butter-scotch (\$35) and nut brown (\$30) by Mark Cross; red, fleece-lined (\$24), Grandoe. All prices approximate. Additional information, stores, next to last pages of this issue. Makeup, George Newell.

Something for everyone!
Classics to...
comedy at night





Furs


revved-up,
racy...
in their
element

A windswept beach . . . a cold city street . . . a winter day anywhere — and the pleasure of having fur between you and the weather. Long-haired luxurious fur. More easygoing, more relaxed in the shape of jackets, vests, pullovers. Always — enough fur to wrap up, to feel warm in. Photographed on these six pages in a seaside winter setting — the Boardwalk, Atlantic City. Out in the open, *left* — fur at its best. A cozy, bundle-up-in 7/8 jacket with beautiful color and silky texture — feathered natural badger, from Grosvenor of Canada. About \$9,750. Given the option, *right* — the jacket to own — for the warmth, the dash, and line, for the out-and-out luxury! — a 7/8 jacket in thick red fox. Grosvenor of Canada. About \$11,950. Both jackets at Bonwit Teller, New York and Chicago; Saks-Jandel; Chudiks of Birmingham, Michigan; Frost Bros.; Bullocks Wilshire; Roberts Brothers, San Francisco; Eaton's, Toronto Eaton Centre. The warm lip color this page: Aziza's Natural Lustre Lipstick — Red with Tawny Lustre. These pages: hair, Christiaan; makeup, Ariella. Accessory information, next to last pages.

A black and white photograph of a woman with long dark hair, wearing a dark fur hat and a thick fur coat. She is smiling and looking down. In the background, there is a large, textured animal head, possibly a bear or moose. The scene is set outdoors with some wooden structures visible.

Furs

revved-up,
racy...
in their
element




The easy glamour of fur now, *left* — and the warmest, most alluring way to “relax” outdoors — a 7/8 jacket in thick silver grey fox. Fur by Yves Saint Laurent. About \$6,500. Saks-Jandel; Sakowitz; Duplers Furs, Denver; I. Magnin. Most beautiful new covering for evening, *right* — a long sleeveless jacket in fur. Black fox reversing to quilted black velvet (acetate/rayon). By Oscar de la Renta. Here, over his black-and-gold silk/metallic print. Fur, for Kenneth Wagner, Wagner Furs, about \$2,500. Kaufmann's; Dittrich Furs, Detroit; Bonwit Teller, Chicago; Sakowitz; Bullock's. Fashion and accessory information, next to last pages.



Furs

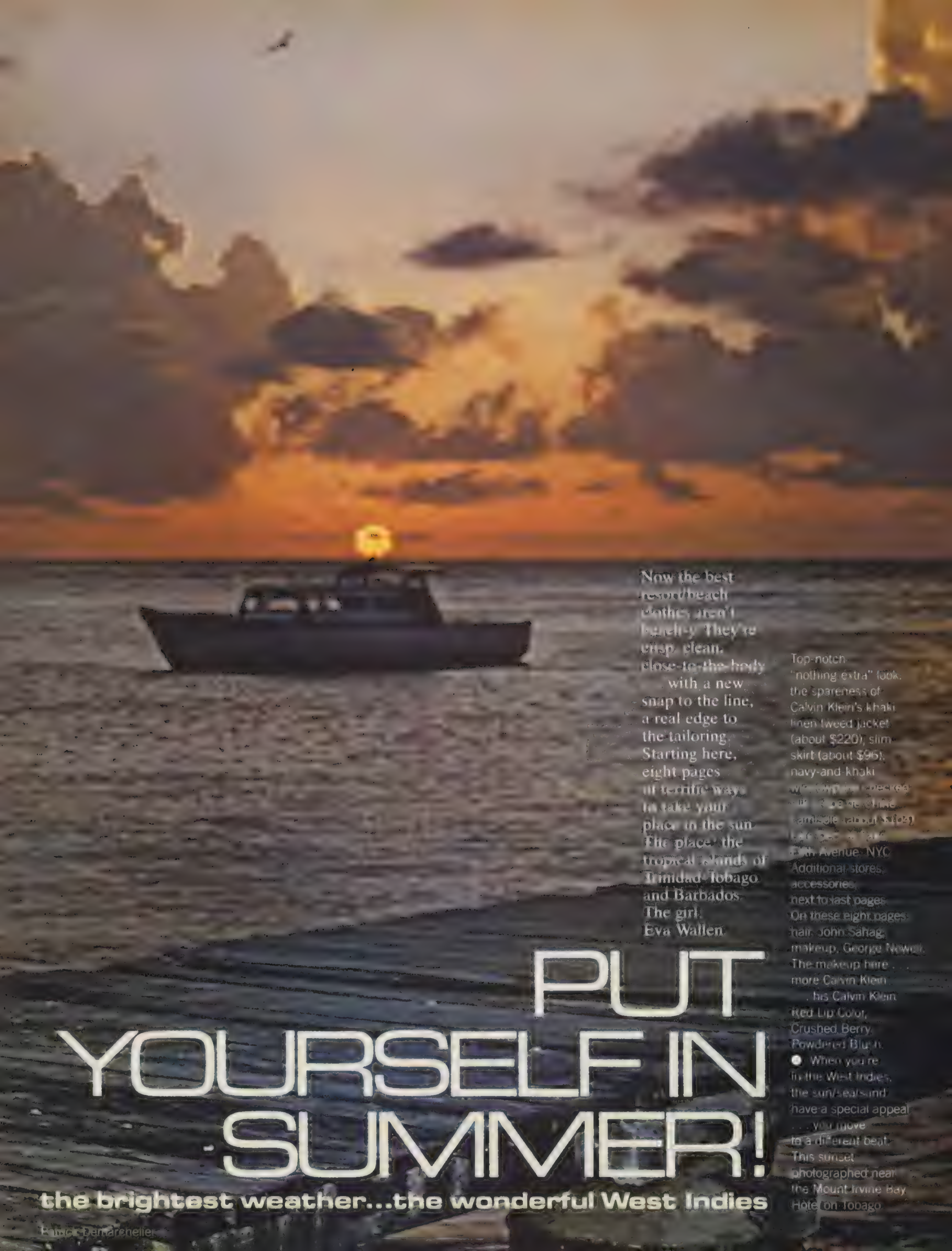
revved-up,
racy...
in their
element



With a snap in the air,
new dash in a fur, *far left*.
The more casual mink jacket —
everyone's kind of fur! From
I. Wasserman, of Natural
Royal Samink. About \$7,000.
Ritter Bros. — Ben Thylan Furs, NYC;
Barbatsuly Brothers, Garden City, NY.
Unexpected, *left* — the freewheeling,
open-air style of a fur tunic instead of
a jacket. In mink-and-suède, by Kasper
for Louis Milona, of Emba Lunaraine mink.
About \$4,000. Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin;
Helen of Memphis. The most fur impact,
right. Sable—warm, dyed-golden sable—
for a wonderful, cozy drawstring jacket . . .
for cold weather anywhere, you
couldn't do better! Carlo Tivioli
for Goldin-Feldman. About \$8,950.
Lord & Taylor; L.S. Ayres;
James Hirsch Furs, Dallas; Bullock's.
These six pages: photographed
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City,
New Jersey, near the Resorts
International Hotel Casino.
Accessories, next to last pages.



the best looks...



Now the best
resort/beach
clothes aren't
hard to find. They're
crisp, clean,
close-to-the-body

with a new
snap to the line,
a real edge to
the tailoring.
Starting here,
eight pages
in terrific ways
to take your
place in the sun.
The place, the
tropical islands of
Trinidad, Tobago
and Barbados.
The girl,
Eva Wallen.


Top-notch
"nothing extra" look,
the sparseness of
Calvin Klein's khaki
linen tweed jacket
(about \$220), slim
skirt (about \$96),
navy-and-khaki
with a pop of red
in the belt. The
ensemble (about \$100)
is available at
Fifth Avenue, NYC.
Additional stores,
accessories,
next to last pages.
On these eight pages:
hair, John Sahag;
makeup, George Newell.
The makeup here
more Calvin Klein
his Calvin Klein
Red Lip Color,
Crushed Berry,
Powdered Blue.
● When you're
in the West Indies,
the sun/sea/sand
have a special appeal
... you move
to a different beat.
This sunset
photographed near
the Mount Irvine Bay
Hotel on Tobago.

PUT YOURSELF IN SUMMER!

the brightest weather...the wonderful West Indies



the wonderful West Indies



Go for
a sweater
instead of
a T-shirt
... for shorts
trim and
tailored
as trousers
a hat!
It's not a
more serious
look ...
just more
finished,
thought-out ...
modern!

PUT YOURSELF IN SUMMER!

Stands for all
the news, left:
Geoffrey Beene's
bright-red body-close
cotton knit cardigan
(about \$70); perfectly
fitted natural
linen/silk shorts
(about \$80).

For Beene Bag.
Late January at
Bergdorf Goodman;
L.L. Bergr, Buffalo,
New York; Nan Duskin;
Hudson's, Marshall Field;
Frost Bros. ...

The raciest looks are
clean, uncluttered, bare.
Right: From Perry Ellis,
this crunchy
hand-knit cotton
pullover in deep green
(about \$100)

with pleated short shorts
of off-white wool
gabardine (about \$60).
For Portfolio, Ann Taylor,
Rich's, Country Vogue,
Chagrin Falls, Ohio;
Neiman Marcus.

● *Opposite:* Not only
are there thickly
wooded walks
and uncrowded beaches
Tobago's a
bird-watcher's paradise.
Rare tropical birds
everywhere ... and
bird sanctuaries ...
the Mount Irvine
Bay Hotel has one.
Right: On Barbados ...
fascinating volcanic
rock formations
along the Bathsheba
(even the names
are romantic!) coast.
These, near Marriott's
Sam Lord's Castle.



PUT YOURSELF IN SUMMER!

Yves Saint Laurent turns his talent to daytime, and delivers the freshest most modern take on classics.

Left: His blue drawstring jacket (about \$225) and narrow red pants (about \$145), both in toile-a-voile.

Cotton: the contrast of a crisp white cotton pique shirt (about \$150).

For Rive Gauche: Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, New York; Montaldo's; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, Atlanta.

... Honed-down is Halston's hallmark ...

and nobody does it better. **Opposite:**

The smallness of his red cotton jersey top.

The delight of it over pants, doubling wire.

Halston Originals, about \$180.

At Halston Boutiques. Also at Montaldo's.

John Baldwin; Sakowitz Earrings, Elsa Peretti of Tiffany. Accessories next to last pages.

Another sizzle color:

another Halston original: his Redberry-2 Lipstick.

● **Left:** Among the temptations of Tobago.

... sailing, deep-sea fishing, water-skiing.

And snorkeling: ...

on Buccoo Reef near the Mount Irvine Bay Hotel. **Opposite:**

Barbados has the whitest, softest sand beaches, palm-shaded.

And ... a real castle ... built in 1820

by a pirate named Lord. It's a Marriott Hotel now,

but it's still known as Sam Lord's Castle

and just as it was when he built it.

The buzzwords: clean lines ... clear colors. Now warm weather doesn't mean pale pastels. Excitement turns on the jolt of primary brights ... the lift you get when you wear them!



You've always counted on the freshness, the appeal of white in sun climates. The plus factors now: unexpected fabrics, more defined shapes.

PUT YOURSELF IN SUMMER!

Real news: shorts and a jacket in the softest glove leather! And, left, a camp shirt that's silk gauze! By Donna Karan and Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co. Shorts, about \$200; jacket, about \$190; shirt, about \$110. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Rich's; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus.

Magnin. To handle almost anything on the horizon, right, this lean shawl-collared jacket and straight legged pants. Add the snap of a wide belt. Jacket, about \$50; pants, about \$36. Liza from Lilly Pulitzer in cotton and polyester. Lord & Taylor; Lilly Pulitzer Shops, Florida.

enjoy contrast . . . at Marnott's Sam Lord's Castle in Barbados . . . walk through formal French gardens, areas jungle-dense with tropical trees. Right: Relax on the deck of a cabin cruiser in turquoise Caribbean waters: watch the sun set, the pelicans perform! All this West Indies calm, only minutes from the BWIA terminal.

Patrick Demarchelier



the wonderful West Indies



The best beach combination — color! And a great body revealed in the newest, barest bathing suit shapes.

PUT
YOURSELF
...IN THE
SWIM!

A glorious print, *left* — pink-and-green flowers on black in one of the sexiest one-piece suits around.

Leonard Fashion of Paris, in Lycra, about \$128.

Late December, Bergdorf Goodman; Barton/Sligh's; Stanley Korshak; Miss Jackson's.

Something more, *right* — more texture, more body! All-over puckering on wine bandeau maillot, cut higher on the leg.

Via! by Jantzen, in nylon, about \$32.

Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, FL; Bullock's; Liberty House, Hawaii. Hair, Christiaan; makeup, Ariella.

Accessories, next to last pages.



Beauty Note . . .
Whenever you're
in the sun, protect and
moisturize your skin
top-to-toe. . . . One way:
Payot's Tanning Lotion,
Bronzage Parfait
(SPF 4.)
More color,
more protection —
Marina lipstick
and Chataigne lipgloss.

Christmas party drinks: the hottest— the coldest—the best!

By Barbara Ensrud

Christmas dinner at our house was always held on Christmas Eve. We had our annual turkey on Thanksgiving, but at the family feast on Christmas we dined on game—usually, wildfowl from the flocks of wild geese and ducks that funnel down the Mississippi Flyway during December on their way to feeding grounds on the Gulf Coast. If the hunter's eye was keen, and it usually was, we feasted on the rich, dark meat of mallards, pintails, or canvasbacks—and occasionally, when the legal limit permitted, a brace of succulent Canadas.

I don't always get home for Christmas anymore; but, a couple of years ago, it happened unexpectedly at the last moment. After the usual holiday chaos had delayed the flight from JFK a good three hours, I arrived in Mississippi travel weary and not a little jangled by the frantic rush to get off. Despite the woefully short notice I'd given my family, they were ready with my favorite holiday meal. My father and brother-in-law had been out on the reservoir well before dawn. That evening, Christmas Eve, four blue geese, plump from feeding stops in the grainfields of the Midwest, sat amid the crystal and silver on the holiday table.

Rushed though I was in leaving New York, I still had managed as I struggled out the door to grab two bottles of wine, which rode calmly under the seat in front of me on the plane. Fortunately, the wines were Burgundies and, fortunate again, two bottles of the same very good one: **Nuits-Saint-Georges, Les Porets, 1969**. They were soft, fragrant, and fat, the perfect accompaniment to roast wild goose.

The voluminous Burgundies are the classic accompaniment to game, be it venison, wild goose, or hare. If that's to be your fare for this year's yuletide celebration, I suggest you look to the big reds of the Côte d'Or to go with it. You might choose from among the stalwart grand ones like **Chambertin, Échézeaux**, or the aforementioned **Nuits-Saint-Georges**; or perhaps one from the vineyards south of Beaune, such as **Volnay, Pommard**, or **Corton-Renardes**, more delicate than those to the north, but no less elegant or refined.

The most traditional of all Christmas spirits, though, are punches—the cheery mélange of wine, cider, or ale combined with fruits and spices, served hot or cold. South of the Mason-Dixon, where the winter's bite doesn't come until January, if at all, the Christmas cup of cheer is often chilled punch. The most festive of all has Champagne as its base.

The traditional Champagne punch contains a multitude of ingredients that include fruit, spices, sugar, and brandy. Generally, though, the better the Champagne, the less you should do to it. If you choose to make a Champagne punch for Christmas morning, it won't, I hope, be with one of the twenty or so **Grands Marques** such as **Moët et Chandon, Taittinger, Pol Roger** or the like—or even **Schramsberg** or **Domaine Chandon**. They're too good to adulterate and should just be enjoyed at their own sparkling best.

To make Champagne punch for twenty, try this one. Peel and crush three ripe pineapples in a large punch bowl. Cover with a pound of sugar and let stand for an hour. Then, add one pint strained lemon juice, four ounces curaçao, four ounces maraschino, and one pint Cognac. Just before serving, add four quarts chilled Champagne

“Peach-gold
froth on top
of Champagne”

(a domestic Brut will do nicely). Set the punch bowl on a bed of crushed ice, if possible, to keep it cold longer. A gallon of punch will fill about forty punch cups.

One Christmas, I had an open house and didn't know if there would be many or few. After poring over a number of books with punch recipes, I finally devised one of my own that would work no matter how many showed up. I took one package of frozen peaches and a pint of hulled fresh strawberries (available all year round in most metropolitan centers) and liquefied them in a blender. I chilled the mixture in a carafe in the refrigerator along with extra fruit in case the full list of invitees showed up, and half a dozen bottles of **Korbel Brut**. As guests arrived, I simply poured about four ounces of Champagne into each glass and topped it with the peach-gold froth, which mixed with the bubbles in a most delectable manner. “Fabulous!” was the response. I dubbed the drink “Aurora” because of its rosy gold color and have never had so many requests for a drink recipe in my life.

The Wassail Bowl that for centuries beck-

oned holiday revelers “to come a-wassailing,” however, was hot. And if you're fresh in from the ski trails or tromping the countryside with fellow carolers, a huge and vaporous Wassail Bowl makes the perfect holiday warm-up. If you want to be really traditional, here's a recipe for Wassail.

YE OLDE WASSAIL

forty servings, four ounces each

2 cups sugar
1 teaspoon ground nutmeg
1 teaspoon ground ginger
4 whole cloves
2 coriander seeds
2 cardamom seeds
4 bottles Madeira
12 eggs, separated
1 cup Cognac, heated
12 roasted crab apples (McIntosh can substitute)

Mix sugar, spices, 1 cup water, and Madeira; bring just to boil and simmer (do not boil) for 10 minutes. Beat egg whites until they form stiff peaks; beat yolks until a frothy lemon yellow. Fold whites into yolks, then strain half of the hot brew slowly into eggs, stirring constantly, and pour mixture into a warmed punch bowl. Strain rest of hot brew gradually into punch bowl, stirring carefully. Add heated Cognac and roasted apples. Serve in punch cups.

Now that I live where the chill winds of winter are in full force by December, my favorite holiday drink is *glögg*. The first time I had it was the first Christmas I spent in New York at the home of a Swedish friend. Each Christmas Eve a small, intimate group of friends gathered at her house to sup on Scandinavian specialties traditionally served in every Swedish household on Christmas—*lutefisk* (dried codfish simmered to fluffy whiteness and served with cream sauce and nutmeg), caramelized potatoes, Swedish meatballs, and the marvelous Swedish rye bread *limpa*. With it, we had her special version of *julglögg*, which I've used many times since.

JULGLÖGG

twelve to fifteen servings

2 bottles dry red wine
4 whole cloves
2-inch cinnamon stick
Slivers of orange peel from 2 oranges
½ cup almonds, blanched
½ cup raisins
Sugar to taste
Garnish: 1 cinnamon stick per cup

In a 3-quart saucepan, combine wine, cloves, cinnamon, orange peel, almonds, and raisins and simmer gently for 1 hour. Stir sugar (½ cup if you don't want it too sweet) into hot wine and stir until dissolved. Heat sweetened wine but do not boil. Serve *glögg* hot, with a few raisins and almonds in each mug, with a cinnamon stick to stir.

In Scandinavia they often add a bottle of aquavit and ignite the liquid.

When we left at midnight, it was still snowing. But we scarcely felt the cold and walked all the way home, some forty blocks, bathed in the glow of snow crystals prised by city lights. We, of course, were somewhat aglow ourselves, warmed to toes and fingertips with *glögg*. ▽

PALOMA PICASSO

(Continued from page 268)

been compared to Marie-Laure de Noailles, intellectual hostess of the 'thirties and 'forties. She has been put on the cover of *L'Express* as the prime example of constructive young womanhood. This creates an aura of respect that makes some people uncomfortable in her presence.

Paloma's reaction is to appear at parties in her honor wearing, sometimes a Balinese crown, sometimes a sombrero in honor of her Spanish blood. People whisper that her compact is 24 karat gold; it's Guerlain plastic, but she goes along with the assumption. Although she is quiet and, I suspect, still extremely shy, she enjoys shocking; but being also deeply kind, she prefers to do it with visual paradox rather than the cutting put-down. (At the London premiere of Nureyev's *Romeo and Juliet*, she wore an ankle-length ballet tutu, a chenille hair net, and hoop earrings. People asked "Who is the Spanish dancer?" and when told "Picasso's daughter," answered, "Don't be so silly.")

It's not surprising that the plane on which Paloma exercises her humor is that of fashion; for, being second generation, she had the option to become fashionable and took it, abrogating to herself also the right to play with the notion of fashionability. Rather than being crushed by the achievement already in her family, she seeks to "conserve, embellish, and make known" her father's work while remaining true to herself. She responds to being watched by making her appearance a means of expression: a reaction that could be explained by Picasso's warning to his children, "*Il faut toucher avec les yeux pas avec les mains.*"

"She has grown up better than anyone else I know," says a friend who knew her as a teenager. "She's so open, sweet, disarming, and plain normal that it's a shock to the system," says Lauren Bacall, a recent acquaintance, who adds: "Thinking of Picasso and Paloma's fight for recognition, you expect a person with some anger in her, some resentment. She doesn't have any."

At twenty-nine, Paloma has grown way beyond the expectations of her peers. In a career that has combined designing for the theater with making eccentric accessories for Saint Laurent, fine gold jewels for Zolotas, and acting in a horror film, she has held on to her own combination of humor, taste, and talent. Now that she is in charge of a museum, along with her brother Claude, she is considered a heavyweight in the French cultural arena and labeled "intellectual" by those who take drugs and fear books. But the word "intellectual" has a certain glamour in Paris that it lacks elsewhere; and, today, in Paris it's chic to think.

Paloma Picasso was born by the Lamaze method, in a darkened room, to Françoise Gilot and Pablo Picasso in 1949. Her birth and that of her brother are recorded in Gilot's book, *Life with Picasso*; there are pictures of her and her brother in David Douglas Duncan's three big books on Picasso, and she was painted by her father many times. When Paloma was four, Françoise Gilot left Picasso and took both children to Paris from the South of France. Paloma and Claude continued to visit their father during the summers, until Picasso's last wife, Jacqueline, put an end to their visits.

When I first met Paloma, her father's name was the least important thing about

her. Whatever weight and mystery that name carried, it was not relevant to her life. She was beginning to design jewelry, shooting stars and cut-out shapes that found favor with Yves Saint Laurent and suited the mood of the time. It was 1970, and Paris had gone Pop. Andy Warhol was making a movie there; French Vogue printed a photo of Pablo Picasso wearing a T-shirt with a giant star on it.

I can't recall going to a museum once that whole year, except to the reading room at the Musée des Arts Decoratifs, where all fashion apprentices were hard at work copying wonderful old shapes out of old magazines: Lepape's bending ladies, Poiret gowns like inverted swizzle sticks, Schiaparelli hats like shoes. Fashion seemed the only accessible means of expression, stories told with clothes rather than words.

Paloma had haunted that reading room as well, but she was there to find models for the cushions she was making for her first job, assisting her stepfather, Luc Simon, while he did the sets for a play. Paloma came up with the set dressings, the jewelry, the cushions. She was then short, plump, serious, shy. But she wore wedge-heeled shoes, bright-red lipstick, the first Zandra Rhodes dress to be seen in Paris—a present from a friend. She created her own place at the center of fashion, and that was all one could possibly want at that point. Fashion

used to strangers making those connections, no matter how much her close friends from school tried to hide her name from the public. Sometimes, it was embarrassing when it happened: There was the time in Venice, during her first holiday alone, when she went to a party at the Ca' Rezzonico wearing a priest's chasuble, beige jeans, bare feet, with a silver ex-voto heart around her neck, beaded cemetery flowers in her hair, and a tall lotus in her hand. She was shy, and had constructed her costume partly as armor; but instead of her spending the evening as an unknown young girl dressed in an amazing way, when word spread that she was Picasso's daughter she was appalled to find herself in the position of "little Paloma Picasso showing off."

Little Paloma Picasso rarely showed off. While she still lived with her father and mother, she behaved like any quiet little girl. "We lived first in a house called 'La Galloise,' an awful little shack with a nice garden that had lemon trees, orange trees, clementines, potatoes. It wasn't at all luxurious, which struck everyone else as strange because it was the beginning of the 'fifties, and Picasso had become a world-famous *monstre sacré* after the war. The housekeeper, Madame Michel, wasn't at all proud of us; she thought we were very badly dressed in our jeans and old sweaters with holes in them. She was ashamed of her boss and

"Her dresses are copied, choices followed, appearance imitated"

shows were the theater of the moment; and the hit play in Paris was *The History of the Theater*, performed as a fashion show. It was written by two irreverent, caustic, clever Argentinians, neither of whom was over twenty-one: Rafael Lopez Sanchez and Javier Arroyuelo.

Paloma and I became friends. But whereas I told anyone everything about me, Paloma was reserved and dignified; and while I was a spoilt rich American kid living out a garret fantasy on a great deal of my father's money, she lived with her grandmother in Neuilly and had no money at all. We never discussed her father. It seemed tactless, and whenever conversation wandered in that direction, her face assumed a deliberate blankness.

The first time I became aware that Paloma had a context that could be called historical—certainly, one that defied chronology—was in 1972. One day, we had lunch at a gilt-and-cream tea room on the rue de Rivoli, and as we paid, the cashier asked her if she were Mademoiselle Picasso. Paloma gave a shy nod. "Ah!" the cashier began to rhapsodize, "Mademoiselle! Your father, he used to come here all the time. He came with Madame Olga, perhaps you were with them?" Paloma flashed an embarrassed smile and steered me out the door. Walking fast, she explained: "My father and Olga separated, I think, in 1934. . . . That's fifteen years before I was born."

She took it with humor and wondered briefly what they ate in those days; she was

thought we made a bad show in the village. She was always telling us how much more elegant the neighbors were; but then it turned out our neighbor was the most-wanted thief in the whole of France, so she figured that even if we looked terrible we were good at heart.

"There were paintings everywhere. We knew we shouldn't walk on them, that it was forbidden to go play on Daddy's paintings. We were well trained in that direction. But we were allowed to stay next to him to watch, so long as we didn't start playing or being noisy. He never made us pose for him, he just painted us, anyway. But I posed for my mother. On the first floor, there was a huge room, my father's studio; and my mother built an upper story because there was so little room. She worked downstairs in a little room that was heated by coal and was next to the laundry room.

"We spoke Provençal, we couldn't speak French. We went to school in Vallauris, where they showed the same film about a little red chicken every Saturday for a year. The celluloid was sepia, and I thought that was why it was called *The Little Red Hen*.

"My father thought one should never teach children how to do anything; kids had to draw what they wanted, so he never showed us how. At one point, he was annoyed with me because I made copies of American comics, then of his own paintings and of the Matisse's he had: he kept telling me copying was wrong, but the paintings

(Continued on page 300)

PALOMA PICASSO

(Continued from page 299)

bothered him less than the comics. We had our own paper and pencils; we weren't allowed to touch his. I used to spend hours drawing next to him, but my mother thought it would traumatize me and Claude to watch them both paint. We used to stare at her while she worked, which drove her crazy; she'd lock us out, and we'd climb round the balcony and stare through the window. I didn't want to be a painter; I was fascinated by hair and wanted to be a hairdresser!

"Claude used to paint and draw more than other children. When he was very small, he used to sign his drawings 'Henri Matisse' and added insult to injury by telling my father, 'Matisse, now there's a real painter!' So my father would ask why, and Claude would explain, 'Because, in his house, it's like his paintings.' Matisse was already bedridden, and he was doing his big paper works, and the wall opposite his bed was covered with cut paper; he'd have them moved around before pinning them in place, and the design was always changing.

"My father's relationships with his friends were full of a jealousy that had to do with work; but when we went out to a restaurant, and he started talking to people, he was so friendly that Claude and I would look at each other and say, 'We've just found some brand-new childhood buddies!' He was always nice when we met people in the street; and David Douglas Duncan, who'd come first to do a reportage, ended up staying a year and a half, emptying all the film shops on the coast, and becoming a friend. Of course, there was the court side; even among my father's closest friends, there were the ones who had their little interests at heart. But then, I also saw people walking backwards as if we were gods . . . people for whom, suddenly, the whole world turned over. . . .

"I don't really remember my parents' separation. I think Claude felt it more, which brought him more problems with our father. Only now do I begin to realize how long it took, because it did not happen in one day. In my memory, there's the Vallauris house, and a place in Paris on the rue Gay-Lussac. . . .

"It went on for a year, while they were deciding whether or not they could live together. There's no memory of a clash; and, even much later, when my mother had married Luc Simon and then divorced him, all I can remember is that we weren't going to live with Luc any longer and we were going to move house. Period."

The move to Paris did not cause any rift between Picasso and his children: they spent every summer with him in the South of France. By then, Picasso was living with Jacqueline Roque, who tolerated the young Paloma and Claude but not his eldest daughter, Maya. Once Paloma and Claude began to grow up, they became nuisances: Jacqueline felt uneasy in their presence, saw them as rivals, and did her best to get them out of the way. Without there being any overt fight, Paloma and Claude suddenly found that the door of their father's home, Notre Dame de Vie, was closed to them, in the mid-sixties. Paloma said, "But I was always sure of my father's love, even when I stopped seeing him. And the one thing that has never changed is the name: I've always been a Picasso for other people."

It would be easy to make up a series of complexes for a girl thus separated from her father; but Paloma exhibited none. Her reticence and her discretion in her private life are part of Paloma's natural dignity, and always have been. She says she's closed and secretive and claims always to have been that way; but, in conversation, she will suddenly reveal some scene from her past that now makes her laugh. She is a stoic, impervious to physical pain, and rarely cries. The only thing that brings forth tears is the following story, and even then she looks surprised to be so moved.

In 1973, when Picasso died, his children and grandchildren rushed to the deathbed of the man from whose life they had been separated. The only one allowed in was Picasso's eldest son, Paulo. Paulo's children, Marina and Pablito, had been turned away from Notre Dame de Vie. Paloma and Claude flew down from Paris and spent a day on a hill overlooking Château de Vauvenargues, where Picasso's body had been taken. With them was Maya, Picasso's daughter by Marie Thérèse Walter.

"We thought how peculiar we must look, standing all day on that hilltop, in the snow, like three jerks. The snow made it even

—
"People
walking backward
as if we
were gods"
—

stranger: it never snows in the South of France, especially not in the spring. We couldn't get any nearer because the place was milling with photographers, and all three of us look so much like our father that we would have been recognized. Then we went to Maya's house in Marseilles; and there, on the radio, we heard that Pablito had tried to commit suicide by drinking liquid ammonia. It took three months for him to die."

Shaken as much by Pablito's ordeal as by her father's death, Paloma returned to Paris. She was no longer making funny accessories for Saint Laurent; she had gone on to 22k-gold bracelets in the shape of sliced Doric columns, for the Greek firm of Zolotas. But she could not continue working. "I couldn't even pick up a pencil. My father's death had brought home to me what it meant to draw, to paint. . . ."

Every time Paloma gave an interview about her own work, she would find the reporter asking her about her father, what made him laugh when she was a *petite fille*. She stopped designing, ceased going out. It was during this uneasy stage that Paloma began to see a good deal of designer Karl Lagerfeld and of Saint Laurent press attaché, Clara Saint; and it was Clara who, one night, organized dinner with the playwrights who had written *The History of the Theater*, Rafael Lopez Sanchez and Javier Arroyuelo. They talked about Argentinian cuisine. "We especially didn't talk about Picasso or our plays," says Rafael, and Paloma adds, "Even though that's the reason I

wanted to meet them." Rafael continues: "We studiously avoided the things that concerned us," and Paloma: "But that's in our characters." The next day, they all went to the flea market, and soon Rafael and Paloma were living together.

Few people knew about it; Paloma lived up to the name her mother had given her, Paloma Sphinx.

And other things were happening. Claude and Paloma, being considered "*enfants adultérins*," children of adultery, because they were born to Françoise Gilot while their father Picasso was still married to Olga Koklova, had brought lawsuits against the state when each turned eighteen. None of Picasso's efforts to adopt had been successful, and Françoise Gilot insisted that they try to sue the state even though all odds were against them. In June of 1973, the law was revised; but it applied only to children of twenty-three and under: Paloma was twenty-four, Claude, twenty-six. Had they not started their legal action at eighteen, they would not have come into their names nor into their portion of the huge Picasso estate.

"Claude and I thought we were the best people to look after the estate; and then, suddenly, we had so many obligations, things we had never thought about before. There's not only the inheritance itself, but the museum . . . and we wanted to make sure that was done right."

The Picasso museum will open in the old Hotel Salé, a seventeenth-century building in Paris' Marais district on the far side of Beaubourg, in 1981: the one-hundredth anniversary of Picasso's birth. It will hold the most complete collection of Picasso works in the world; they represent the Picasso family's donation to the state as payment of death duties and taxes, and the works are being selected from a collection that is said to total 1885 paintings, 2000 drawings, 1226 sculptures, 3222 ceramics, and 30,000 lithographs. The output is even more staggering when you realize that Picasso never rose before noon.

"There was a whole period when we saw the collection in secret vaults underground; we took notes, and when everything was photographed, the notes were transferred and became colored stickers, one for each of us, to show whether or not we thought something belonged in the museum. We did seven straight hours a day, which turned us into zombies: one hour in a museum is draining enough; but days underground looking at one picture after another . . . you're fit to be locked up."

Instead of turning into a zombie, somewhere in that time Paloma grew into herself. I wonder if it would happen to everyone thus forced to confront a parent's work in such depth. She emerged from two years in the vault not only striking, but beautiful, and very thin. She has grown into her face, her figure has changed entirely, and she is always impeccably dressed in Rive Gauche or Chloé. No longer does she have time to play at secret harmonies between the color of a ribbon on her underwear, her handkerchief, and one bead on a string; but she has a sheen to her that makes her look pristine, even when she goes out wrapped in Balinese gold cloth. Last summer, in a ceremony attended only by their closest friends but besieged by the press, she married Rafael Sanchez. They share similar looks, the compact figure of Andalusians, straight backs, a grave and polite public bearing that

is never entirely contradicted by their taste for the absurd or by their humor. They also share an enormous amount of hard work.

Apart from her commitment to the estate, Paloma has been designing again: doing the sets and costumes for *Succès*, Rafael's play written in collaboration with Javier Arroyuelo that opened in Paris this fall. Apart from one short venture into acting, in 1975, when she played the vampire countess Erzebeth Bathory in Borowczyk's film *Immoral Tales* (because she liked the character), Paloma's whole life has been involved with drawing and painting. Which is perhaps why, in the apartment she rents near the Seine, there are only three pictures: one, a tiny oil of her done by her father for her fourth birthday, hung on a nail three-quarters of the way up the dining room wall. The panels in the living room are outlined in thin pink lines, the furniture is 1930s, upholstered in *eau-de-Nil* satin. It curls slightly, and all six pieces match. Paloma's workroom is next to her bedroom, which is decorated like an old-fashioned hotel room in red plush: Rafael has an office at the end of the hall, where he works with Javier if things are going well—when they get blocked, the two writers work at Javier's apartment—too small for distractions.

Paloma goes every day to the office, the seat of the Société Civile Picasso. This is a nonprofit organization that is run by Claude, Paloma, Maya, and Bernard, the late Paulo's only surviving son. They police the body of Picasso's work, authenticate suspected pictures, organize exhibitions, take care of people who want to write books about Picasso, and make sure no one puts Picasso drawings on T-shirts. Paloma explains, a note of severity in her voice, "People were always cutting up 'Guernica' for book covers; we have put an end to that."

In a back room of the office, the most blatant fakes are kept in a cupboard: "We know so much more about Picasso's work at this stage than any forger that it's easy to spot the fakes. Usually we just scratch out the signature, but some we seize."

Javier and Rafael are on their seventh play. Rafael's attitude toward theater is that it must be more interesting, more amusing, and more accessible; he says, "People have no attention span anymore because of television, and theater should dizzy them with characters, events, and surprises." Three of Javier and Rafael's plays have been tremendous hits in Paris, but they have no faith in anything but the work itself. Nor does Paloma.

"I know I have an image that exists and that could eat me up completely if I did nothing. I must be working all the time for it to be any use to me. Success makes you strong, but publicity in itself destroys you. Even working with Rafael, I have to be careful: If he goes somewhere alone, he is the author of *Comédie Policière*. If we are together, that fades. It's a great injustice and makes things difficult; soon, I'll have to start working alone again.

"We got married because it was gratuitous. I had always thought that I wouldn't get married, that one didn't have to, that, after all, I was an illegitimate 'love child,' and it had never been any kind of problem for me, so I had nothing to make up for, nothing to prove in that direction, I can afford the luxury of getting married. It's not to have children. My relationship with Rafael interests me more than a relationship with him through children.

On her wedding day, Paloma wore a suit that Yves Saint Laurent had given her; she and Rafael were surrounded by old friends—Javier, Clara Saint, Karl Lagerfeld, Yves, Anna Piaggi, Manolo Blahnik, Eric Boman, Paloma's school friend Fabienne Lenoir, her father's friend, the Russian ballet dancer Serge Lifar, her family. It was an intimate, nervous, excited gathering, and so was Karl's party for them that night in his eighteenth-century apartment. For that, Paloma wore Karl's gift, a red dress in the shape of two hearts. Although the form of the festivities was fashionable, their content transcended fashion: there was more generosity and goodwill floating around Paris that day than there normally is in a year.

It wasn't quite the same situation a few weeks later, when, clutching a catalogue in one hand and Rafael in the other, Paloma did her official duty as Miss Picasso. It was the inauguration of the Picasso donation to the Louvre: Picasso's collection of works by other painters. Jacqueline Roque Picasso, looking frail and sad, leaned on her lawyer's arm. Paloma crossed the gallery to kiss her and to introduce Rafael. Paloma exuded warmth and confidence. Jacqueline did not smile back. All around them milled the historians, biographers, collators, experts, lawyers, Boswells, ministers, delegates, curators, architects, and guardians of the Picasso estate. Cautious looks, guarded sentences. Paloma worked the room, showed Rafael the paintings, lingered over the ones she remembered from her childhood: The pair of Douanier Rousseau portraits that she had always taken to be her grandparents; the Courbet goats. Then, we left.

Over lunch, Rafael said, "You have to fight against legends."

"No," said Paloma. "You have to fight for them." ▽

VOGUE to GO

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LA GRENOUILLE

(Continued from page 260)

young Simone Signoret, is the personification of *le charme français*, witty, worldly, and warm, with not only a pretty, but a good head on her shoulders.

The younger son, Philippe, is a Mozart of the kitchen. At the age of four, he was already making superb soufflés! At ten, he had chosen his vocation. Now, at seventeen, he has invaluable experience behind him as apprentice to some of the greatest chefs and pâtissiers in France. And so a dynasty is born.

Twice a week, at 6:00 A.M., young Charles Masson goes to the flower market, returning with literally hundreds of seasonal flowers. Tall branches of quince, lilac, and forsythia are mixed with roses, delphiniums, stock to make towering multicolored bouquets that define the room. The tables are enlivened with tulips, violets, anemones. It is a festival of flowers and food, all reflected in the wealth of mirrors surrounding you.

Reflected, too, are the pale-green walls, their crystal sconces shaded with French silk; the red banquettes; the starchy-white tablecloths; the gleaming silver (burnished every Friday in a machine introduced by Monsieur Masson); the beaming waiters; the contented diners.

But this is a serious four-star-plus restaurant, and, upstairs in the shipshape stainless-steel kitchen, real magic is going on. Chef Joanlanne is making a mousse of red snapper, one of his most remarkable crea-

tions, its cream-satin smoothness accented by chopped green pistachios and strips of snapper marinated in fine Cognac. A sauce of white wine and essence of mussels, briny fish gives the dish a final fillip. Nowhere are *quenelles de brochet* more velvety, more gossamer and enchantingly light. Could they possibly be thickened with flour? The answer is "No!" but what holds these airy marvels together is chef Joanlanne's closely guarded secret.

To the question, "How do you maintain the perfection of a dish over the years?" Madame Masson answers: "My husband set the standard and we make sure it's kept. We have the same staff (trained by my husband), the same chef as we had the day we opened. There's total teamwork between the kitchen and the dining room. I am constantly supervising all the details—tasting in the kitchen, spot-tasting in the dining room. We just watch everything."

La Grenouille does not serve only *haute cuisine*. As you enter the restaurant there is a ravishing display of *hors d'oeuvres*. There we find a Salade Niçoise, its crisp vegetables—green peppers, green celery, romaine—olives, tomatoes, hard-cooked eggs, in a gusty vinaigrette spiked with crushed anchovies, next to a cold striped bass poached to firm not overdone perfection, complemented by its pleasantly sharp, herbed green sauce. You may have grass-green asparagus, crisp, tender, perfect; or shrimp in a savory sauce; a choice of magnificent pâtés, one made with ham, the other a rich blending of duck and chicken livers. Or hot *saucisson* served with two mustards—one seasoned

with tarragon, the other laced with cracked green peppercorns—accompanied by sliced potatoes in a vinaigrette sauce.

Needless to say, no detail is overlooked. The rolls are crisp and oven-fresh, the plates are hot, the wine cellar enviable, the service impeccable. And when the waiters come bustling around, each one discusses your menu as if his happiness depended on your choice. Make him (and yourself!) happy by beginning with the Clams Corsini, plump, moist littlenecks, nestled in their shells under a sharp, sizzling, green butter sauce of garlic, shallots, and parsley. Or try a cup of deceptively bland Billi-Bi, the cooking liquor of mussels with cream; they make a mysterious marriage of pasture and sea.

Or perhaps you will have the Filets de Sole des Gourmets—fresh Dover sole, flown from the English Channel, poached with a stuffing of chopped mushrooms—this time an evocation of sea and forest. For something simpler and simply perfect, try the Coquilles Saint-Jacques à la Nage, tiny bay scallops poached in dry white wine with finely sliced vegetables and served with a *Beurre blanc*, that frothiest of all butter sauces.

For dessert, how about the Gâteau Concorde? Peace will envelop your spirit as you bite into the magical mixture of crisp chocolate meringue and smooth bitter-chocolate mousse. Or end with a creation of young Philippe Masson, an orange soufflé. You can almost smell the scent of orange blossoms as you taste this ambrosial concoction.

(Turn to page 195 for recipes from La Grenouille.) ▽

STYLE ROTHSCHILD

(Continued from page 245)

Venetian blackamoors, eighteenth-century leather wall hangings, nineteenth-century English sofas, and twentieth-century sheep by François Lalanne. As in the Lambert, what holds it all together is the marvelous quality of everything and the unifying influence of the *style Rothschild*.

Marie-Hélène and François Catroux have contrived a bedroom which she describes as "a little house within a house," that is to say it combines in one area a bedroom-liv-

ing room, bathroom, and bar. Characteristically, the bathtub, one of the famous lead ones from Ferrières, has been installed at window height to enable the chatelaine to enjoy a view of the *parc à l'Anglaise* laid out by Paxton.

And only Marie-Hélène would have devised a small TV room, the walls of which are entirely lined with vast boar-hunting scenes by Desportes, while the banquettes, huge cushions, and floor are covered with what was once a set of eighteenth century "Verdure" tapestries. No less original is the choice of stenciled straw for the walls of the living room. And the use of Indone-

sian fabrics for curtains, table and chair covers and of Persian shawls for almost everything in one of the guest rooms enhances the feeling of grandiose coziness with which all Marie-Hélène's rooms are imbued.

This exquisite house and the Hôtel Lambert, not to mention the magnificent apartment in Paris which Geoffrey Bennison has recently done for Baron Guy's son, David, show that far from ossifying, the *style Rothschild* has taken on a new lease on life, thanks largely to Marie-Hélène's passionate commitment to beauty and her fearless belief in her own extravagant taste. ▽

EGYPT ON OUR MINDS

(Continued from page 235)

English; the Cairo of the last thirty or forty years could ask for no more authentic interpreter. We have what art historians call "the literature": that vast body of exegesis in which English, French, German, Italian, and American scholars have raked over every last remaining scrap of Egyptian art and architecture. And we have—notably at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art—enlightening installations in which the duetting of Egyptian art and Egyptian history is perfectly in tune.

Actually to be in Egypt is quite a different sensation, even so. "The literature" does not prepare us, for instance, for the ride into Cairo from Heliopolis Airport. Arriving after nightfall, as we are likely to do in winter, we bowl along a moonlit street lined with Europeanized villas: a ghost town built in our own century and conspicuous for the

rounded corners and long flat unornamented balconies that were in international high fashion before World War II. The moneyed Cairenes who prized these villas have long gone elsewhere. Rust and an uninvited vegetation have made their inroads, and the quarter through which we whizz in high excitement stands for yet another abandoned Egypt, with its every window shuttered and not so much as the phantom of a fox-trot to perfume the night air.

Nor do our Ph.D.'s prepare us for the quarter of downtown Cairo in which the standard unit of life is a one-man store no bigger than a hole in the wall. Bizarre meats abound in this quarter; and, if you have never before had a choice of 107 camels' noses, each one in a varying state of decomposition, now is your chance to take your first steps in connoisseurship. And if the city's electricity should black out, as not seldom happens, this quarter will stay alive by the light of its primeval flares when all else is in darkness.

Another ghost town to be glimpsed on this headlong tour initiation is what was once the English Sporting Club on Gezira Island. He would be a bold man who today said a good word for the British domination of Egypt, and the Sporting Club in question was indefensibly segregationist. But during World War II, some of the best and brightest of my contemporaries spent their last carefree hours in that flatly inegalitarian environment. They rode, they played tennis, they flirted and they were made much of. In a matter of days, they were dead: blown up, burnt alive in their tanks, shot down from the sky. It still seems to me that Egypt is the better for their having helped to beat off the German armies.

Shepherd's was the hotel for them, just as it had been the hotel for their fathers and grandfathers. Like the Winter Palace in Luxor and the Cataract in Aswan, it was the kind of place where you wore a white tie to dinner and took it for granted that a three-piece orchestra would perform at tea-

time. Every Don Quixote traveled with his Sancho Panza in those days, and every Don Giovanni with his Leporello. Ladies' maids had their rooms under the eaves, and body-servants forgathered in a dining room of their own.

The three hotels I have just named are all still in being, though Shephard's has been rebuilt; but American visitors to Cairo who hold out for the best are likely to be lodged in either the Sheraton or the Hilton.

These are very good hotels; but, undeniably, they have not an all-Egyptian flavor. When the curtains are drawn and the cat-footed and quite soundless servants have said "Good night" and closed the door, we might as well be in Los Angeles or Minneapolis. But just as there are sometimes spectacular awakenings in American hotels that face the Pacific Ocean or the Mississippi, so equally in the Cairo Sheraton you can wake up, walk out onto your terrace, and find the pyramids almost within touching distance—or so it seems—in the light of the rising sun.

The natural thing to do at that moment is to run out of the hotel, jump in the first available cab, and go straight to the pyramids. But the natural thing in this case is not the intelligent thing. Best by far is to start with the step pyramid of Saggara and in deed with that whole family of pyramids—twenty-one, by a rough count—that groups itself south of Giza. The Great Pyramid of Cheops should be stalked in leisurely style, and along side roads that are just about dyke-level. The donkey traffic everywhere is fast and nimble; the voluptuous black earth sits squelching in the carefully harbored small holdings; the grass is impossibly green. The pyramids form and re-form as we scutter this way and that; and, as to their general appearance, no one could better the account given in the 1870s by a visiting English novelist called Amelia B. Edwards:

"Their coloring is not to be matched with any pigments yet invented. The Libyan rocks, like rusty gold—the paler hue of the driven sand-slopes—the warm maize of the nearer pyramids which, seen from this distance, takes on a tender tint of rose, like the red bloom on an apricot—the delicate tone of these objects against the sky—the infinite gradation of that sky, soft and pearly towards the horizon, blue and burning toward the zenith—the opalescent shadows, pale blue, and violet, and greenish-grey, that nestle in the hollows of the rock and the curves of the sand drifts. . . . Nor does the lake-like plain with its palm-groves and corn-flats form too tame a foreground. It is exactly what is wanted to relieve that glowing distance." Miss Edwards had the right idea. (There was not a dull page, by the way, in her *A Thousand Miles up the Nile*.) Light and color are fundamental to Egypt. Light is never harsh in Egypt. Nor is color ever garish. As between the two of them a millenary love affair is renewed every morning and never grows stale. But our freshman orientation requires us to go indoors; to the Egyptian Museum and the Coptic Museum, to the ancient and diminutive Christian churches, and to the enclosed and carpeted spaces of the Mosque of Ibn Tulun.

These are prodigious experiences. People are longing to get their hands on the Egyptian Museum and streamline it. And it does, admittedly, look like an overstocked auction house that has taken on more than it can comfortably get rid of. But what was the tomb of Tutankhamun, if not overstocked? The ramshackle arrangement of the Egyp-

tian Museum may well correspond, in fact, to an atavistic need that no amount of well-intended advice has yet managed to overcome. More is better, in their view; and, after the careful dosage of art that is now the accepted form in European and American museums, there is something to be said for the promiscuity of the Egyptian Museum, which is so crowded that each company of tourists has to follow a flag held aloft by its guide; like stage armies in a high school pageant, they stumble this way and that, mingling and commingling in ways not foreseen by the great French Egyptologist Auguste Mariette when he set the whole venture in motion in 1857.

Cairo was always a crowded city, and is now well on the way to becoming the Calcutta of Africa. In doing so, and in common with every other great city that was once completely individualized, Cairo has lost

It is for this reason, and quite exceptionally, that the program of *son et lumière* at Karnak can be recommended. Both music and text are the purest kitsch, but the form of the entertainment brings those unparalleled spaces to life in a way not to be experienced at other times. Hundreds of people are assembled each evening. Over and over again, at a given signal, they rush in a body from one point of vantage to another, through halls that are partly in darkness and partly on fire with white light. To be one with that helter-skelter mob is to experience the great temple in quite a new way. Vanished for the moment are the plodding and obedient armies of the afternoon: it is as if something of irreplaceable importance had somehow to be wrested from the night.

Karnak is exhilarating, but like many great experiences it is also imperious, draining, and revengeful. No one leaves it quite

"One of the supreme pleasures of the world is a day aboard the paddle steamer 'Memphis'"

something of the social complexity that Amelia Edwards describes so well. "Here," she wrote, "are Syrian dragomen in baggy trousers and braided jackets; barefooted Egyptian fellaheen in ragged blue shirts and felt skull caps; Greeks in absurdly stiff white tunics like walking pen-wipers; Persians with high mitre-like caps of dark woven stuff; swarthy Bedouins in flowing garments, creamy-white with chocolate stripes a foot wide, and a head-shawl of the same material bound about the brow with a fillet of camel's hair; majestic ghosts of Algerine Arabs, all in white; blue-black Abyssinians with incredibly slender, bowed legs, like attenuated ebony balustrades; mounted janissaries with jingling sabres and gold-embroidered jackets. . . ."

I wouldn't lay money on your seeing all that today, any more than I would lay money on your seeing "Englishmen in palm-leaf hats and knickerbockers, dangling their long legs across almost invisible donkeys." But there is enough of complexity and commotion and ethnic polyphony in the streets of Cairo to make us prize the slow-moving eye-music of the Mosque of Ibn Tulun, where, for twelve hundred years, people have sat around in silence and other people have let them be.

Though dating from around A.D. 878, that great Mosque is, by Egyptian standards, a tardy accretion. It was long before that date, and way out in the countryside, that mortality had been propitiated with unforgettable effect by people who said, "For one thing, we're not going to be snuffed out. And, for another, we intend to live in the next life exactly as we have lived in this one." It is the sheer enormity of this ambition which gives so compelling a fascination to an Egyptian journey. If we add to it the general awesomeness of Egyptian divinity and the fantastic elaborations with which it was acknowledged, we begin to understand why Egypt so tugs at our imagination. It was always so. Even in the great days of Karnak, foreigners were welcome at the Festival of Opet, when the god Amun left the temple of Karnak, made the short journey to Luxor, returned in his sacred boat.

unscathed. But then that is true of Egypt as a whole, and no amount of genteel programming can conceal it.

For that and for other reasons, one of the supreme pleasures of the world is a day aboard the paddle steamer *Memphis*, en route from Luxor to Aswan (or vice versa). The *Memphis* is neither new, nor fast, nor big, nor luxurious. But its two stalwart paddle-wheels keep turning; the food, though unpretending, is delicious; the local wine is not at all to be despised; and the general atmosphere, that of a country house that has somehow taken to the water with a full complement of very agreeable servants. Built for forty passengers at most, the ship accommodates itself quite perfectly to a smaller group. How it may be on a larger ship, I cannot say; but an unprogrammed day aboard the *Memphis* is ideal ground for what Anthony Trollope in his Palliser novels once called "loose little talkings, half flat and half sharp." And right there, just the other side of the gunwale, is the life of the Nile valley. Old men sit well astern on donkeys weighed down with green sheaves. Elongated white birds mull over the pickings of the waterlogged paddy. The tall chimneys of a brick factory puff the day away. Water is drawn up from the river in buckets balanced by a weighted rope. When on the river there is a lock to be negotiated, the machinery put in by Scottish engineers the best part of a hundred years ago turns out to work as well as ever. There are forests of sugarcane, banana trees with leaves like torn canvas, and a bright-green fringe of lucerne grass at the water's edge. A Pharaonic locomotive squats on a narrow-gauge railway track. Black smoke rises from a little oven in which lime is being reduced. Olympic sprinters, every day of eleven years old, keep pace with the *Memphis* for two or three hundred yards, shouting "Welcome!" the while. There is a glassy radiance at noonday, and the sunset is abrupt and stupendous. By the time we go in to dinner, we have forgotten what we shall discover all over again in the morning: that Egypt is a place as much of terror, and of the wildest disproportion, as of exalted enjoyment. ▽

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LETTER FROM PARIS

The French go "retro"—the past is present everywhere

Heroines, old and new . . . famous trysting spots revisited . . . most-wanted Christmas presents: antiques

By Françoise Mohrt

Colette love-in . . .

Colette, that romantic realist, is once again Paris' heroine of the moment. Many new biographies have been written about her—bookstore windows are filled with them. *Colette au temps de Claudine*, a little volume by Marie-Jeanne Viel (Publications Essentielles), reveals intimate details from the days when Colette was Madame Gauthier Villars and still signed herself WILLY. *Colette libre et entravée!* by Michele Sarde (Éditions Stock) is, at times, militantly feminist; but the book does give valuable insights on the "Femme Cachée" who was the first woman journalist, first woman movie script writer, the first person to discover Saint-Tropez.

Colette de Jouvenel, Colette's daughter, is trying to transform her mother's last apartment, overlooking the Palais-Royal, into a museum. It is there that Colette wrote her last books, on blue paper under a blue lampshade!

Without Colette's ground-breaking, many modern women might not have been quite so adventuresome. It is possible that **Chantal Chawaf** would neither have written, published, nor have had such success with her strong, mysterious books. Her latest, *Rouge-âtre* (Éditions J-J Pauvert), pierces the mysteries of the female body, motherhood, carnal ties with nature, with man. . . . **Anouk Aimée**, thirty years after her first film *Les Amants de Vérone*, might not have had the courage to produce Elie Chouraqui's first film, or have been as enthusiastically received in it in her role of mother. . . . **Catherine Schneider** (ex-last wife of Roger Vadim) might not have wanted to sell in her boutique "L'Objet Aimé" (52, rue Jacob, Paris 6), the tiny and precious treasures she has so lovingly collected from auctions. . . . And **Chantal Thomass**, who has designed a divine lingerie collection for winter) might not have dared to sail 21,000 nautical miles with four other crew members in a tiny boat in the "Triangle de L'Atlantique" race.

Follies and feathers . . .

M. de Montgolfier, curator at the Musée Carnavalet, has put together the most unusual exhibition of "follies"—little love pavilions that were placed, in the eighteenth century, in the various woods and parks (Bagatelle was the most famous park then) around Paris and that were the trysting places of couples who visited them by horse and carriage. (Open until January 28, 1979.) Also on exhibit until the end of January: *Splendeurs des Costumes du Monde*, at the Musée de l'Homme, Palais de Chaillot. Amusements there: anoraks made from seal intestines; a bridal gown

made from dried and softened salmon skin; leather masks worn by women of the Persian Gulf; the most beautiful feather capes—from the Maoris of New Zealand to the mountaineers of Vietnam.

Recycled Santa . . . finds for men

Christmas presents are becoming quite "eco-retro": Most popular: old labels, old posters, quill pens, antique cake molds or wooden molds to be used with "New Cuisine" recipes. . . . This year, Parisian women shouldn't find shopping for presents for their men quite as agonizing. **J. Dreux's** new boutique, *Tant qu'il y aura des hommes* (the French translation of *From Here To Eternity*) is for men only—specializes in such unexpected goodies as inlaid lighters, satin boxer's kimonos.

Achieving women . . .

Catherine Rihoit, whose novel *Le Bal des débutantes*, (Éditions Gallimard) is a clever, funny mockery of left-wing, sexually liberated women. This is the second book by this twenty-eight-year-old Sorbonne English professor, who is an Ava Gardner type of beauty . . . **Françoise Giroud**, who continues to reveal truths in her latest book *Ce que je crois* (What I Believe, Éditions Grosset).

Back in the news . . .

Sonia Delaunay, who, at ninety-three, is not only holding an exhibition of drawings at "Artcurial" (9, Avenue Matignon) but is also publishing the story of her life, entitled, with supreme confidence, *Nous irons jusqu'au soleil*. (We Will Go up to the Sun, Éditions Laffont). . . . At eighty-five, **Miró** has, for the first time, worked in close collaboration with a theatrical director on a play from the start of its production. The result: Miró-designed sets, Miró-designed costumes for human "puppets," Miró-inspired movements for the actors in the grand-scale mime-drama *Mori El Merma*, performed by La Claca de Barcelona at the Centre Georges Pompidou . . . **Françoise Sagan**, whose play, *Il fait beau nuit et jour*, is running at La Comédie des Champs-Élysées . . . **Jean Anouilh**, returning to the theater with *La Culotte*, a violent new anti-feminist play (at L'Atelier).

View from the bridge . . .

Jacques Chirac, the mayor of Paris, has just ordered the reconstruction of the famous Pont des Arts, the seven-arched foot-bridge crossing the Seine, opposite the dome of the Académie Française. . . . You can now fly over the city in a helicopter, taking off from the Paris heliport (4, Avenue de la Porte de Sèvres). Thirty minutes in the air cost 320 francs, ten minutes cost 120 francs. The view is intoxicating: white, blue, grey, with the languid flow of the Seine. ▽

DIAGHILEV

(Continued from page 264)

nonexistent. As a spectacle, ballet was still lagging in the nineteenth century, a "Visual delight" for Victorian habitués used to assessing dancers' legs with piercing looks through or under tutus. To turn ballet into anything comparable to real theater at the beginning of the twentieth century was clearly beyond Petipa's means. That feat would call for true synthesis of music, painting, and dance; but Russian painting of the time was predominantly realistic and had almost nothing to do with theater sets. Ballet music, with the exception of works by Tchaikovsky and Glazounov, was warbling on the level of Offenbach.

In order to boost the popularity of ballet within the family of the arts, Diaghilev had to create a ballet spectacle, a feast for the eyes that would be even more picturesque than a painting. That is why the first pre-war *Saisons Russes* (1909-1912) were put together with the collaboration of choreographer Michel Fokine. His romantic vignettes (*Les Sylphides*, *Le Pavillon d'Armide*) were either decorative, esthetic stylizations or simply animated fairy-tale-like images with whimsical subjects (*Petrouchka* and *Cléopâtre*). Painters Alexandre Benois and Léon Bakst, Diaghilev's companions since the times of his *Mir Iskustva* (the first Russian publication for esthetics), created for him new sets and costumes that played a functional not subsidiary role on stage and shared the spotlight with Nijinsky's and Karsavina's dancing or Fokine's choreography.

If Benois was a generous provider of ideas and the creative alter ego of Diaghilev, the sets and costumes of Léon Bakst provided an exuberantly colorful background for Fokine's "animated pictures." Bakst's innovative costumes presaged a future artistic trend: the vines and black spots scattered on *Faune* Nijinsky's tights were highly suggestive of *Faune's* lascivious and bestial nature. The costume itself initiated the era of tights in twentieth-century ballet.

Under the guidance of Diaghilev, Bakst literally overwhelmed the Parisian audience with the orgy of colors in *Schéhérazade*: the emeraldlike walls and scarlet carpets, illuminated by whimsical lanterns, contrasted with the green and pink garb of the ballerinas, the indigo-blue attire of warriors and the orange dresses of odalisques. Through constant movement, these colors created an ornament as strikingly motely as a bazaar in Bagdad. Bakst was very experienced in theatrical devices. It is no accident that Marcel Proust, an enthusiastic admirer of the *Saisons Russes*, called Bakst a genius who "out of a mere disc of paper, according to the blood-red or moonlit effect in which he plunges his stage, makes a hard incrustation, like a turquoise on a palace wall, or a swooning softness, as a Bengal rose in an eastern garden" (*Within a Budding Grove*). Such exuberance of colors never existed before in ballet.

Diaghilev's perspicacity revealed itself in the fact that he guided Bakst's experiments with an eye to Parisian fashion: no wonder the egret-plume ornamenting the turban of Armide's slave in *Le Pavillon d'Armide* (Nijinsky) was adapted by the ladies of the Faubourg Saint-Germain.

Sometimes, because of the vital part played by music and the decorative arts

in Diaghilev's balletic show, the dancers—even such luminaries as Nijinsky and Karsavina—grew to have only secondary importance. Under the cultural influence of their maestro, most dancers were able to see ballet as more than dancing; however, Anna Pavlova, whose vacillating silhouette on the Serov poster became an emblem of the pre-war Russian *Saisons Russes*, demanded that she remain the dominating figure on stage. She soon disrupted her creative union with Diaghilev, because to her the sole means of communication was individual dancing—as distinct from the collective art of ballet.

Under Diaghilev's direction, a ballet performance became a theatrical show that astonished Paris, and later the entire world, with its exceptional artistry. In fact, such artistry proved to be suicidal: neither Diaghilev in his post-war seasons, nor his followers, would ever again achieve that high level. In the ironic words of English composer Constant Lambert: "Before the war, Diaghilev created a vogue for Russian ballet, but after the war he merely created a vogue for vogue." In fact, Diaghilev did a great deal more.

By the time the fourth Season (1912) started, Diaghilev had realized that the idea of ballet as a parallel to painting was essentially used up. That was why, with one motion, he relegated Fokine to the shadows, and pushed into the spotlight Nijinsky the choreographer with his ballets *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* and *Le Sacre du Printemps*. Now dance was no longer illustrative but almost abstract—though, for the time being, it retained the umbilical cord of a plot. It was as if dancers' movements rendered musical continuity more concrete, transporting it into an exclusively visual sphere.

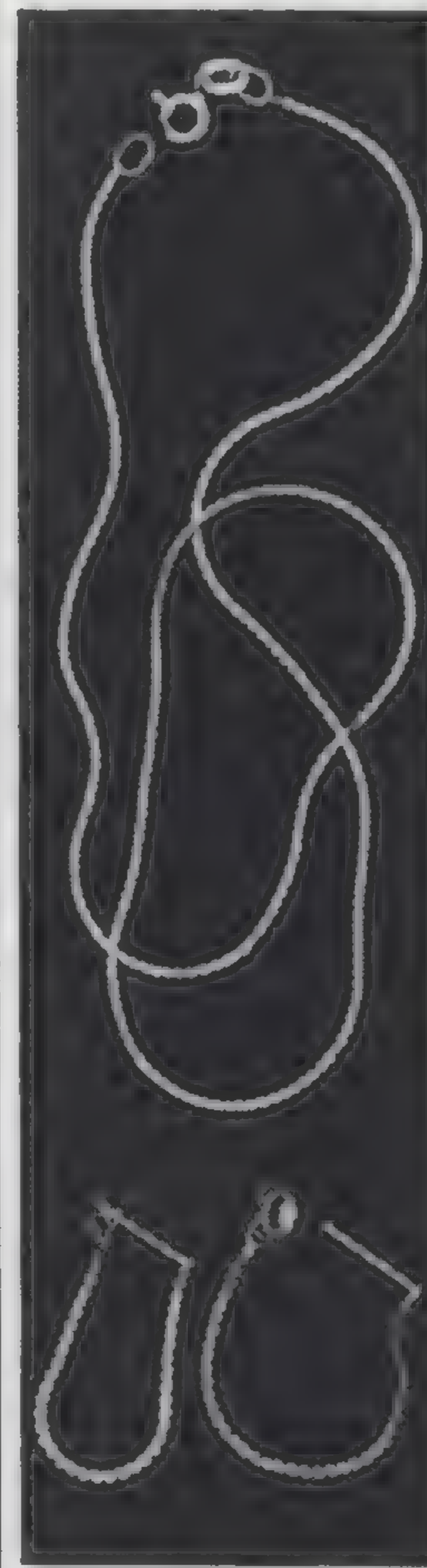
For more than fifteen years, Diaghilev led dance in the direction of non-pictorial expressiveness, until it became completely autonomous. He did not precipitate this development. Diaghilev did not fully reject the idea of ballet as a spectacle: in the late 1910s and 1920s he surrounded his Seasons with an unprecedented constellation of famous European artists: Picasso and Georges Braque, Maurice Utrillo and DeChirico, André Derain and Marie Laurencin, Goncharova and Larionov designed sets and costumes for Diaghilev's ballets. The new ballet trend based on pure dance was created slowly and painfully. Dozens of ephemeral works such as the *Blue Train*, *Barabau*, or *La Pastorale* had to be tried before the birth of *Apollo* (1928) and *Prodigal Son* (1929). The two works meant a summing up of Diaghilev's activities, and they opened the door to the future of ballet.

A unique equilibrium existed between Prokofiev's music, Rouault's art work, and Balanchine's choreography for *The Prodigal Son*. All three components were equally important. *Apollo* marked the beginning of the neo-classical era in which dance prevailed over the visual aspects of the performance, and was subordinated only to music.

Dance as a visual parallel to music became the basis of Ashton's ballets in the 1930s and stimulated the development of ballet in England (which had, until now, been feeding on the crumbs of the imperial banquet of Russian ballet). Neo-Classicism, however, did not become the main trend in English ballet. It did become the main

(Continued on page 307)

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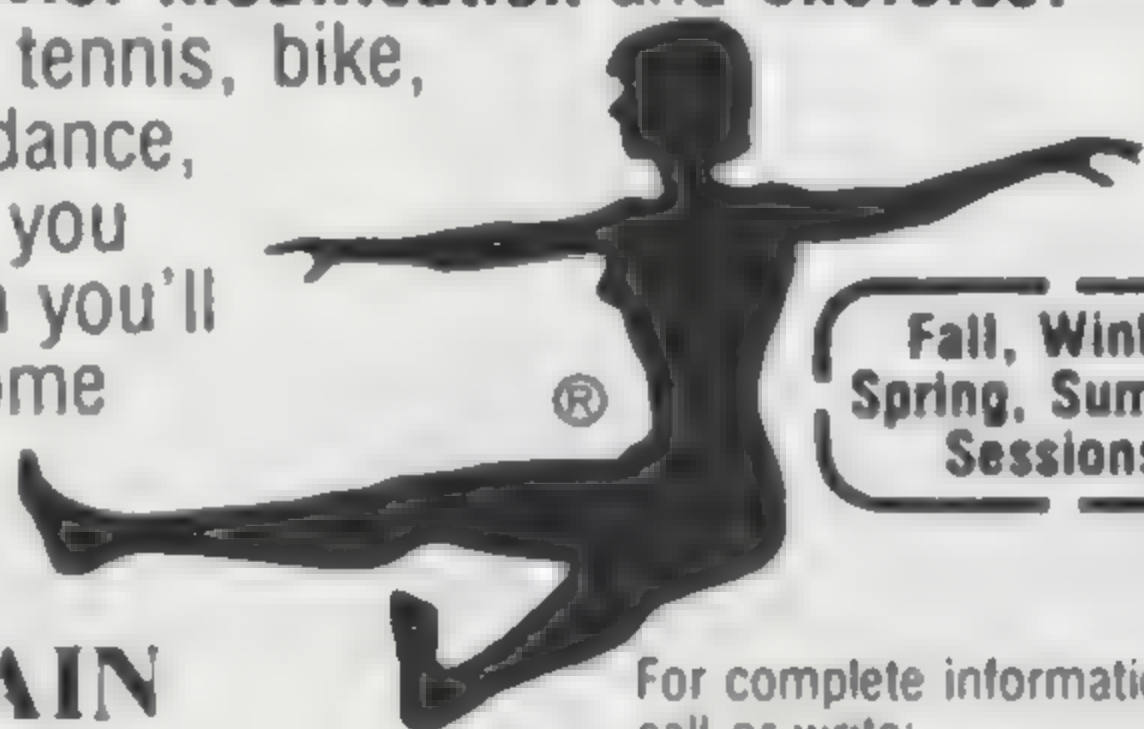
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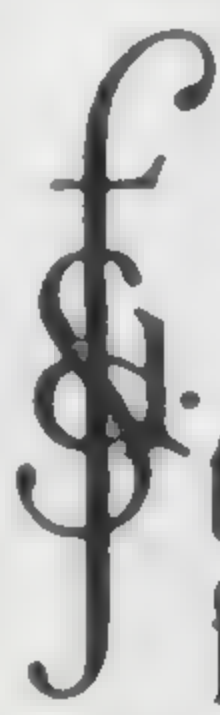
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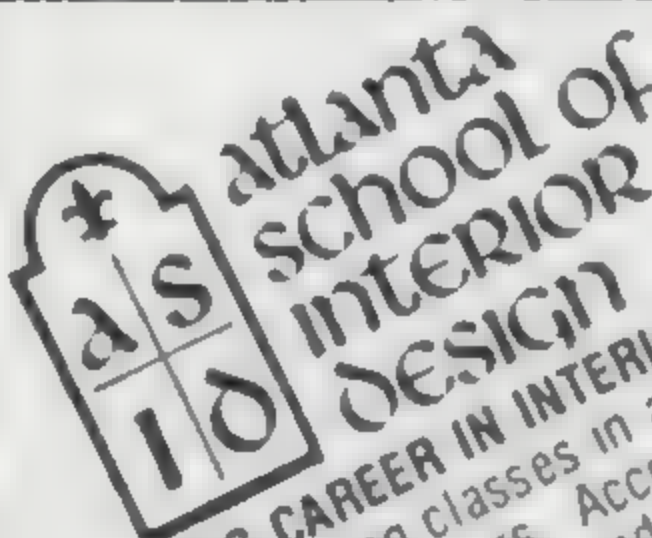
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Personal Development

DIAGHILEV

(Continued from page 305)

characteristic of choreography by Balan-
chine, Diaghilev's spiritual son. A latecomer
to Diaghilev's Russian Seasons, Balanchine
was the only choreographer who was truly
innovative and carried on the ballet's tra-
ditions. In his works of the 1940s (*Con-
certo Barocco*, 1941; *Four Temperaments*,
1946; *Symphony in C*, 1947; and *Theme
and Variations*, 1947) dance was not only
a visual delight, because of the particular
beauty of its geometric choreographic com-
positions; but, unlike *Apollo*, these works
acquired a new dimension, an intellectual
one. Dance seemed to absorb the intel-
lectual energy of music, an energy that
corresponded strictly to its abstract con-
tent. Dance provided an equivalent *plas-
tique* structure and became a kind of hiero-
glyph. It offered the audience a wide range
of meanings, stimulating the mind and
thereby increasing the poignancy of the
visual enjoyment. Balanchine's best ballets
induced a certain intellectual activity rather
than merely the enjoyment of visual
effects. In this sense, Balanchine was a long
distance runner, never participating in the
widespread attempts of post-war ballets,
both Russian and European, to mimic
Diaghilev's visual achievement.

No one succeeded in achieving as total
a synthesis of dance, music, and painting as
had Diaghilev. Ballet in the Soviet Union,
emphasized the ensemble aspect of danc-
ing (the Kirov company, with its unique
schooling) as well as such outstanding per-
sonalities as Galina Ulanova and Maya
Plisetskaya. Their first appearance in the
United States had such an impact that ballet
became associated with dancing personali-
ties, regardless of their context. The dancer
became synonymous with the dance.

The appearance of Rudolph Nureyev
cemented the process. His magnetic person-
ality expanded the limited circle of ballet-
goers, doing for ballet the very thing that
Maria Callas had done for opera. As a re-
sult of his uniquely electrifying personality
on stage, Nureyev's image was equated to
that of a movie star rather than that of a
pure dance performer. Nureyev cleared the
way, however, for the appreciation of phe-
nomenal pure dance performers such as
Natalia Makarova and Mikhail Baryshnikov
who came to the West later on, and who,
in turn, broadened the dance audience.
By attracting attention exclusively to ballet
personalities, ballet in the 1970s seemed to
return to the pre-war Diaghilev Seasons,
with their focus on Nijinsky, Karsavina, and
Pavlova. But this resemblance between the
two eras is almost annihilated by discrep-
ancy between Diaghilev's balletic innova-
tions and our ballet traditionalism.

Diaghilev created his refined balletic
beauty for its none too numerous admirers,
for connoisseurs, without any concern for
mass psychological needs. Today, by con-
quering mass audiences, classical ballet is
turning into another form of escapism. In
an unstable world, classical ballet demon-
strates the triumph of order over chaos.
It provides an illusion of stability which
is, in itself, most soothing and enticing.

This new social function of ballet may
be justification of all of Diaghilev's ex-
travagant experiments. Their esthetic spirit
has evaporated in today's classical ballets,
but their creative pulse still throbs in the
finest specimens of the master's art. ▽

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TALKING TO BORGES

(Continued from page 271)

like your books, with tigers, mazes, knives, and mirrors?

JLB: Mercy! Spare me that question. . . . Everybody thinks he has to ask me that question; and, frankly, Borges no longer has the courage to answer it.

B&E: Good enough, let's forget Borges. But there are still the "Borgesians." You have, after all, given birth to an adjective that characterizes a certain genre of story, of narrative, of obsession. You really are obliged to answer for it.

JLB: "Borgesian"? In Spanish, the word does not exist.

And yet, in many languages this word does exist—intensely. It denotes an entire universe, the architecture of which is specific: it is conceived as an infinite book, as a library whose dialects, traditions, myths, and religions are entangled so as to convey that the life of men is as pitiful as it is sublime. In this Borgesian universe, one finds Chinese emperors, explorers of the Tower of Babel, eminent Talmudists, tangos, plagiarists, and thieves.

If one had to choose a single piece of Borges's writing that sums up the atmosphere in which he evolves, it would be, surely, the short story written in 1940 and entitled "Pierre Menard, Author of 'The Quixote.'" It is the story of a twentieth-century man who believes that only a lack of courtesy or of culture allows writers to encumber libraries with new works. Accordingly, he proposes to write Don Quixote—not a new version of the famous novel but one that will correspond word for word with Cervantes' book. Analyzing Pierre Menard's "Quixote," Borges quotes a few sentences and compares them to the strictly identical sentences in the "Quixote" of Cervantes. And he deduces therefrom that it is a matter of two very different, even opposed texts. What Cervantes wrote in the seventeenth century differs radically from what Pierre Menard writes in the twentieth. The words are alike, but events, readers, and history have changed. . . .

JLB: Furthermore, why write new books? One could expand our libraries or stock the most static books with adventure by attributing *The Imitation of Christ* to Louis-Ferdinand Céline, *Hamlet* to Tolstoy, and *The Brothers Karamazov* to Herman Melville. . . .

The Borgesian spirit is, first of all, the exploitation of these anachronisms and impostures.

B&E: If the word "Borgesian" does not exist in Spanish, perhaps it is that you are more famous in Europe than in Argentina?

JLB: I owe this privilege to my translators, who, it's quite clear, had much more talent than I. They literally invented me. Faulkner, I believe, had the same good luck in France. It must be said that France has always been generous and *distracte*: it's so easy to become famous in France.

Periodically, the French press reports that Borges is due to receive the Nobel Prize.

JLB: It's been promised me for so long that the jury in Stockholm must think I've already had it. Two years ago, for example, they confused me with Vicente Aleixandra who, for that matter, is an extremely fine poet. . . .

Recently, a long quotation taken from an apocryphal encyclopedia imagined by Borges served as the introduction to a book

by Michel Foucault, "*Les Mots et les Choses*" ("*The Order of Things*"). Does Borges know this? Or does he merely know who Foucault is?

JLB: He is a philosopher, I believe. When I learned that he had written about me, I preferred not to know what he had said for I am always taken aback by the intelligence of philosophers who venture into my books. Their perspicacity impresses me; but, after all, what do you expect? I am a literary man of the old school: my imagination has constructed some strange little enigmas, and I don't like people walking around in them as if they were in conquered territory.

B&E: There's a great deal of pride in your modesty. . . .

JLB: If I am proud, it is not on my own account, it is for the sake of philosophy. That noble genre must be built only of noble materials; my blind man's dreams are no part of it.

Throughout the meal, Borges speaks of his blindness with a kind of sprightly and tragic lack of constraint. His father, his uncle, and his grandfather died blind. He has been sightless for over twenty years. Whence, perhaps, his special affection for the blind giants of literature—Homer, Milton, and Joyce.

JLB: Joyce claimed that blindness was the least important thing that ever happened to him. Absurd, isn't it? For my part, I hate people who try to console me by telling me that today the world is not beautiful to see, and who say to me, "Ah, but you have your memories and the intensity of your inner life." They are unaware. . . . They don't know that nothing, truly nothing, is more hateful than night. This said, I have just bought a Dürer engraving. I don't see it, but I remember how it looks. It pleases me to know that it's near me, framed. I also have a Piranesi engraving. I am very fond of it.

B&E: Today, Sartre also is almost blind. For him blindness has been accompanied by a renunciation of writing. Or rather, a renouncing of what he calls "style."

JLB: Probably because his style, like the style of the existentialists, was very "visual." That is not so in my case. Furthermore, Sartre has always written fat books. So he has had to reread, cross out. With my little short stories, I can polish each sentence in the silence of my head. When I dictate, it is already perfect.

B&E: You've no great fondness for French literature?

JLB: No, that's not true. French literature was one of my earliest companions. Don't forget that I did my studies in French, in Geneva. That was in 1914. My father had become blind and had retired, and we had decided to take a trip to Europe. We knew very little about what was brewing in the world; and, when the War broke out, we were stuck in Switzerland. It was there that I discovered and grew to love French novelists and philosophers. Before that, I had visited with them a bit in my father's library, although at the time I liked Wells, Poe, Walter Scott, and Conan Doyle more. When I was nine, English was my favorite language, and I had just finished translating Wilde's *The Happy Prince*—no doubt to rest from my own work, which was already considerable. Then I applied myself to French, and I took great pleasure in it.

B&E: You often say, however, that the French language lacks sonority.

JLB: It's worse with Spanish, which is my mother tongue. What poverty. . . . In French, it's different; but you will admit that the plethora of your *e*'s and your *o*'s and your *u*'s has not made things easy for your poets.

B&E: Just the same, there's Nerval, Rimbaud, Baudelaire, and all the others. . . .

JLB: Baudelaire? He's a man of bad taste. His poems are full of carrion, sickly or venal muses, famished sorcerers, vampires. . . . Furthermore, his lines are stuffed with forced rhymes. . . .

Borges is carried away. Verses by the dozen, entire poems spring from who knows what lost corner of his memory. And Baudelaire is not the only victim, Valéry?

JLB: Didn't he compare the sea to a roof? The most absurd metaphor in modern poetry! And didn't he speak of a "*récompense après une pensée*"? I say, really! Since when does thought deserve a recompense?

B&E: Why do you recall so fondly things you find ugly?

JLB: Because, in this very strange world, ugliness is as memorable as beauty.

B&E: Well, amid this wreckage, who deserves your admiration?

JLB: Hugo, most certainly. He was a great public poet, a truly oratorical poet, and the whole of France was not mistaken in coming to his funeral. That said, Verlaine is the poet I prefer. In his work, one finds a great feeling also for Toulet, an unjustly forgotten poet. And then, there is Voltaire, Diderot, d'Alembert, the *Encyclopédie*, *The Song of Roland*; especially, there is Flaubert, who was the first to know that the profession of a man of letters is a ministry and a martyrdom.

B&E: Proust?

JLB: Alas, in the whole of *Remembrance of Things Past*, there is only one interesting character, and that is Charlus. The others—one has no wish to know them. And then, his sentences. . . . As Thomas de Quincey said, apropos of Germans, they "are great trunks into which one puts everything needed for a trip around the world." In fact, something essentially mean haunts all of Proust's work: it is literature that is based on gossip. However, one is indebted to him for some fine pages on memory. They have only one flaw: Bergson had written them before him. Of course, all these confidences must remain just among us; I believe I'm being unfair because I am in a bad humor and very tired.

B&E: Is it our questions that are tiring you?

JLB: No, it's my answers. I have the impression that I'm repeating myself, quoting myself, whereas I constantly try to forget what I have written.

B&E: Would you like us to make you say something you have never said before?

JLB: That would be a miracle for which I am grateful to you in advance.

Obviously, this challenge strikes us dumb. But Borges has already found cause for fresh lamentations. He has asked for grapes. There are only mangoes, and he declares that he finds these "modern fruits" distasteful. He is delighted that tomorrow he will visit Athens, which he does not know. What can tourism mean to a blind man? He assures us that he enjoys it immensely. "Nothing moves me as much as a sunset in Italy. . . ." He speaks also of Paris, which

(Continued on page 310)

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TALKING TO BORGES

(Continued from page 309)

"in spite of the auto horns, remains a nuanced city." Some unforeseen association of ideas leads us back to theology.

JLB: I believe that theology is a fundamental branch of mythological literature. I have always loved religions when they assume the form of the beautiful. Which is to say that my intimacy with God is rather suspect. Religion is a baroque relay station on the road back to the beginning.

B&E: Is it this same concern for beginnings that impels you today to learn Old Norse, that lost language of the ancient Saxons?

JLB: One day, I learned that the ancient Saxons—Icelanders—lost in the north of Europe, were the first to invent the novel; and, that in the eleventh century, they were the first to discover America. Yet everything went on as if these two major discoveries had no effect. It was necessary to wait for Christopher Columbus to rediscover America and for Cervantes to rediscover the novel. The Icelanders had preceded them, but it hadn't mattered. Their adventure is tragic and instructive. It was carried out like a dream that I should like to remember continually by learning their language, which is so beautiful and so difficult, and which I can hardly decipher. Sometimes, I have the impression that after my death I shall continue to read and study their wise men. In this matter, eternity is lying in wait for me.

B&E: And your contemporaries?

JLB: I never read what they write. I'm too afraid of resembling them.

B&E: And yet, there are some great writers in Latin America?

JLB: Yes, it seems so. . . .

B&E: Garcia Marquez, Alejo Carpentier, Octavio Paz—they do mean something to you?

JLB: You know, I haven't read newspapers for forty years and more.

B&E: Neruda?

JLB: Yes, I knew him, and we had several long conversations. He used to say to me that Spanish was a language beyond remedy, that one couldn't do much with it. And so, I would answer him by saying that that was the reason why we had done nothing. Perhaps, I suggested to him, one could try something with English. . . . "Yes, let's try," he said, "but, you know, Shakespeare has written all that matters." Another time, Neruda invited me to visit him. But at that moment he was an ambassador and a Communist, and I didn't want journalists saying that I, Borges, had visited a Communist.

B&E: Why not?

JLB: Because I am a man of the right. In any event, that is what people say. Furthermore, it's because I have been exiled to the right that I have never received the Nobel Prize.

B&E: Do you know that in Chile people are being deported, tortured, that books are being burned? We've had an article from *Mercurio* in which a journalist describes an auto-da-fé, and points out that Cervantes' "Don Quixote" was part of the pyre. . . .

JLB: That is altogether improbable.

B&E: And today, the violence, the bloody brutality of the Argentine regime's police doesn't disturb you?

JLB: I was always anti-Peronist because Perón was a scoundrel who corrupted his

whole country. I have never met a man who was both intelligent and Peronist. After his exile, when he returned to power, my distress was immense. It meant the return of vulgarity and ignorance. Happily, Evita was no longer there. She used to fill me with horror. As for Isabelita, Perón's second wife, she is only the myth of a dead myth.

We are far from Milton, the Tower of Babel, the labyrinths. Borges speaks vehemently, as if he who cannot see our dis-

"Books filled
with tigers,
mazes, knives,
and mirrors"

tress divines it. What good would it do to insist, to explain to him? Borges, who is surely the most courteous man in the world, would pretend to believe us and then he would say that he was overcome by fatigue, that it was time for him to be silent.

B&E: But you yourself suffered from Fascism during the war. The Argentine Germanophiles made difficulties for you.

JLB: In 1946, when I was busying myself with a little library in the suburbs, they contrived to dismiss me and to appoint me poultry inspector in the city markets. . . . It was a vile joke; but, even so, I went to the authorities to demand an explanation. They told me that my "disgrace" was owing to the pro-Allied stand I had taken during the War. They upbraided me also for an article I had written to celebrate the liberation of Paris, in which I said that Hitlerism was a moral and mental imposture. Well, all that made me sad, for I dearly loved my little library. I do believe not a single reader ever came there. I remember that I could peacefully read Bloy, Claudel, and so many others. I was classifying them. . . . In my card index, God was No. 302.

B&E: Those same Germanophiles "accused" you of being Jewish. . . .

JLB: Yes, but in that they rendered me a great service, for I have always regretted not being a Jew. I remind you, it was in 1934 that they claimed "Borges slyly conceals his Jewish descent." They produced a few proofs tending to establish the fact that, on my mother's side, I had some Marrano ancestors; their name was Acevedo, and they were of Portuguese-Jewish stock. This revelation gladdened me; and, then and there, I wrote an article thanking my accusers. If you have read my books even a little, you must know that they are profoundly Judaical.

B&E: Your poems about the State of Israel are, in fact, the only instance to be found in your work where you have taken an instant political stand.

JLB: It's true, I wrote those poems at the time of the Six Day War. In them, I evoked nostalgia for the centuries-long diaspora and also for the spirit of Spinoza, a man who, like his people, was bent on being immortal. My mother always lamented my learning the barbaric language of the Anglo-Saxons. She would have preferred me to learn Hebrew.

B&E: Your mother—for a long time, she

was your only companion.

JLB: Yes. She died in 1975, a few days before her hundredth birthday. I remember her last days. She used to say to me, "Georgie, I believe that I have gone beyond the bounds." She was a very discriminating, very intelligent woman. She had perfected her English so that she could read to me, and she had gotten so that she could scan English verse very competently. Even more, she was a good collaborator. Once, I was writing a story, "The Intruder," which she found dreadful because it had to do with two brothers' sharing a woman between them. To preserve their friendship as men, one day, one of them killed her. It was necessary that the killer inform the other, and I could not manage to find the words that he would have to speak. We sat in silence for a little while, and then my mother sighed, "Well, I know what he said." And she dictated to me a few sentences that were wonderfully right. At that moment, she believed in my characters more than I myself, who had imagined them. It was always that way. Since her death, I feel very much alone.

B&E: Today, what is your life like?

JLB: I still live in Buenos Aires, still in the same apartment. I know every corner of it, I know the position of the furniture, the objects, the paintings. A few friends come to visit me. I try not to dine alone. After all, that city, that apartment are part of my destiny; I will never leave them.

B&E: Do you still listen to tango music?

JLB: You know, the tango is an ancient bordello dance. Elegant ladies in the Argentine adopted it only when they learned that it was being danced in Paris. For my part, I have always preferred the *milonga*; it's the ancestor of the tango and its rhythm is brisker. I am always moved when I hear that music, that puerile nonsense that before the War used still to float above the sidewalks of Buenos Aires or in the corners of bistros. It is a music filled with men who dance with each other, a music of *cuchilleros*, knife fighters, men whose sole profession is courage.

B&E: Borges, you seem tired, cast down. Would you like to break off this conversation?

JLB: Actually, it would be better. I am tired. What's more, just from your voices I am unable to divine your faces. And that troubles me. With women, it's easier; they always have their voices' faces, and sometimes I have an intuition of their beauty. The only advantage of blindness is, perhaps, that it preserves friendly faces. The women whom I knew long ago and whom I still frequent have not grown old.

B&E: Are there any other things you would like to add?

JLB: Yes, say that Borges is an individualist. That he detests Fascism, Communism, the violence of imbeciles. Say that Borges would love to be Swiss, a citizen of that fictive country where one does not know the name of the president. And then, say also that Virgil is exquisite. . . .

EDITOR'S NOTE: E.P. Dutton has recently published, in paperback, four long-unavailable Borges works: "The Aleph and Other Stories 1933-1969"; "The Book of Imaginary Beings"; "Doctor Brodie's Report"; and "The Book of Sand"—plus a major new literary biography by Emir Rodriguez Monegal. . . . Hector Bianciotti and Jean-Paul Enthoven are French journalists.

FASHION INFORMATION

Page 100: Judyth van Amringe earrings and necklace. Henri Bendel; I. Magnin.

Page 158: Sandals by Yves Saint Laurent, January, Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Hess Shoes, Baltimore.

Page 169: Kenneth Jay Lane earrings at Bonwit Teller.

Page 184: *Upper left:* Van Allen earrings. Ann Taylor; Maas Brothers; Joseph Magnin. Scarf, Whiting & Davis. Bloomingdale's; Giorgio.

Page 190: Danskin tights. Electric Sok leg warmers.

Page 246: Antron/Lycra bodysuit by Giorgio Sant'Angelo (comes with skirt and stockings, not pictured), about \$500. Elizabeth Arden Salons; Lillie Rubin-South & West; Leonard, Houston; Giorgio; Joseph Magnin. Polyester shorts by David Leong for George G. Graham Galleries. About \$36. Henri Bendel; Ariston, San Francisco. Tess Sholom for Tess Designs earrings. Henri Bendel. Terry Thunder for LaCrasia bangle. Henri Bendel; Sabrina, Birmingham, MI. Cords at waist, Heaven. Macy's, New York; Famous-Barr. Danskin tights. Silver painted roller skates, Herman's World of Sporting Goods.

Page 247: Shirt by Harriet Selwyn's Fragments. Muffler, Peter Catalano for P.C. Designs. Abraham and Straus; Bullock's; Macy's, San Francisco. Gold sequin letter, see information pages 280-281, number 7.

Page 248: Earrings, Tess Sholom for Tess Designs. Henri Bendel; Mary Basile, West Hartford, CT; Jere Scott Ltd. at Bonwit Teller, Chicago. 18k-gold plated cuff by Joanne Cooper & Peter M.

Page 249: Pin by Dalsheim Accessories. Abraham and Straus; Halle's.

Page 250: Emba dyed red mink coat, Ralph Lauren for The Tepper Collection. One-of-a-kind sunglasses by Private Eyes. Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; Sakowitz; Robinson's, California; Joseph Magnin. Earrings, Tess Sholom for Tess Designs. Henri Bendel; Featherstone, Dallas. Laura Paprika beaded scarf. Bonwit Teller; Ruth Shaw, Baltimore; Tootsies, Houston; Bullocks Wilshire.

Page 252: Feather in hair, Ken Goldstein for LaCrasia. Henri Bendel; Hattie. Rhinestone earrings and bangle, Kenneth Jay Lane. Aris Isotoner gloves (Antron/spandex). Altman's. Belt by Yves Saint Laurent.

Page 253: Yves Saint Laurent for Carnegie earrings. Bonwit Teller; Giorgio.

Page 255: Hat by Whittall & Javits. Bonwit Teller. Joseph Mazer earrings. Lord & Taylor. Bangle, Ann Pearce. Bergdorf Goodman; Bullock's, Century City.

Pages 272-273: *Left to right:* Stephen Burrows for Pat Tennant silk/lamé top, \$100; rayon matte jersey pants, \$140. Late Dec., Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Trevi, Pittsburgh; Chuck Jones & Jack Parker, Palm Beach; Neiman-Marcus; Country Club Fashions. Sunglasses, Focus II at Henri Bendel. Van Allen earrings. Bracelets by Ann Pearce. . . . Halston Originals lamé T-shirt, pants, and jacket (not shown), \$800. Martha; Jacobson's. Sandals, Halston for Garolini. . . . OMO Norma Kamali Antron/Lycra maillot, \$49. Mid-Dec., OMO Norma Kamali Boutique, NYC; Silkskin, Beverly, MA; My Sister's Circus, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus; Hermosa General Store, Hermosa Beach, CA; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Don Kline hat. Earrings, Eisenberg Ice. Bow-tie pin and bracelet, Cadore Jewels. Bracelet at Henri Bendel. Charles Jourdan sandals. . . . Mary McFadden polyester dress, \$800. Saks Fifth Avenue; Saks-Jandel; Montaldo's; Lou Lattimore; Giorgio. Hair-stick, bracelets, and belt, Mary McFadden, Jewelry. Sandals, Halston for Garolini. . . . Halston Originals lamé top and pants, \$520. Bergdorf Goodman; Lou Lattimore; Giorgio. Halston for

Garolini sandals. . . . Stephen Burrows for Pat Tennant silk crêpe de Chine dress, \$200. Late Dec., Henri Bendel; Chuck Jones & Jack Parker, Palm Beach; Neiman-Marcus; Country Club Fashions. Kenneth Jay Lane earrings. Panty stockings, Givenchy Body Gleamers for Round-The-Clock. Halston for Garolini sandals. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE.

Page 275: Courrèges linen jacket, about \$310; acrylic/rayon sweater, about \$152; silk pants, about \$270. Courrèges Boutiques. All jewelry, Kenneth Jay Lane. Charles Jourdan shoes. Charles Jourdan Boutiques.

Page 276: 1. Jean Dinh Van, NYC. . . . 2. Mufflers. White silk jacquard at Gucci Shops. Cream silk at Henri Bendel; Hudson's. White silk crêpe de Chine. At all Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques. Also at Bonwit Teller; Marie Leavell; Bullock's, Century City. . . . 4. Bag, Maud Frizon, NYC; Right Bank Shoe Co., Beverly Hills. . . . 5. Sunglasses. Lord & Taylor; Sakowitz; Bullock's; Joseph Magnin. . . . 6. Mufflers. Lord & Taylor; Bullock's.

Pages 278-279: 1. Shoes, Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Balliet's. Clutch, hairsticks, buckle. To order, Bergdorf Goodman; Charles Sumner, Boston; Jere Scott Ltd. at Bonwit Teller, Chicago; Marie Leavell; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach, CA. . . . 3. Garter belts. Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin, Chicago; Bullock's, Century City. . . . 4. Earrings. Lord & Taylor. . . . 5. Bracelets. Bloomingdale's; J.E. Caldwell, Philadelphia; Jacobson's. . . . 6. Bangle, Saks Fifth Avenue; Charisma, Narberth, PA; Gallery Camino Real, Boca Raton, FL; May D&F. Earrings at Elizabeth Arden Salons; Bullock's. . . . 8. Earrings, Bonwit Teller; Jacobson's; I. Magnin. . . . 9. Bottega Veneta, NYC. Bobby Breslau at Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Redwall at Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Fendi at Bergdorf Goodman; Coach Leatherware. Bonwit Teller; Jacobson's. . . . 10. Rings at Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; Giorgio. . . . 11. Madeleine van Eerde at Boris Jewelers, NYC. . . . 12. Cartier, NYC. 13. Hair combs, Bergdorf Goodman; Mayor's Jewelers, Coral Gables, FL. Bar pin, Saks Fifth Avenue; Charles A. Stevens, Chicago; Sakowitz. . . . 14. "Chicklette," to order, Saks Fifth Avenue. Also at Jules R. Schubot Jewelers, Troy, MI; Mr. Guy, Beverly Hills.

Pages 280-281: 1. Panty stockings, Bergdorf Goodman; Miller and Rhoads, Richmond; Joseph Magnin. Evening bag, Bloomingdale's; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Lou Lattimore; Suite 101, Beverly Hills. Bangles, Bergdorf Goodman; Barclay Jewelers, Riverside Square, N.J. 2. *Left and center:* Saks Fifth Avenue; Jules R. Schubot Jewellers, Troy, MI; Marie Leavell; Mr. Guy, Beverly Hills. *Right:* Saks Fifth Avenue; Jules R. Schubot Jewellers; Neiman-Marcus; Mr. Guy. . . . 3. Satin bags, Bloomingdale's; Claire Pearone; Ultimo. Necklaces at Lord & Taylor. Paritosh for David E. Schwab at Capezio-in-the-Village. . . . 4. Henri Bendel. . . . 5. Boots at the Judi Buie Bootshop—Texas at Serendipity, NYC. Tights, Lord & Taylor; Carson Pirie Scott. Bag at Bergdorf Goodman. Bracelets, Tess Sholom for Tess Designs. Henri Bendel. . . . 6. Top: Neiman-Marcus; Laykin et Cie at I. Magnin. *Center left and right,* Bloomingdale's. . . . 7. Sequin letter, Bloomingdale's; Robinson's, California. Moon Jeans by Blazing Sadie. Henri Bendel; Van Zandt, Palm Beach; Attitudes; Columbus, OH; Bullock's, Westwood. Sweater, Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus; Dorso. Handbag, Halston Boutique, NYC; Margaret Rice, Grosse Pointe, MI. Cuff, Henri Bendel; Hattie. Joseph Mazer earrings at Bergdorf Goodman. . . . 8. Gucci Shops. . . . 9. Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's; Rich's. . . . 10. Macy's, Herald Square, NYC; Helen of Memphis; The Union. . . . 11. Butterscotch and brown gloves at Mark Cross; red pigskin at Bonwit Teller.

Page 283: Napier earrings.

Page 284: Slip dress (acetate/viscose) by Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. About \$140. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Aris Isotoner gloves (An-

tron/spandex). Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field. Rhinestone earrings by Eisenberg Ice. Lord & Taylor.

Page 285: Oscar de la Renta evening turnout, about \$598. Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus. Gold lamé gloves by Aris. Macy's, Herald Square, NYC.

Page 286: *Left:* Wool gabardine pants from the John Anthony Options Collection. Tropical Sunglasses. Boots, Joan and David Couture. Ann Taylor, NY, MA, IL. . . . *Right:* Beged-Or leather skirt. Panty stockings, Christian Dior Legwear at Lord & Taylor. Pierre Cardin boots at Hot Foot, Philadelphia; Sundance Shoes, Southfield, MI; Shaw of San Francisco.

Page 288: Calvin Klein also at Wanamaker's; Montaldo's; Rich's; Higbee's; Hudson's; Swanson's on the Plaza; Balliet's; Robinson's, California. Marsha Breslow earrings. Bracelets by Rafael Sanchez. Henri Bendel. Calvin Klein shoes.

Page 290: Hat by Don Kline at Don Kline Boutique, NYC. Napier earrings. La Bagagerie belt. Gucci watch.

Page 291: Sun shield, Carrera Porsche Design at Sunglass Hut of America, Fort Lauderdale. Richard Erker belt buckle at LeGaspi, NYC. Rolex watch.

Page 292: Sports Glasses from Cool-Ray. Available at all stores that carry Cool-Ray glasses.

Page 294: Earrings by Diane Von Furstenberg for DMA. Bonwit Teller; Jacobson's. Belt by Anne Klein for Calderon. Bloomingdale's; Garfinckel's; Bullock's.

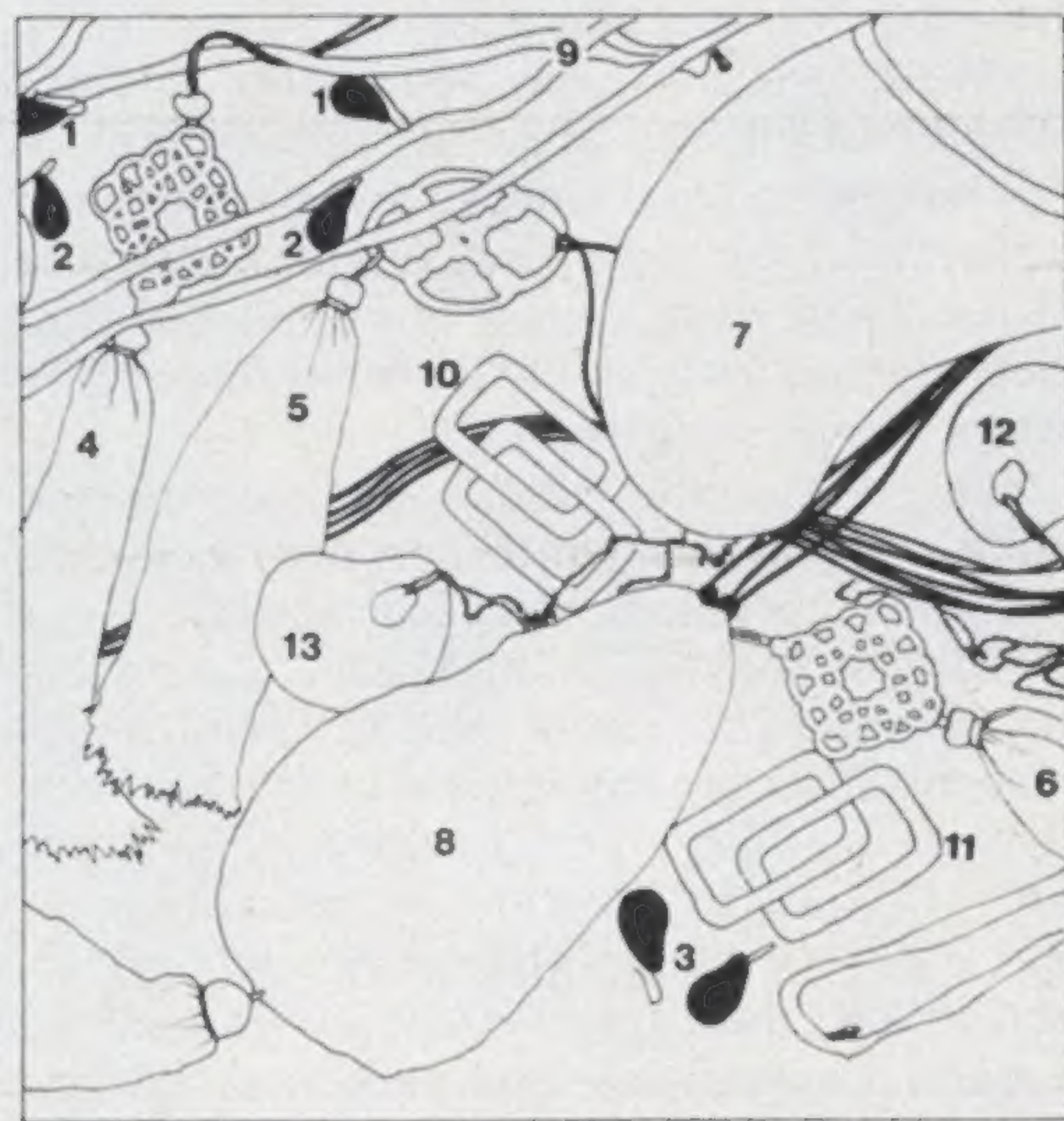
Page 295: Belt, La Bagagerie, New York and Beverly Hills. Anne Klein sandals.

Page 296: Sunglasses by Private Eyes. Lord & Taylor; Garfinckel's; I. Magnin. Earrings, Tess Sholom for Tess Designs. Henri Bendel; Featherstone, Dallas.

Page 297: Sunglasses by Private Eyes. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Bullock's.

ACCESSORY GIFTS

(Continued from page 277)



Page 277: Elsa Peretti of Tiffany. 1. Jade earrings, \$150. . . . 2. Lapis earrings, \$360. . . . 3. Tiger's eye earrings, \$175. . . . 4, 5, 6. Silk tassel necklaces, \$45. . . . 7. 24k-gold-lacquered magnolia wood bag, \$3,200. . . . 8. 20k-gold mesh and silk tasseled bag, \$2,800. . . . 9. 20k-gold mesh chains. 26 inches, \$190. 30 inches, \$225. 36 inches, \$275. . . . 10. Tiger iron belt buckle, \$175. . . . 11. Green jade belt buckle. \$225. . . . 12. Red jasper pendant with 18k-gold chain, \$210. . . . 13. Black jade pendant with 18k-gold chain, \$210.

What do you say when a man offers you a fur coat?

How one woman almost failed to cope with her husband's generosity

By Mary Lou Weisman

What kind of woman on her fortieth birthday, with her loving husband standing by her side in a fur salon with his checkbook open, would say, "First, let's go look at the wool coats"? The wife of the Republican Presidential candidate? No. An adulterous wife whose guilt finally catches up with her in a fiscal moment of searing truth? No. Maybe a practical, no-nonsense, Hints from Heloise type, the kind who knows how to recycle limp cellulose sponges and to make hearty soup for seventeen out of a ham bone? No. Although the psychiatric profession has a more sophisticated diagnosis for her condition, the kind of woman I have in mind is a jerk, plain and simple. And she is me.

I should have known, the minute the escalator caught us off guard and launched us, staggering and laughing, onto the third floor of Bloomingdale's, that buying me a fur coat was not going to go smoothly. The prospect of spending in four digits, before ever running across a decimal point, had us both giddy.

"How about coyote?" says the saleswoman, displaying the ill-disguised excitement of someone who knows from experience that, when a real-live man accompanies a woman on a fur-buying expedition, the deal is likely to be consummated quickly and, usually, for more money than any one of the parties involved ever anticipated.

"Well," says my husband who is comfortable shopping only in an automobile showroom and gets uneasy and manic when surrounded by shopping females, "coyote is nice for daytime wear, but don't you find they make a lot of noise at night, especially when there's a full moon?"

"Oh," says the saleslady, keeping the smile on her lips while her eyes begin to lose their confident, sure-kill luster.

"Maybe beaver," I intervene, remembering with delight how I used to spend hours as a child writing my initials in my mother's beaver coat with my index finger. The angular "M" and "L" had always been a cinch, once I got the hang of the warp and woof of beaver, but the curvy "C" of my last initial remained a challenge and perpetual frustration. Now that my last name began with "W," I anticipated many happy hours of alternately tracing MLW on the pelt and then magically obliterating it with a sweep of my palm.

"We don't have any beaver coats at the moment," replies the saleslady nicely, but not so nicely that I don't realize that I have just committed a gaffe. But what kind of a gaffe? Had beaver coats gone out with my mother? Had the conservationists, those same people who perplex me with bumper stickers reading "I brake for animals" (does that mean they do not brake for peo-

ple?), been riding herd on beaver killers?

"What about muskrat?" she says, apparently willing to overlook my furry ineptitude.

"Fine," I say, as she races over to the racks and returns carrying a muskrat cuddled in her arms.

"It feels just like the kids' hamsters, Abercrombie and Fitch," says my husband, patting the fur affectionately, thereby putting a sentimental and enduring kibosh on muskrat.

"Raccoon. I think I want raccoon," I blurt out before she can throw us out of the salon. "I'm sure I want raccoon."

Wary, but still game, the saleslady conducts us over to a bevy of lustrous raccoons, removes one from its hanger and, with a studied flourish, slips it on me, stands back, and says, "Ah!"

"The coat costs
\$4000 and I can't
even drive it"

Ah, indeed. I look beautiful. Immediately, reflexively, I perform that instinctive, timeless, feminine ritual that needs no practice to make perfect. I slide my hands against the silky flanks, gently nudge the wide, notched collar upwards, suck in my cheeks ever so slightly, return my hands to the plush, velour-lined pockets, and nestle my face against the resplendent fur.

Even my husband the wise guy is too impressed to say anything but, "Beautiful. You are beautiful."

Not daring to miss a beat, the saleslady trills her own little arpeggio of delight. "And it fits you perfectly. We just put two little hooks, here and here, and it's yours."

"I don't know," I say, slyly flipping the tag over to read the price.

Drawing my husband away from the saleswoman who is now performing a little aria of her own entitled, "This is the last size ten," I whisper, "Four thousand dollars" darkly, in the same special tone usually reserved for disastrous revelations such as the news that the next-door neighbor's son, who already broke his mother's heart once by applying for a job as a meter maid, is (and here's where you lower your voice) a homosexual.

"So what?" says my husband cavalierly. "You look four-thousand-dollars terrific."

"Good grief," I reply, playing the requisite puritan to his hedonist. "It's four thou-

sand dollars and I can't even drive it."

"Your VW cost four thousand dollars and you can't even wear it," is his wise-ass reply.

I stand there going down for the third time, between the Scylla of wanting and the Charybdis of not really needing. An entire analysis passes before my eyes. There I am, aged twelve, telling my father the lawyer that I need a new dress for dancing school, hoping, but not saying, that the new dress might armor me against the pain inflicted by twenty little boys rushing like lemmings across the dance floor toward my busty cousin Betsy.

"You already have a party dress. Therefore, you don't need a party dress. What you really mean is you want another party dress," he intones flatly, pronouncing "want" as if it were a dirty word.

Chagrined, humiliated, I retreat to my room, too young to notice any irony in the fact that my father then goes to the living room and begins to make very unprofessional but passionate noises on his Stradivarius violin.

"It really is beautiful," I say, trying valiantly to recapture that magic moment just a few short minutes ago when "I want" had blended perfectly with "I will." I can't do it. I need help, but I am too proud to ask.

"Then buy it," my husband says, his voice edged with the impatience common to perfectly sane people confronting an increasingly insane situation.

And now is when I speak the fateful, masochistic line, "First, let's go look at the wool coats."

The saleswoman loses her cool altogether and fairly shrieks, "It'll be gone when you come back," followed by that old refrain, "It's the last size ten!"

"You buy it for me," I want to say aloud, but cannot, for all our sixteen years of marital intimacy, for all the times we've understood each other's craziness, for all the times we've dared to appear vulnerable to one another. "Don't you understand, I can't have anything to do with this," say the words lodged in my throat. "Please, you buy it, and then it will be okay if I have it."

"What becomes a legend most?" he quips in a half-hearted attempt to cajole me with P.R. where reason has failed. The saleswoman nods her approval. "Besides," he adds, "this isn't even mink; it's just raccoon. You know, boola, boola, yeh team," he cries, performing a listless little cheer in the midst of the fur salon.

I think I shall faint from the sweetness of this man, pitting himself against my intransigent craziness.

Suddenly, marvelously, he finds the psychological pole which will vault him over my ten-foot wall of self-loathing.

"You deserve it," he says, stroking the collar where it rests near my face. "You deserve it." Mercifully, I am speechless at last.

"We'll take it," he announces, grinning at the saleswoman who smiles an exhausted little smile back at him.

Mutely, I stand as the coat is adjusted for the hooks; and, mutely, I walk away from the fur salon, my husband's arm linked in mine.

"Oh, just one more thing," he tosses over his shoulder at the saleslady. "We live in the country, you know. And if this raccoon should break out of the hall closet at night and start rummaging around in the garage, trying to take the lids off the garbage cans, we'll have to return it."

"You jerk," I giggle, as we run down the escalator. "I can't take you anywhere." ▽



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